Saturday Review

OCTOBER 1980 $1.50

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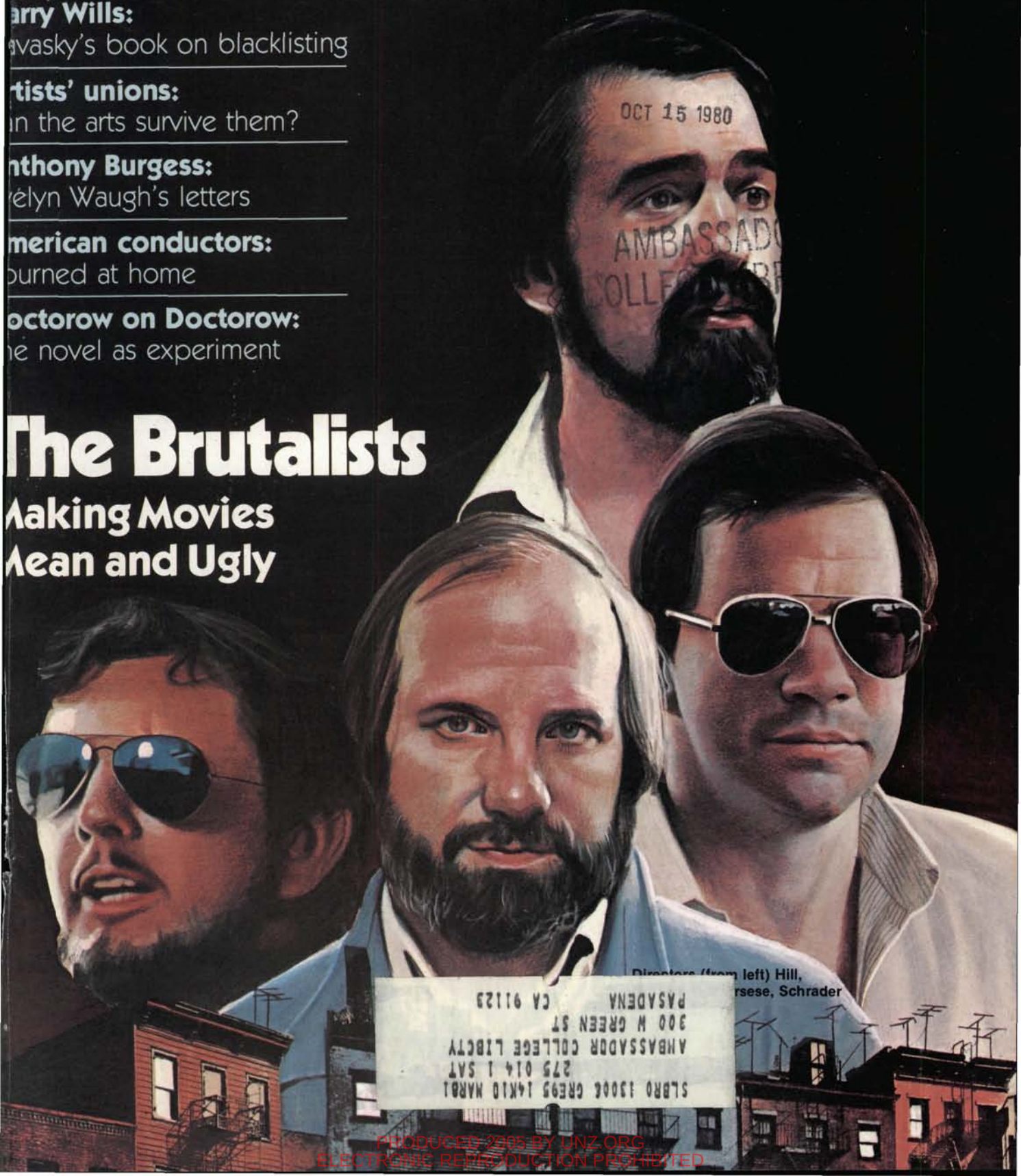

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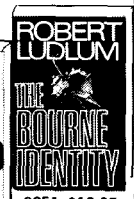

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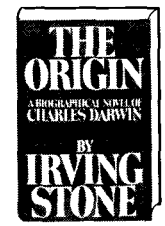

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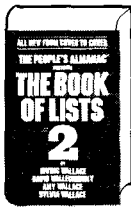

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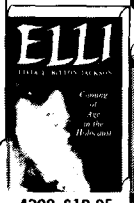

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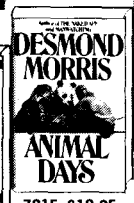

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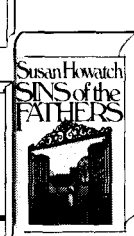

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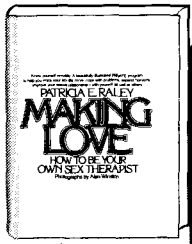

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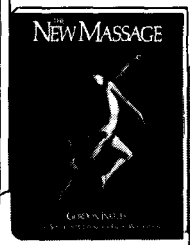

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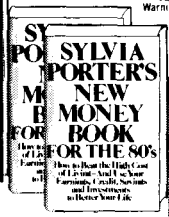

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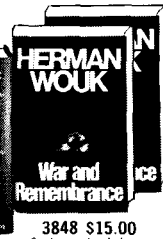

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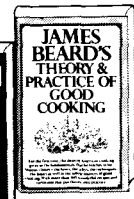

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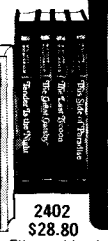

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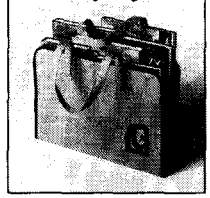

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The wizard

They look like so much talcum powder: white, with particles so tiny they seem to flow like water. And they have a Merlin-like ability to rearrange the structure of hydrocarbon molecules—the main building blocks of oil, gas, and coal—into an array of petroleum and chemical products.

These extraordinary zeolite catalysts have, for more than a decade, been increasing gasoline yields at refineries worldwide. The more recently discovered Mobil ZSM-5 class of zeolite catalysts is helping to make chemical intermediates for plastics and synthetic fibers. This class is also an important part of a process for upgrading heavy oil into heating oil and jet fuel. And, in the new synfuels industry, the ZSM-5 catalyst is at the heart of the Mobil-developed process that takes methanol made from coal or natural gas and converts it directly into high-octane unleaded gasoline.

Many zeolites are available in nature, but few have the useful catalytic ability to help change one chemical into another. Synthetic zeolites, however, like the ZSM-5 class which Mobil scientists painstakingly constructed mainly out of silica obtained from sand, are super-catalysts. Honeycombed with millions of microscopic pores, or passageways, a single cupful of this catalyst has as much surface area as 20 football fields.

The enormous surface area, with its great catalytic activity, and the size and shape of these pores are highly significant. During the chemical reaction, molecular fragments are rearranged into entirely new molecules but are limited by the size and shape of the pores through which they pass.

Mobil's method for converting methanol to gasoline, called the MTG process, uses such catalysis. The process occurs in the passageways of the ZSM-5 catalyst where, in effect, the "chemical water" that accounts for half the weight of the methanol is wrung out. The remaining molecular fragments are combined to form gasoline molecules—the only size molecules that can pass through the catalyst pores.

The New Zealand government recently selected our MTG process as the key unit in an energy complex which will convert abundant natural gas into gasoline. The facility is expected to come on stream in 1985 and will supply about one-third of New Zealand's gasoline requirements.

A different version of the MTG process will be tested in a pilot plant soon to be constructed in West Germany as part of a cooperative effort of the U.S. and West German governments, two private German firms, and Mobil.

Ultimately, the MTG process has great potential in the U.S., where coal accounts for 80 percent of our country's non-renewable energy reserves. Gasoline made now by the MTG process would cost about 45 cents a gallon more than its petroleum equivalent. But as oil supplies become scarcer and more costly, coal-derived gasoline will help keep America rolling. When that happens, a large share of the credit should go to the ZSM-5 catalyst.

In the meantime, the public continues to reap large benefits from zeolite catalysts which have saved the nation more than a billion barrels of crude oil imports by helping to produce more gasoline and heating oil from each barrel refined.

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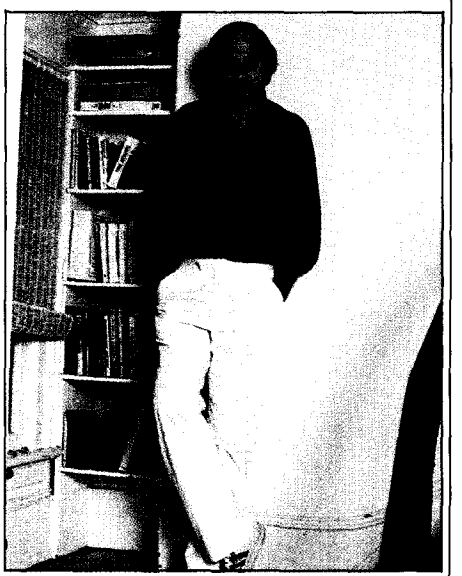

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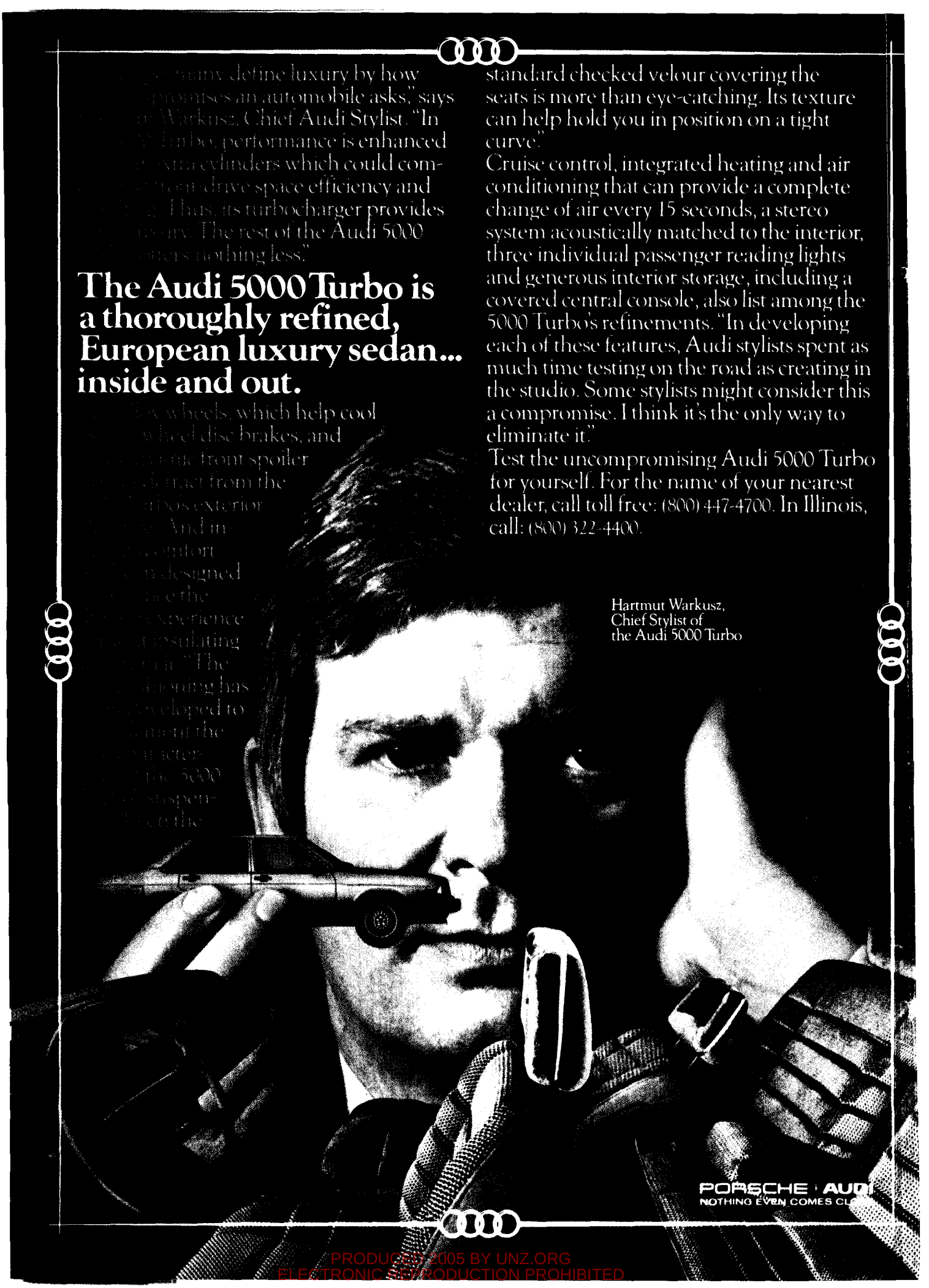

Hartmut Warkusz, Chief Stylist of the Audi 5000 Turbo

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Best wishes

I have been reading *Saturday Review* for over 20 years and want you to know that I consider the August issue one of the most extraordinary that I have encountered in those two decades. I have read it from cover to cover, fascinated by the scope and substance of the articles, the remarkable collection of authors, and the compelling and exciting photographs. You have done yourselves proud. Thank you.

R. Bruce McPherson
Chicago, Illinois

I want to wish *Saturday Review* well in its new ownership and particularly to compliment you on the revised graphics Please extend my personal admiration to the art director, who has done an absolutely superb job in giving a new contemporary look to a fine magazine. All the best in years ahead.

Lynn C. Wimmer
Chicago, Illinois

Fueling "Popular" Science

I very much enjoyed Isaac Asimov's article "What's Fueling the Popular Science Explosion" [August]. However, he says that "This overwhelming fascination with science is strictly a contemporary phenomenon," and that generally in the past "the mass of the population was unmoved." Does Mr. Asimov think that the ancient Greeks, the Arabs, and Europeans were *uninterested* in science, or that "the mass of the population" was *unmoved* by Galileo's and Darwin's discoveries?

The contemporary phenomenon does not seem to be a new fascination with science per se, but a fascination with the marketing of science. Science has become another subject that can be neatly and successfully packaged for immediate consumption.

Kit Emory
Boston, Massachusetts

As a long-time admirer of Isaac Asimov, I was interested in reading his article in the August issue. His knowledge of the subject covers an impressive range, from history to technology to literature. Too bad you couldn't have had Carl Sagan writing in the same issue!

Arthur Bradford
Boise, Idaho

A Wonderful Dilemma

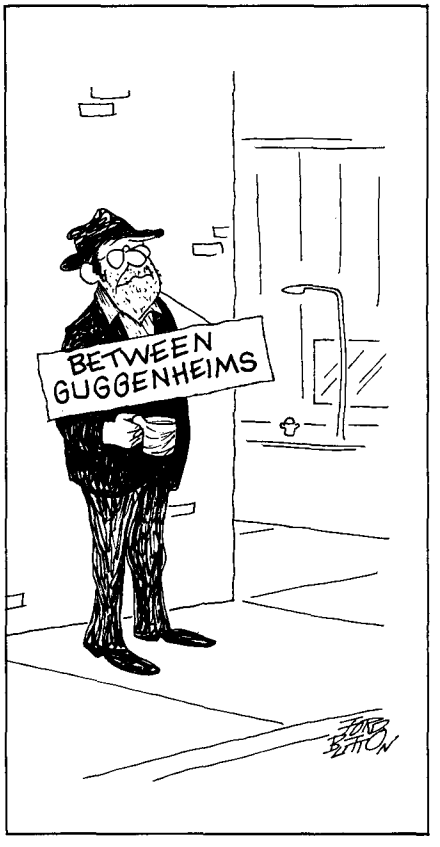
I was so surprised to see the James Dickey review of Robert Penn Warren's *Being Here: Poetry 1977-1980* [August]. It was the triumph of the issue. I couldn't decide which was more beautiful, the excerpts of Penn Warren's poetry or James Dickey's prose. A wonderful dilemma.

Jim Perkins
Berkeley, California

A Triumph, But Not for PBS

I'm sure that by now your mailbox is gorged with responses to your piece "A PBS Triumph" [July]. As you are probably aware, *U.S. Chronicle* is a production of the Eastern Educational Network (EEN), rather than PBS. The programs will be seen in most markets on PBS affiliated stations, but the series is *not* a child of the Public Broadcasting Service. Therein lies the real story.

The advent of satellite program distribution has not strengthened PBS. On the contrary, it has simplified the problems of stations wanting to "go around" PBS, and thereby has weakened PBS's grip on program schedules of local stations. EEN's ascendance to



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LETTERS

the position of dominant program distributor in public television is directly attributable to local-station-trained leadership. If a show meets EEN's technical and production standards, its policy is to let the stations decide whether to run it. The stations respect this acknowledgment of their ultimate responsibility for what they air.

Chuck McConnell
Trenton, New Jersey

I.B. Singer's Literary Tradition

I have read with much pleasure Katha Pollitt's interview with the brilliant Isaac Bashevis Singer [July]. However, I was astounded by her foreword, which states that "the flourishing 19th- and 20th-century Yiddish literary tradition persists today in the work of one man, 76 year old Isaac Bashevis Singer."

The idea that this distinguished Nobel Prize winner is the last of the Yiddish literary creators is ludicrous to a person like myself who regularly reads ten Yiddish writers from all over the world. The poet and novelist Chaim Grade, like Mr. Singer, lives in New York City and Abraham Sutzkever, who edits the first-rate magazine *Goldene Kait* lives and creates in Israel. I might add that in this morning's mail, I received—from three different publishers—three Yiddish books, written by contemporary authors, just off the press.

Dina Halpern
Chicago, Illinois

Grammarians Revolt

Bravo, touche, and related congratulations for Thomas Middleton's "Getting Into 'Into'" column [August] exposing that horrendous phrase. Now, I'd like you to consider a sequel on that equally irritating "where I'm, or you are *coming from*..." That one is coming from every talk host, caller, and TV quizmaster. Where did it come from? Who nurtured it? No matter, let's retire it immediately!

Bob Walsh
Miami Beach, Florida

"I must confess: When they said we would be sitting next to the bulkhead, I thought they were referring to part of the aircraft."

Those Who Love...

In your August issue, book reviewer John Fludas asks, "What explains the success of Irving Stone?" In his most recent book, *The Origin: A Biographical Novel of Charles Darwin*, Mr. Stone has taken a heretofore unknown man of science and breathed life into him again. The only thing dull about *The Origin* is Mr. Fludas's review.

Kenneth Harrison Bond
Lyndhurst, Ohio

B-Rated Movie Choices

We were amazed and distressed with your August "SR Recommends" of *The Blue Lagoon* as a "refreshment for adults and ideal for the 12- to 17-year-olds, barred by the foolish R rating." In the same issue, Ben Yagoda wrote that many of those attending this "soft-core kiddy porn epic" appeared to be unaccompanied youngsters under 17.

Last year your own Norman Cousins wrote an excellent article on the deleterious effect on our country and society of the many teenage pregnancies with the consequent result of "children raising children." This movie is no "Garden of Eden" and should have no recommendation.

Dr. and Mrs. Athey Ragan Lutz
Parkersburg, West Virginia

Admiring the Arch

I was stunned at the beauty of Joel Meyerowitz's photographs of the Gateway Arch in St. Louis ["An Arch Fantasy," August] and remembered him as the photographer of "Portraits of Four Chinese" [*SR*, March 15]. Each time I opened the magazine I found myself turning to the arch for a few minutes of sheer appreciation.

Hillary Baker
Washington, D.C.

Note: The review of Lynne Sharon Schwartz's *Rough Strife* [July] was written by Judith Gies. The photo of Louise Nevelson [August, page 35] was taken by Nancy Rica Schiff.

Please address letters for publication to Letters to the Editor, Saturday Review, *150 East 58 Street, New York, N.Y. 10155. Letters may be edited for space and clarity.*

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OCTOBER SPOTLIGHTS

Film

The San Francisco International Film Festival, established in 1958, is the oldest such celebration in America. This year, as in previous years, several days of the festival are set aside for tributes to outstanding cinema artists. Film excerpts are accompanied by discussions with the artists who are in attendance. Among the first to accept invitations to attend in 1980: Akira Kurosawa, director of *Yojimbo* and *The Seven Samurai*, whose new movie *Kagemusha* (*SR*, September 1980) will be screened; Giulietta Masina, star of *La Strada*, *Nights of Cabiria*, and *Juliet of the Spirits* (and director Federico Fellini's wife); and, representing Hollywood, Charles Bronson, last seen in *Love and Bullets*.

American premieres will include *Oblomov* by Russian director Nikita Mikhalkov (*Slave of Love*); *The Elephant God* by Indian director Satyajit Ray (*The Apu Trilogy*); and *Masoch*, the first feature film by director Franco Taviani, younger brother to Paolo and Vittorio, who together directed *Padre Padrone*. (October 8 through 19.)

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART / FILM STILLS ARCHIVES

Giulietta Masina in *La Strada* (1956).

Berenice Abbott's *Lyric Theater*, one of her studies of New York City (1936).

Photography

Berenice Abbott, the 82-year-old elder statesman of photography, is being honored with a retrospective at the Hills Gallery in Denver, Colorado. When she was in her early twenties, Abbott traveled to Paris as a painting student. There she became an apprentice in the photography studio of expatriate Man Ray, eventually giving up the paintbrush for the lens. Abbott established her reputation with honest and graceful portraits of the artistic elite of Paris in the Twenties. She met the great photographer Eugene Atget shortly before his death and took the only known portrait of him. Later, she was instrumental in championing his work.

When she returned to the United States, Abbott fell in love with New York City and, funded by the Federal Arts Project, she photographed it extensively. She is also widely celebrated for her photographs illustrating the laws of physics. (October 1 through November 10.)

Opera

Not all of Verdi's operas are as inescapable as *Rigoletto* and *La Traviata*. Few American operagoers, for instance, have ever had a chance to see a complete production of Verdi's **Attila** (a great success at its premiere in 1846). But this month *Attila* will at last fill the stage of the Lyric Opera of Chicago.

The historic Attila led his rapacious Huns to the very gates of Rome. But after conferring with Pope Leo I, Attila turned back, leaving the city unpillaged. Verdi's opera (based on a libretto begun by Temistocle Solera and finished by Francisco Piave) is somewhat more melodramatic: Rome is saved when Attila is skewered on his own sword by the heroine, Odabella.

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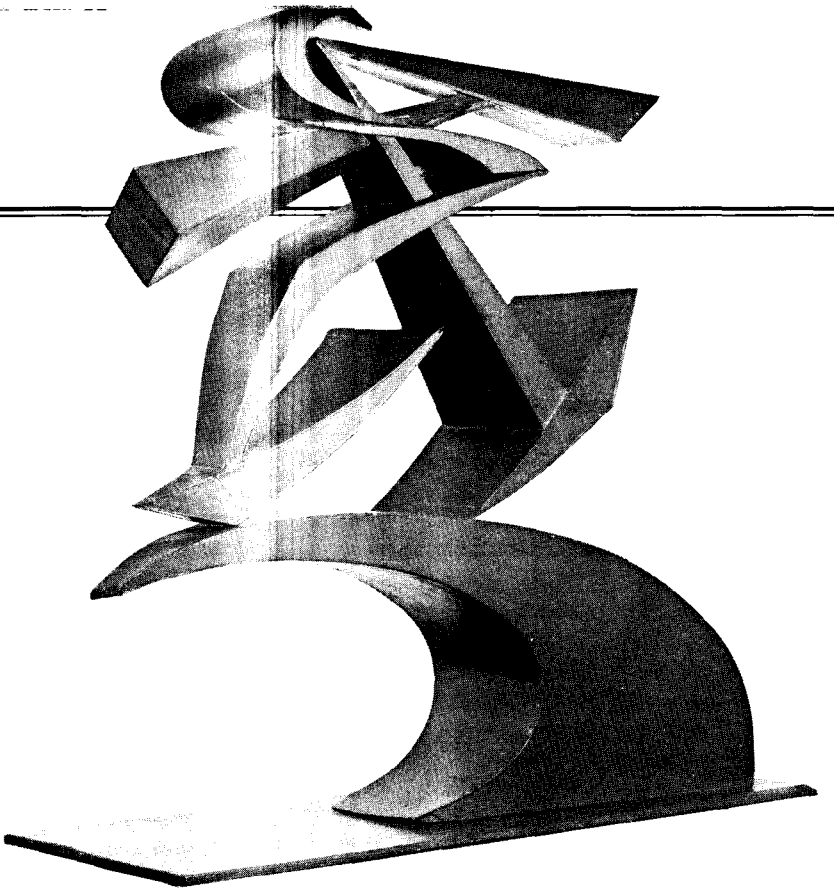


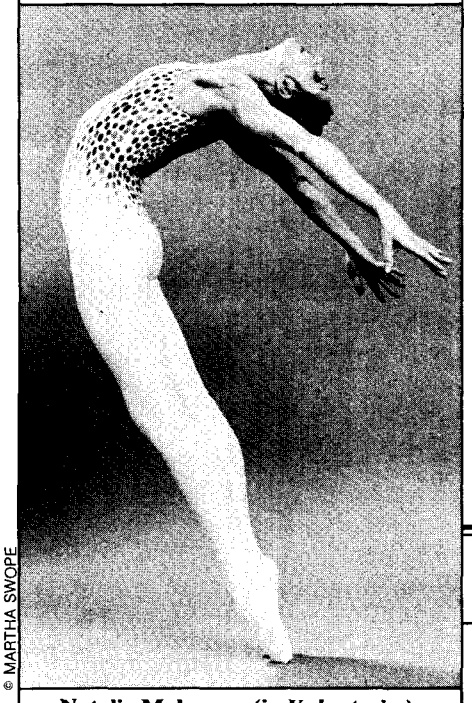
WINSTON/MALBIN COLLECTION, NY

***Fist of Boccioni*, a Futurist sculpture by Giacomo Balla (ca. 1915).**

Ernst Poettgen directs the Chicago production and Bruno Bartoletti is its conductor. Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass, stars as Attila, with soprano Gilda Cruz-Romo as Odabella, tenor Veriano Luchetti as Foresto, baritone Silvano Carroli as Enzio, bass Dimitri Kavrakos as Pope Leo I, and tenor Gregory Kunde as Uldino. (Seven performances, beginning October 25 through November 14.)

Dance

Makarova and Company is about to debut at the Uris Theater, New York City. This brand-new ballet troupe is of unknown quality as a company, but its glittering founder-director, Natalia Makarova, is certainly one of the premiere ballerinas of our day. Madame, who promises to appear in every performance, has engaged the services of such luminous associates as Fernando Bujones (American Ballet Theatre), Cynthia Gregory (ABT), Anthony Dowell (ABT and Britain's Royal Ballet), Karen Kain (National Ballet of Canada), and Peter Schaufuss (London Festival and Royal Danish ballets.)



© MARTHA SWOPE

Natalia Makarova (in *Voluntaries*).

The program will include Act II of *Paquita*, a Russian classic of the last century by Petipa, the creator of *Sleeping Beauty* and *La Bayadere*; *Vendetta*, choreographed by Lorca Massine (the son of the famous chief choreographer and director of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Leonid Massine, who succeeded Nijinsky in Diaghilev's company); the world premiere of *Ondine*, a one-act ballet by Barry Morland; and a Soviet ballet, seen for the first time outside the USSR, *Studies*, choreographed by Manya Murdma to music by Chopin.

Settings and costumes to all these works have been designed by Rouben Ter-Arutunian; the conductor is John Lanchbery. (October 7 through November 12.)

Art

In 1909, the Italian poet F.T. Marinetti published a manifesto on the front page of *Le Figaro* calling for artists to break with the sentimental passive romanticism of the 19th century and create a new art form that would reflect the dynamism of contemporary life. Thus, Futurism was born even before it had created a single work of art.

Now **Futurism and the International Avant-Garde**, the first major Futurist exhibit to be held in this country in 20 years, is about to open at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The first Futurist exhibit in Milan was excoriated by one critic as "the maddest coloristic orgy, the most insane eccentricities, the most macabre fantasies, all the drunken foolishness possible or imaginable." The artists, greatly pleased with the description, had it reprinted and circulated widely. They also published manifestos proclaiming "Burn the museums!" and anticipated the Dadaist movement in staging often violently disruptive "Happenings."

Philadelphia will display pivotal works of Italian Futurists Carlo Carra, Umberto Boccioni, Luigi Russolo, Gino Severini, and Giacomo Balla, along with Futurist-inspired efforts by such differing artists as Duchamp (including his celebrated "Nude Descending a Staircase"), Stella, Gris, Villon, and Picasso. (October 24 through January 4.)

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EDITORIAL

Back to Old English

The English language is one of the prime assets of the American people. It may not have the lyrical quality of French or Italian but it is almost unique in the precision and strength it affords the discerning user. It has an astonishing range, from the vernacular to the abstract, from science to philosophy. The more one probes the language, the greater one's respect for its adaptability and power. Moreover, English is constantly changing. New words keep being invented; others mysteriously drop out. The words that have the shortest longevity are in the general category of slang.

One of our favorite books is an inventory of inelegant old English. It is titled the *Dictionary of Pickpocket Eloquence*, published in London in 1811. Perhaps not one word in 50 is now recognizable, but most of them are beautifully insolent and wayward. The words sound innocent enough, but that is only because we are not familiar with them and thus lack the conditioned reflexes to be startled or repelled. Consider *arrah now*, defined as an "unmeaning expletive, generally used by the vulgar Irish." (It is apparent that the *Dictionary* betrays its haughty tradition.) Some other one-time vulgarities: *mettle*, the term used to describe "self-pollution." Or *tea-voider*, a euphemism for "chamber pot."

Sometimes the *Dictionary* brings a half-dozen or so words together by way of illustrating their combined meaning, as in this sentence: *The cull and the mort are at clicket in the dyke.* Then follows the translation: "The man and the woman are copulating in the ditch."

Still another: *The closh giggered to the gallipot for the cleft.* In current English: "The Dutch sailor opened the door to the drug store for a lady of questionable virtue."

Some of the words have such color and style that it seems a shame they had to drop out of the language. For example:

Gapeseed: Food for the eye: "South Ireland abounds with gapeseed for the appreciative traveler."

Nigmenog: A stupid fellow.

Bowyer: Teller of improbable tales.

Buttock Broker: Matchmaker.

Cabbage: Cloth or silk purloined by employees of dressmakers.

To Chouse: To cheat or trick: "He choused me out of it."

. . .Base English—a grunting, stammering communication system in which meaning can only be approximated.

Double-jugg: Backside.

Elbow-Shaker: A gamester, one who rattles Saint Hugh's bones; i.e., dice.

Fubsey: Plump, healthy wench.

Hum box: pulpit.

Ketch: General name for hangmen ever since the year 1682, when the office was filled by a famous practitioner of that name, of whom his wife said that any bungler might put a man to death, but only her husband knew how to make a gentleman die sweetly. This officer is mentioned in *Butler's Ghost*, page 54, published in 1684, in the following lines:

Till Ketch observing he was chous'd,
And in his profits much abus'd.
In open hall the tribute dunn'd,
To do his office, or refund.

Neck Verse: Rhymes in Latin read by persons who falsely claimed the privilege of the clergy in order to escape the gallows.

Pushing School: A fencing school, also a brothel.

Queen Street: A man under the thumb of his wife is said to live in Queen Street.

Shoulder Feast: Dinner given after a funeral for those who carried the corpse.

Snaffler: Horse-thief.

Stoop: The pillory. *The cull was served for macing and napp'd the stoop.* ("The man was convicted of swindling and thrown in jail.")

Three-penny Upright: A dispenser of love for a small sum in a vertical posture.

Two Thieves Beating a Rogue: Man beating his hands against his sides to warm himself in cold weather.

Whipt Syllabug: Tedious treatise.

Why these terms fell into disuse one can only speculate. It is possible they became trite and tiresome, losing their shock value and staying power. Some current expressions, if we are lucky, will have the same fate. We would be happy to see a number of badly overworked contemporary expressions traded in for some of the pithier old English items. Nothing tags a lazy mind more quickly than the incessant use of "You know," or "I mean," or "like," or "man" when used instead of a person's name in direct conversation. The attempt to make a fashion out of the laconic has led in a straight line to the incoherent. Basic English was an attempt to get by with the fewest possible words that would have the widest possible understanding. What we have instead today is Base English, a grunting, stammering, meandering communication system in which meaning can only be approximated, producing *St. Giles's Greek*, *Pedlar's French*, and *Granny's Gab*, all of which are old English for *gibberish*.

—N.C.

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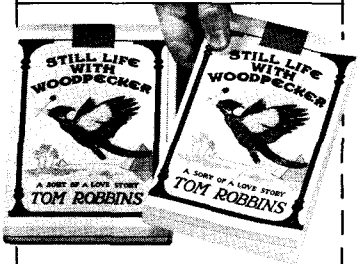

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Managing Chemical Wastes

What the chemical industry is doing to improve waste-disposal methods

America's chemical companies have already invested hundreds of millions of dollars in safer, better ways to handle solid wastes, which are a serious national problem. Time has shown that certain of our country's disposal methods have not always been reliable. We'll be spending over $2 *billion* more on waste-disposal facilities in the next two years. Here's how we're advancing the "state of the art".

1. Eliminating wasteful processes

The chemical industry is working hard to make its plants and production processes more efficient. This helps us reduce the residuals that become waste products. In many cases, we're redesigning manufacturing processes to reduce wastes. In other cases, we're adding on-line treatment systems to neutralize, reduce the volume, or change the nature of waste by-products. The chemical industry is also using recovery techniques that let us recycle wastes into the production process. One chemical company, for example, is using a solvent-regeneration process to salvage phenol, which can be used to manufacture plastics, pharmaceuticals and other useful products.

2. Building secure landfills

Rain on an open landfill seeps through wastes and may carry contaminants deep into the ground. This could pose a threat to underground water supplies. Industry recognized this problem and developed the secure landfill concept. Industry experience shows that secure landfills are a safe and effective way to handle many wastes.

A secure landfill is constructed with a barrier that keeps wastes from seeping out into the groundwater. The barrier also keeps groundwater from migrating through the landfill. Other features of a secure landfill may include facilities for recycling liquids, or a wastewater treatment unit that will clean up liquids for safe disposal. Landfills—if *properly* designed, operated and monitored—are one of the best ways to dispose of certain kinds of solid wastes.

3. Continuing industry commitment

The chemical industry was hard at work finding ways to manage solid wastes long before the nation recognized the need for better waste-disposal methods. In fact, we already had much of the required waste-disposal technology and remedial strategies in operation—or being developed—when Congress passed the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act of 1976. This act set forth strict waste-disposal

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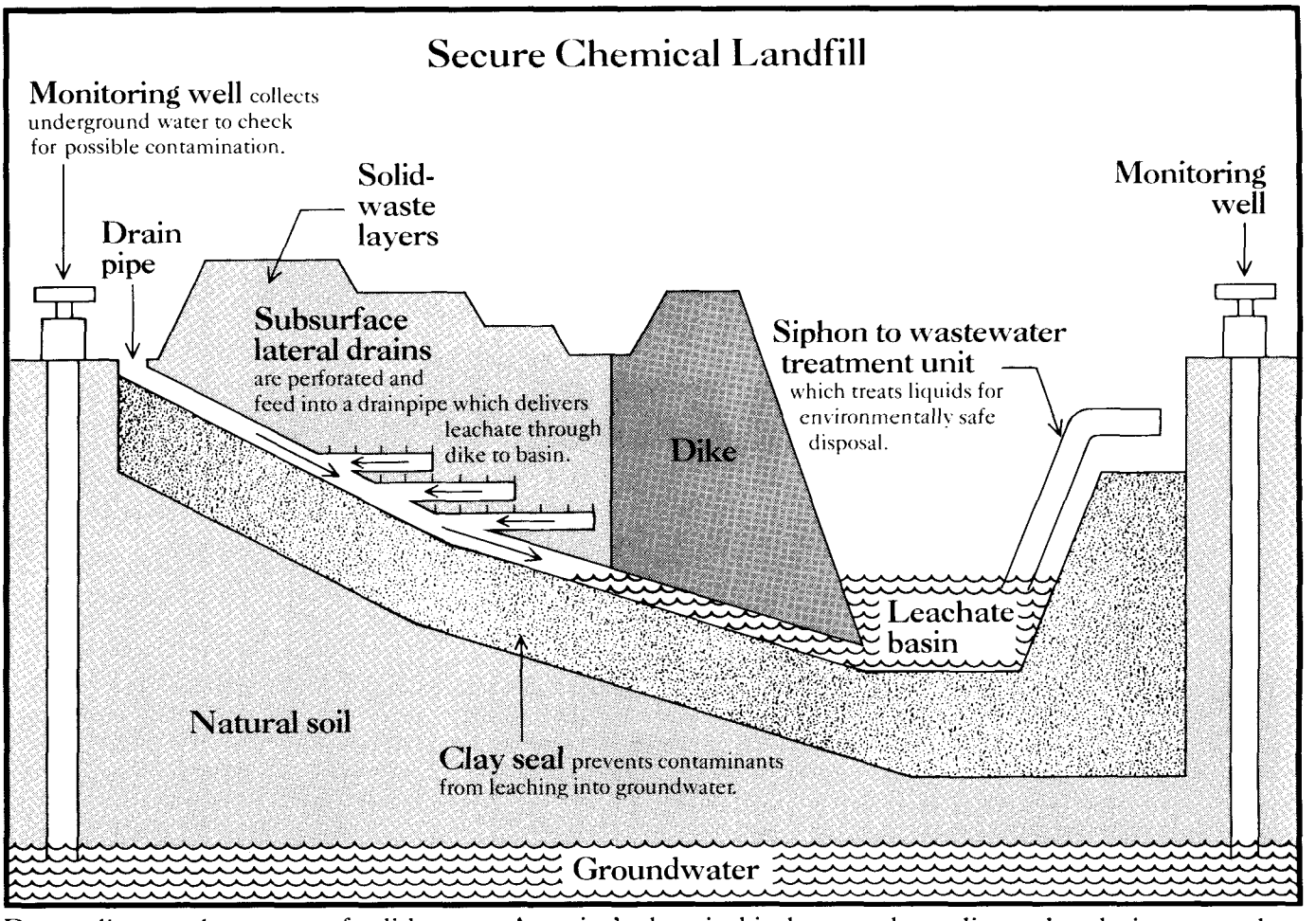

Secure Chemical Landfill
Monitoring well collects underground water to check for possible contamination.
Drain pipe
Solid-waste layers
Monitoring well
Subsurface lateral drains are perforated and feed into a drainpipe which delivers leachate through dike to basin.
Dike
Siphon to wastewater treatment unit which treats liquids for environmentally safe disposal.
Leachate basin
Natural soil
Clay seal prevents contaminants from leaching into groundwater.
Groundwater

Depending on the nature of solid waste, America's chemical industry selects disposal techniques, such as incineration, by-product recovery, stabilization or secure landfill design to protect the environment.

guidelines and standards for all municipalities and industry.

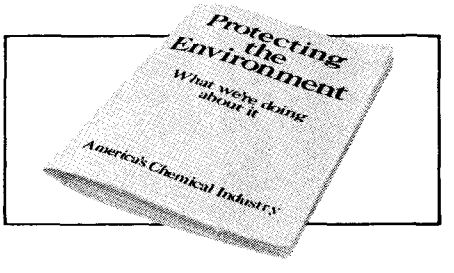
4. Sharing knowledge and new technology

As America's chemical industry develops new waste-disposal equipment and methodology, we share our knowledge with industry, the U.S. Government and the public. For example, in 1979, the chemical industry began conducting a series of regional seminars that presented current techniques for solid-waste disposal. Individual chemical companies have developed their own ways to share knowledge. Some, for example, use videotapes and visual aids to train personnel in ways to handle and cut down on solid wastes.

5. Encouraging solid-waste exchanges

Sometimes one chemical company's wastes can become another company's raw material. Fluoride wastes from a phosphoric acid plant, for example, can be used by a company producing aluminum. So the chemical industry has encouraged the development of waste-exchange organizations, which develop and distribute lists of available wastes.

What you've read here is just an overview. For a booklet that tells more about what we're doing to protect the environment, write: Chemical Manufacturers Association, Department FR-10, P.O. Box 363, Beltsville, Maryland 20705.



America's Chemical Industry

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The Brutalists:

Making Movies Mean and Ugly

by Robert F. Moss

Philosophizing lyrically about New York in the 1940 film *City for Conquest*, Arthur Kennedy surveys the urban scene before him and conceives of a symphony that would capture the city's "proud, passionate beauty . . . sordid ugliness . . . everlasting hunger," though in actuality he was probably only contemplating a set on the Warner Brothers backlot at the time. He could not have guessed how little of the pride and beauty would remain and how much of the sordidness and hunger when in the 1970s a new species of filmmaker began to reexamine big city life on location, with a savage eye and an arsenal of advanced cinematic techniques.

Over the last decade, directors like Walter Hill, Paul Schrader, and Martin Scorsese have defined the urban scene as little more than the sum total of its most extreme forms of decadence. Brian De Palma, perhaps the most popular of the new breed of brutalist directors, for whom depravity has generally been a movable feast, spread it out in Chicago for *The Fury* (1978) and in New York for his current film, *Dressed to Kill*. To these directors, the city is a pit of vice, grimly polluted and inhabited by the worst kinds of predators and human refuse: rapists, murderers, muggers, junkies, weirdos. Violence has become reflexive, an inherent part of the urban rhythm. Human relationships have hardened along battle lines, drained of almost every feeling but rage, lust, and horror.

Obviously, to some extent this vision reflects a growing public revulsion with metropolitan decay. But the lopsidedness of the dramatization suggests the private obsessions of the directors as well. Each insists it's not the *same* obsession, however. "We are not a movement," declares Schrader. Yet the orbit of their backgrounds, aesthetic canons, narrative and cinematic preferences intersect at so many points that it's hard not to see them as a galaxy of like-minded moviemakers. Scorsese, De Palma, and Schrader are all well acquainted, all have attended film school, all have professional histories that have overlapped at some point. Schrader wrote two screenplays for Scorsese, *Taxi Driver* and the forthcoming *Raging Bull*, and one for De Palma, *Obsession*. Robert De Niro, one of the actors most closely associated with Scorsese, was discovered by De Palma, who in turn routed the *Taxi Driver* script to Scorsese. As De Palma says, "We have very direct connections. We're friends. We've discussed each other's projects and kept a constant dialogue going over the years."

Hill's contact with this group is more tangential. He is not a film-school product, nor does he seem to have had much personal exposure to the kind of raw urban ambience that the others have experienced first-hand. But he and Schrader are friends and express admiration for each other's work. More important, the nature of his art is the same as theirs.

The historical origins of this subgenre can be traced to the *film noir* movies of the Forties and early Fifties, big-city crime dramas with omnipresent gloom and seedy, nocturnal settings. But despite their descent to the underbelly of society, these films bumped off their characters in perfunctory fashion—bang, bang, you're dead—without much blood letting. This rather discreet approach to brutality endured into the Sixties when it was spectacularly demolished by *Bonnie and Clyde* (1967), the landmark film that established a director's right to blow his characters away in whatever fashion he chooses and in whatever state of dismemberment. Violence could be merely messy and shocking (as when Gene Hackman gets his eye shot out) or absurdly poeticized (as when Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway undulate downward in slow motion, tugged to the earth by a gentle rain of machine-gun fire). Subsequently, Sam Peckinpah, the principal hierophant of movie violence, who had been obliged to curb his most sanguinary impulses for years, was allowed to direct the shamelessly genocidal western, *The Wild Bunch*.

The next milestone in movie carnage came in 1972 with Coppola's *The Godfather*, a testimonial to the Mafia for its years of service on behalf of oppressed Italian-Americans. Although a striking movie in many ways, *The Godfather* drew much of its impact from its graphically portrayed vendettas and massacres. To be sure, in a gangster story realism requires that the hoods kill each other off and do so sadistically. But when Sonny Corleone, perforated by bullets, still has enough

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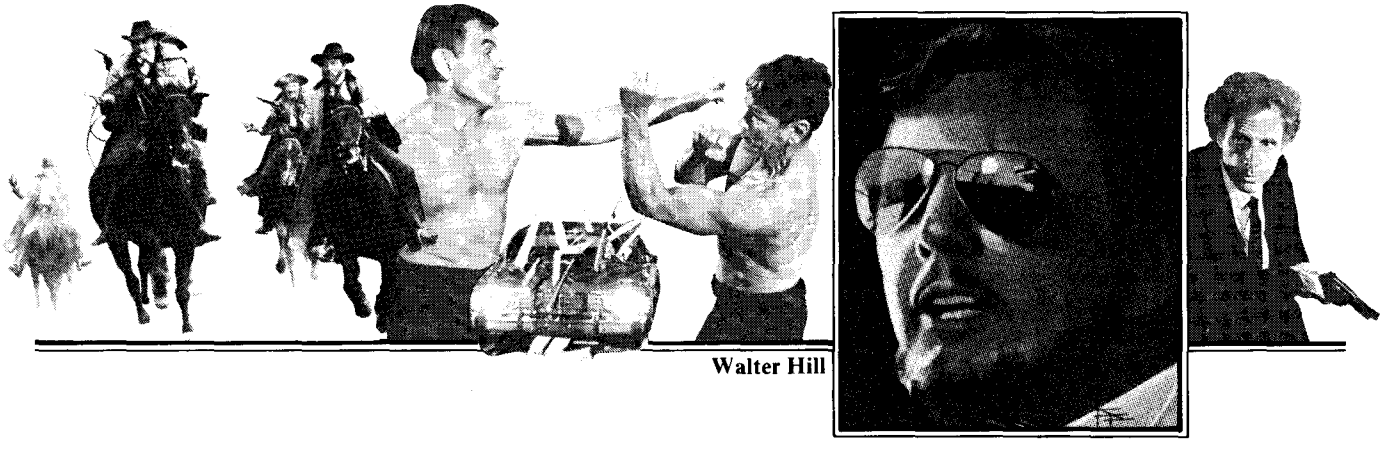
juice left in him to climb out of his car with his gun drawn, whose sadism are we witnessing—the Mafia's or director Coppola's?

Coppola's success (*The Godfather* grossed $86 million) must have been a great inspiration to men like De Palma, whose early career as a director of loose, hip, social satires (*Greetings*) had stalled badly after the disastrous *Get to Know Your Rabbit*. Beginning with *Sisters* in 1973, De Palma created a new cinematic calculus for himself, combining Hitchcock-derived plots, his own kinky sense of humor, and gruesome killings. His current hit, *Dressed to Kill*, is a blood-drenched, cinematically intricate story of urban life. De Palma's chief purpose in *Dressed to Kill* is to arouse intense feelings of loathing and fright. Urban paranoia becomes a terrifying reality when Angie Dickinson, cast as a sexually frustrated housewife, is trapped in an elevator with a transvestite murderer. Later, a young prostitute, played by Nancy Allen, gets a double dose of subway terror when she is forced to hustle back and forth between the same killer and a gang of black toughs. The violence of the city lurks everywhere, not only in the subway station but behind the most respectable facades—as we discover when the killer's identity is revealed. De Palma is proud of having weighted his film in favor of suspense rather than gore—but when the blood starts to flow, there's enough to satisfy a family of vampires.

De Palma also sees to it that the film's moral landscape is as repulsive as his villain. We are invited to smirk over the erotic misadventures of Dickinson, who, although dressed in vestal white, succumbs immediately to a stranger in the back of a cab. But the joke's on her, you might say, because after a dreamy afternoon in bed, she learns that her handsome new lover has a venereal disease. The director deliberately brutalizes his characters both psychologically and physically, but more disturbingly, he seeks to encourage similar appetites for brutality in his audiences. Sequences like the seduction and humiliation of the Dickinson character are executed with bravura technique that recalls the flourishes of De Palma's idol, Alfred Hitchcock. But De Palma imitates the master's virtuoso sequences without Hitchcock's judicious preparatory restraint, and he transforms Hitchcock's interest in characters under stress into outright contempt for the victims of his plots.

Hill likes to characterize himself as a western director, though only one of his four pictures, *The Long Riders*, actually fits into that genre. Indeed, his biggest hit is *The Warriors* (1979), which, with $17 million in rentals, is one of the most lucrative of brutalist sagas. *The Warriors*, adapted from Sol Yurick's orthodox sociological novel about youth gangs, strips the characters of most of their social and economic trappings in order to supercharge the action of the story. Suspected of murdering Cyrus, an aspiring godfather of the city's juvenile delinquents, the Warriors must fight their way home from the Bronx to Coney Island at night, harried at every turn by the police and hostile gangs. The images of the city that Hill creates are fetid and claustrophobic, endless subway tunnels and filthy, desolate platforms. The police are uncaring agents of officialdom, clubbing away mindlessly. The periodic rumbles are reminiscent of karate marathons in Bruce Lee movies. Hill creates a theater of violence in which the surreal participants, dressed in sequined black jackets, overalls, or baseball uniforms, seem more like trick-or-treaters than thugs. Nevertheless, the violence in *The Warriors* seemed sufficiently real to provoke imitative rampages both inside and outside movie theaters across the country, leaving dozens of people seriously injured.

Hill scrupulously eschews political commentary and allots his people a



Walter Hill

Hill creates a theater of violence. His imagination is most fully energized by brutal action sequences.

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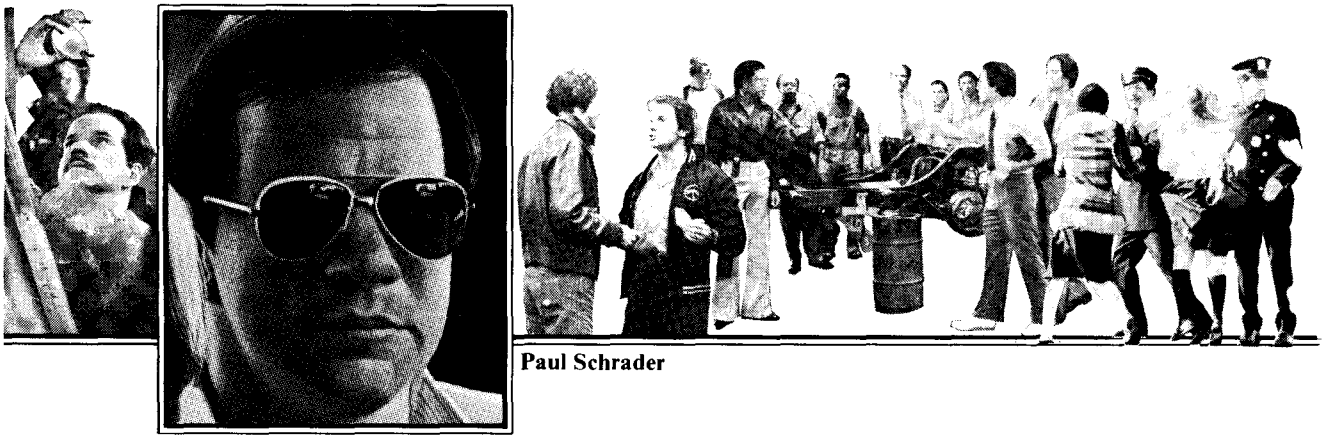

Paul Schrader

With Schrader, as with other brutalists, squalor provides the social chemistry in which violence can explode.

mere daub of characterization. Clearly his imagination is most fully energized by his action sequences, especially in their more brutal manifestations. But, as with De Palma's pyrotechnics, we wonder: to what end? *The Warriors* is less viscerally objectionable than *Dressed to Kill*, but by treating violence as an abstraction, it threatens to legitimize it; bashing someone's head in is almost equivalent to a casual work-out at the gym.

Defending the brutality in his films, Hill jokes, "Someday I'm going to make a really violent film—like *Elektra*." Nice try, but even when violence abounds in a literary classic, it shares the stage with great poetry, character development, insight, and a sense of humanity—qualities that are ignored and even scorned by the brutalists. Moreover, the horror of *Oepidus Rex*, *Titus Andronicus*, and much naturalistic fiction and drama of the last 100 years, while central to the artistic vision of those works, is not the *raison d'être* for it. When depravity and violence are abstracted from the complex tissues of reality and "framed" as valid portraits of life in their own right, the whole artistic experience becomes a carny sideshow, a gaudy arcade for thrill-seeking. The audience is taught to hunger for the aberrant and the brutal because no tickets are sold to any other events. And naturally an art of this description can only achieve novelty and freshness through a steady escalation of its shock effects. If a finger was blown off last time, a whole limb must go next.

The story of Paul Schrader's harsh Calvinist upbringing in Grand Rapids, Michigan—how he rebelled against its puritanical rigors and fled to Hollywood, yet retained the guilt and rage it had instilled in him—has been told countless times. Schrader ascended meteorically from film critic to screenwriter to director, and he's generally regarded as the most literary of the brutalists, stressing character and plot over virtuoso technique. His directorial career began with *Blue Collar* (1978), much of which is a superb study of the drab, caged lives of automobile workers in Detroit.

Schrader followed *Blue Collar* with *Hardcore*, a movie in which he tried to exorcise private demons by creating a facsimile of his father (played by George C. Scott) and sending him forth to scourge the Los Angeles pornography industry. The porn sector of town becomes Schrader's metaphor for the city as a whole with its promiscuous smut shops and massage parlors. The film contrasts urban squalor with well-scrubbed middlewestern rectitude in primer-like ways, but Schrader's sensibility is galvanized by the fleshpots of the big city, not small towns and pastoral settings.

As in the work of the other brutalists, squalor provides the social chemistry in which violence can explode. Having surfeited himself on the depraved revels (including a "snuff" film containing a pornographic murder), the director decides in good evangelical fashion that the day of deliverance is at hand, and his surrogate avenger, Scott, wipes out a corner of this peep show Babylon in a bloody outburst.

Hardcore proved to be a commercial disappointment, but Schrader's next film, *American Gigolo*, a melodrama about a male hustler who is framed for murder, caught on in a big way. Schrader had finally discovered the right combination of sensationalistic ingredients.

In defending his work, Schrader attempts to universalize both his settings and the freak-show attractions he often projects into them. "Moral despair is mirrored more in the cities than in the countryside, but it is widespread throughout the world." The other brutalists advance a similar rationale for the high proportion of scum in their films, while their critical adherents submit briefs arguing for countless precedents among great liter-

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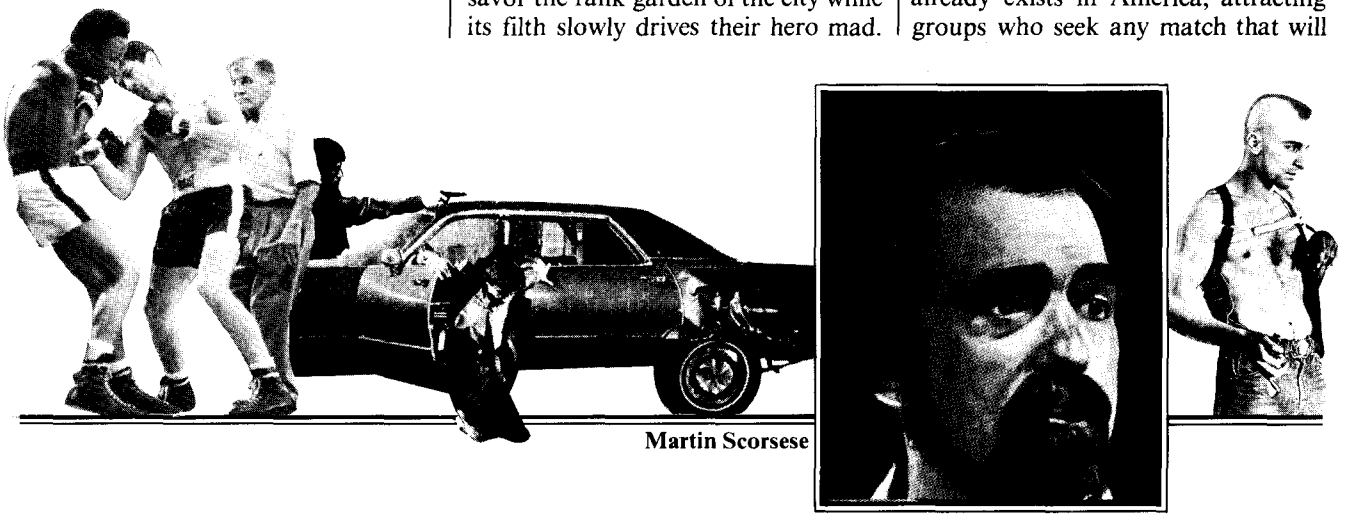
ary artists of the past and present.

The powerful strain of pessimism in 20th-century literature cannot be denied, but its most revered exponents—Conrad, Kafka, Beckett, and so forth—sent it forth with an intellectual purity: Its taste is always bitter, and those who imbibe it can only emerge with one state of mind: despair. By contrast, the grimness of modern urban life seems to intoxicate the brutalists and they excitedly pass the bottle around to the rest of us, inebriating moviegoers with the sight of slaughter and degradation. The act of embracing debasement can perhaps be defended as a legitimate response to existential despair (Genet), but these filmmakers plunge into it with gusto.

In many ways, the exemplar of the brutalists is Martin Scorsese, whose *Mean Streets* (1972) helped initiate the vogue for films of urban violence. Made for a pittance by the then-unknown Scorsese, this autobiographical film about his Italian-Catholic boyhood was shot in Hollywood and on location in New York City's Little Italy. Scorsese portrays his old neighborhood as a seedy, brutalized inferno, with small-time crooks and barflies drifting through its corruption, blackening their souls every step of the way. Violence is pervasive in this stygian domain, erupting unexpectedly and idiosyncratically.

In 1975, after a pallid but successful women's lib movie, *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, Scorsese returned in *Taxi Driver* to the subject matter that gripped him most deeply, street life in New York. Aided by Paul Schrader's vice-obsessed script, Scorsese could leap into the metropolitan squalor that fascinated and repelled him, feeding his story to us through the perspective of a repressed middle-American cab driver whose bottled-up hostilities are rapidly building to a critical mass. Red lights and steam rising through sidewalk gratings are a Dantean reminder of human decay. Working the night shift, De Niro watches an assortment of degenerates tumble in and out of his cab. The night-filled metropolis he drives through is garishly lit and, he tells us, is populated by "whores, queens, fairies, dopers, junkies." De Niro's categories are presented to us by the filmmaker as a fairly inclusive taxonomy of the human animal; it accounts for just about everyone, in this view. Defiantly embracing what their respective churches had always urged them to hate, Scorsese and Schrader savor the rank garden of the city while its filth slowly drives their hero mad. His misguided zeal finally detonates and the subsequent shoot-out, one of the bloodiest in the history of American movies, leaves three dead, mutilated bodies. It's hard to imagine brutalism that could transcend this (though in an interview at the time the two creators asserted that they would have preferred the scene even gorier). Scorsese's intensity and his blaze of film technique—long tracking shots that lead us into the showdown, slow motion close-ups which capture every facial nuance—make it possible for him to augment his effect considerably. As in the other brutalist films, violence is paired with cynicism. The hero's desire to rescue a teenage prostitute is ridiculed, and afterward, when he is mistakenly declared a public hero, Scorsese and Schrader seem to be laughing up their sleeves at society.

It's impossible to calculate the amount of novocaine such directors have injected into the American moviegoing public, how thoroughly inured to physical anguish American audiences have become in the last 10 or 15 years. Certainly our complacence toward brutality seems to be increasing, not diminishing. At the very least, brutalist films are glorifying and encouraging the immense potential for savagery that already exists in America, attracting groups who seek any match that will



Martin Scorsese

Scorsese dives into metropolitan squalor, savoring the rank garden of the city as its filth slowly drives his hero mad.

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Brian De Palma

De Palma brutalizes his characters both psychologically and physically—and seeks to encourage similar appetites in his audience.

ignite their seething aggressions. The riots which accompanied *The Warriors* are bloody proof that art can unleash what is worst in us as well as what is best.

The critical response to the brutalists has not always been uniformly enthusiastic, but they have had one important advocate whose ardor has never flagged: Pauline Kael, *The New Yorker*'s highly esteemed movie reviewer. (Her one antipathy is for Schrader, whose work she has never liked.) Kael is often a fine critic and an outstanding stylist, but her trumpeting of the brutalists' cause has lent the cachet of her name to their work, giving them intellectual validation. In the case of the widely disparaged *Warriors,* Kael rescued the film from obloquy, calling it "a moviemaker's movie" and "mesmerizing in its intensity."

Kael is well known as a critic who prefers a "hot" directorial style to a "cool" one. She likes the kind of movie that "gives off a hot glow against the darkness," that keeps her "perched right on the edge." All she seems to require is that these qualities be sanctified by cinematic technique. In adulating De Palma, she hails him as a "master sadist" (!), celebrating his "persistent adolescent kinkiness," "his delight in trashiness," and "his blissfully dirty mind." She transforms what everyone once considered repellant (sadism, trashiness) into aesthetic virtue by sheer, brazen insistence and power of her style.

Admittedly, there are moments to admire in the best work of the brutalists. Schrader's *Blue Collar* is intelligent and compassionate about its pathetically trapped working-class protagonists. And *Mean Streets*, however bloodthirsty and lurid, is nonetheless dense with convincing social detail.

Still, advance publicity about Scorsese's *Raging Bull*, the life of boxer Jake La Motta (scheduled to open next month), suggests it may be less like the best of *Mean Streets* than the worst of *Taxi Driver*, with ubiquitous references to La Motta's "vicious temper" and his "legacy of brutality." No doubt Scorsese and Schrader would be quick to point out that *Blue Collar* and *Mean Streets*, unlike the high-grossing *Taxi Driver,* finished on the wrong side of the profit-and-loss sheets. But it's also indisputable that a film dependent on crude shock effects (*Cruising*, for example) can fail as easily as a good comedy (*Airplane!*) or drama (*Julia*) can succeed.

While many major artists have been drawn to some of the same dark themes as the brutalists, they generally balanced the horror with humanity and incorporated all their preoccupations into a full-bodied creative whole. Philosophically, the argument that the brutalists are just recording the meaningless pain of our contemporary world—cultivating a home-grown strain of the absurdism originally planted by European geniuses like Camus and Sartre—is hard to sustain when they refuse to truly reap what they sow. Rejecting the tragedy and profundity of absurdism, they exploit its commercial possibilities instead, diving elatedly into the blood and mire. (It's like a tour of the Inferno in which Virgil leers into each circle—and the sinners within are having such a good debauch or bloodbath that we're supposed to enjoy crashing the party.)

As for the sociological impact of the brutalists, though we have no instruments to register it authoritatively, we have good reason to feel uneasy. In her comments on the massacre at the end of *The Fury*, Kael seems to be exultantly leading the bloodthirsty audience at ringside to enjoy the kill. ("We want [this murderousness] just as we wanted to see the bitchy Chris get hers in *Carrie.*") But aren't we justified in being alarmed by audiences who can be manipulated into howling for blood? Surely the purpose of art, whether it's created for the few or the many, should be to make us more human, not less. ■

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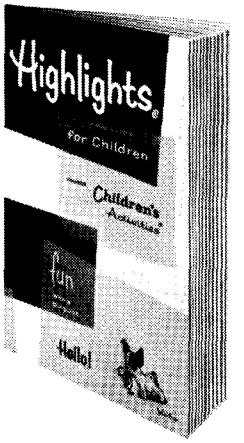

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Why America Spurns American Conductors

by Roger M. Williams

In October 1958, Leonard Bernstein was named music director of the New York Philharmonic. He was the first American-born, American-trained musician to attain so important a position, and his appointment raised the hopes of the country's orchestral conductors. No longer, they believed, would the most prestigious American conductorships automatically go to Europeans and other foreigners; Americans were at last ready to take over leadership of their own orchestras.

That was 22 years ago, and the hopes have not been fulfilled. Since Bernstein, only one American, Lorin Maazel, has led one of our world-class orchestras. Perhaps worse, Americans still do not predominate in the two dozen other orchestras of national stature. They are still being ignored or pushed aside in favor of Europeans and—more recently—Asians and Latin Americans. In fact, statistics demonstrate that American conductors have *lost* ground in recent years—during a general boom period for American arts and arts institutions. In the August/September issue of *Symphony Magazine*, columnist Ralph Black noted that Americans in 1975-76 occupied the podiums of 15 of the nation's 31 major orchestras and 21 of its 28 regional orchestras; by 1979-80, the American presence had dropped to 13 and 20, respectively.

Statistics alone do not indicate the extent of the exclusionary trend. Both the National and American symphony orchestras are under the direction of foreigners: the National by the Russian emigré Mstislav Rostropovich and the American by Sergiu Comissiona, a Rumanian. In addition to the National, at least six major symphonies (Philadelphia, Denver, Minnesota, Cincinnati, San Diego, and Utah) have recently chosen new music directors, and not one of them has been an American. The most recent was San Diego, which selected David Atherton of Great Britain; though, according to San Diego general manager William Denton, a "considerable number" of Americans were considered for the position.

In talking about conductors, the term "American" is admittedly tricky and open to various interpretations. Citizenship is not a reliable test, because many conductors became naturalized citizens late in their careers, often after establishing their reputations elsewhere. For the purpose of evaluating the progress of Americans in this field, the term should apply only to those artists who were born, bred, or trained in the United States.

While the un-American American symphony has been talked about for years, the controversy has become heated in recent months. At the American Symphony Orchestra League's annual meeting in June, Bernstein himself urged greater acceptance of the American conductor. "He is out there," Bernstein declared, "in quantity and quality, gifted, brilliant, catholic in taste, and spoiling for action."

Others prominent on the classical scene agree. Aaron Copland calls the preference for foreign conductors "a hangover from the past, when we didn't have competent people of our own. Now, however, it's just lazy thinking and an unwillingness to look around." Gian Carlo Menotti says: "While I find nationalism in the arts extremely distasteful in principle. . . I am very often astonished by the lack of courage and imagination of many orchestras. They prefer to hire a tired, mediocre, routine European conductor, rather than take an exciting chance with one of the many brilliant young conductors who are rising stars on the American horizon."

Composer William Schuman, who also addressed the Orchestra League meeting, told his audience bluntly, "We do not ask any special consideration for our American conductors, except that they not be discriminated against in their own country. And the evidence that they are is inescapable." In a recent interview, Schuman added, "It's a kind of reverse chauvinism—against our conductors *and* composers." The works of American composers, he and many of his colleagues feel, would be played far more often if Americans were in charge of program selection. (The current music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Italian Carlo Maria Giulini, for example, is known for his aversion to American music.)

A strong dissenting view comes from Ronald Wilford, the president of Columbia Artists, who manages 23 American conductors, including James Conlon, Sarah Caldwell, and Michael Tilson Thomas. Wilford says flatly that aside from Bernstein and the Metropolitan Opera's James Levine, who are assumed not to want the jobs, no American can meet the high standards of our orchestral Big Six: the philharmonics of New York and Los Angeles and the symphonies of Boston, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and Chicago. "I know," Wilford asserts, "I've given so many Americans chances, and they've failed." Noting that Maazel is leaving Cleveland in two years to accept the musical directorship of the Vienna State Opera, Wilford concludes, "An orchestra of Cleveland's stature has to have a conductor who can enable it to

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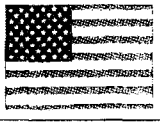
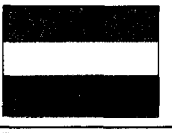
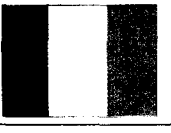
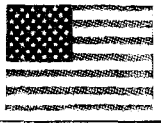
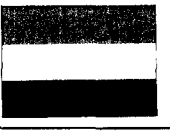
Nationality Scorecard

Americans: 2	Visitors: 11
American Symphony Orchestra Sergiu Comissiona (Rumania)	
Boston Symphony Orchestra Seiji Ozawa (Japan)	
Chicago Symphony Orchestra Georg Solti (Hungary)	
Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra Michael Gielen (Austria)	
 **Cleveland Orchestra** Lorin Maazel (U.S.A.)	
Detroit Symphony Orchestra Antal Dorati (Hungary)	
Los Angeles Philharmonic Carlo Maria Giulini (Italy)	
Minnesota Orchestra Neville Marriner (England)	
National Symphony Orchestra Mstislav Rostropovich (Russia)	
New York Philharmonic Zubin Mehta (India)	
Philadelphia Orchestra Riccardo Muti (Italy)	
 **Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra** Andrē Previn (U.S.A.)	
San Francisco Symphony Orchestra Edo de Waart (The Netherlands)	

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Photos courtesy of: (left to right) Hans Boedijn, Bruce Goldstein, *Symphony Magazine*, and Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra.

Michael Tilson Thomas | Dennis Russell Davies | Leonard Slatkin | André Previn

"The only special consideration American conductors ask is that they not be discriminated against in their own country."

maintain its attractiveness as a high-paid touring ensemble. At this point, the available Americans just can't fill that need."

Are there really no Americans with the requisite ability and experience? One thinks immediately of Thomas, who has followed several years in Buffalo with a highly successful freelance career; Conlon, who, at 30, has conducted virtually every major orchestra in the United States and Canada; André Previn of the Pittsburgh Symphony, former director of the London Philharmonic; Leonard Slatkin of the St. Louis Symphony; and Dennis Russell Davies, who raised the little-known St. Paul Chamber Orchestra to international status before accepting the musical directorship of the Stuttgart Opera.

Davies represents a classic case of America's under-utilized native talent. Despite his record at St. Paul, he had no tempting American job offers before accepting the Stuttgart position (he takes over there in the fall). American conductors of his rank, Davies says, are in an "impossible" situation in the United States: "Discrimination is probably too strong a word to describe the situation. It's more a lack of sophistication and courage on the part of those who make the decisions. Some of them are woefully behind in their thinking."

Symphony boards, in particular, fail to recognize the tremendous strides that have been made by American orchestras, conductors, and training institutions. American music schools now draw students from throughout the world (recent years have seen an especially heavy influx from the Orient), and the United States has more good, as well as more great, orchestras than any of the countries whose musical heritage so awes the trustees of our symphonies.

From his post in self-imposed exile, Dennis Davies lays the responsibility for altering the old patterns on America's major orchestras. "The mid-level orchestras all emulate the big boys," he says. "Until *they* start hiring Americans there won't be much change down the line."

Others believe that movement will have to proceed in the opposite direction, that is, starting within the ranks of the major orchestras below the level of the Big Six. And while the situation certainly would be helped if, say, Cleveland replaced Maazel with another American, "native" appointments in a handful of Utahs or Minnesotas would help even more. After all, Bernstein's appointment to, and success with, the New York Philharmonic did little to break the log jam further down. Even if Ronald Wilford is correct that Americans simply aren't ready to take over our world-class orchestras, they are ready for the orchestras next in line—what baseball calls the high minor leagues. Why should the most promising Americans have to go to Europe for on-the-job training they ought to be getting right here?

This is not to belittle the value of cross-cultural fertilization. There should always be some Americans conducting orchestras abroad and some foreigners conducting our own. But Americans should not be forced to travel abroad because of lack of job opportunities at home; nor should foreigners be automatically sought by middle- and lower-echelon ensembles in the United States. "Look at what you find," says Charles Ansbacher, chairman of the Conductors' Guild. "A Mexican in Oklahoma City, a Pole in Corpus Christi, a Greek at Eastern Connecticut, a Britisher on Cape Cod. That kind of thing is what discourages our conductors."

It is doubly discouraging when, as frequently happens, the foreigner has succeeded an American. Recently, Cincinnati replaced the late, esteemed Thomas Schippers (and his interim successor, American Walter Susskind) with Michael Gielen, an Austrian hardly known in the United States. Utah hired Lebanese-bred Varujan Kojian when illness forced the veteran Maurice Abravanel to step down; every other one of the dozen conductors initially considered by Utah was American, but few of them even got a chance to audition. The board, fearful of losing Kojian, grabbed him quickly.

If there is a future for the American conductor, then, it should flourish in these high minor leagues. They should be hiring people, young or middle-aged, of either proven ability or unusual promise. Among a spate of candidates mentioned by knowledgeable musicians are: Larry Foster, former Houston music director who works mostly in Europe; Henry Lewis who brought the New Jersey Symphony to national attention and now freelances widely; Michael Palmer, who spent 10 years as associate conductor in Atlanta and is beginning his fourth season in Wichita; and such talented younger men as David Gilbert, Michael Zarott, Roger Nierenberg, Thomas Bricetti, Julius Heggi, and James Paul.

Lewis, who will be 48 this month, stands as something of a symbol of an American conductor's frustrations. He has conducted major symphony orchestras, here and abroad, for almost a quarter-century, and has gained a certain eminence within the profession; as he puts it, "I've been on this board and that board, on NEA panels, and conducted, on a guest basis, a lot of important orchestras.

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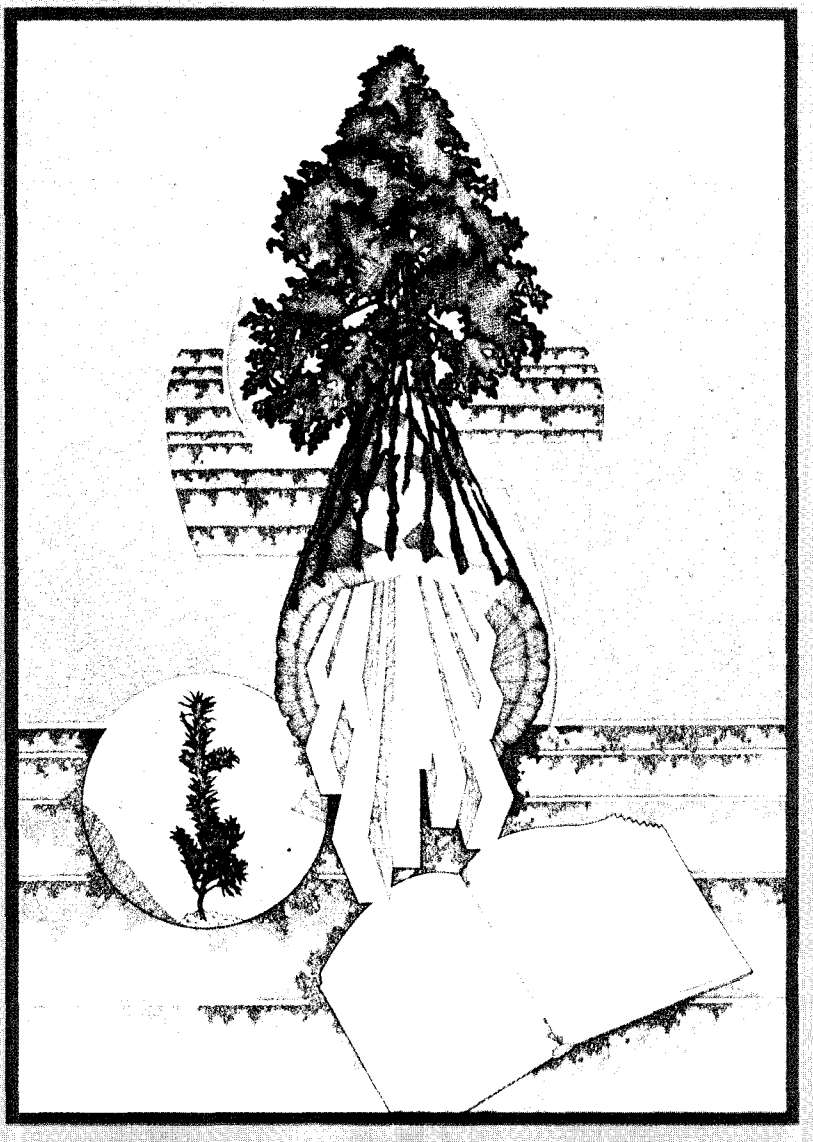

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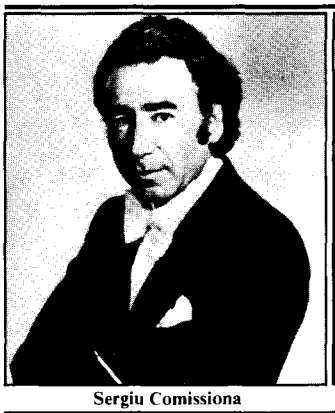
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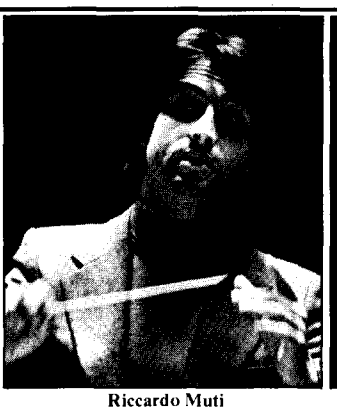
Riccardo Muti

Michael Gielen

"Board members savor the sound of an accent, a conductorial kiss of the hand, and a list of European cities on a resume."

Yet somehow I've remained outside the door"—that is, the door leading to a prestigious permanent appointment. Like many others interviewed, Lewis stoutly maintains that the quality—in talent and preparedness—of American conductors is seriously undervalued by the symphony trustees who could hire them and, indeed, by their own managers. "If anyone is less accomplished, it's many of the Europeans, including some of those who are getting the directorships of American orchestras. There are cases of hiring people here who are unknown even in their own countries."

Music directors are chosen by symphony boards composed heavily of nonprofessionals. Boards have always tended to choose their members from among people with, as Tanglewood artistic director Gunther Schuller puts it, "wealth, power, and a vague love of music as a 'social grace.'" Their primary qualification is that they can contribute substantial sums of their own and tap acquaintances for others. In the standard selection process, a trustee committee seeks out prospective candidates, then presents a list to the full board. Ideally, the process includes consultations with knowledgeable outsiders as well as guest conducting appearances by the candidates in serious contention. In this regard, Cincinnati's recent choice of Gielen, drew a good deal of fire. The choice, Schuller has written, "was made by two or three trustees after seeing Gielen at only one concert—and that with the Detroit Symphony." The result: the selection of a music director "totally unknown to the orchestra, most of the trustees, and the Cincinnati public."

This layman's hammerlock on symphony boards is gradually being broken. Representatives of the orchestra now sit on most symphony boards and participate in the decision-making. In Cleveland, orchestra members actually out-number trustees, six to five, on the 12-person committee searching for Maazel's replacement.

Dilettantism among board members is only one reason for the chronic under-representation of Americans at the helms of American orchestras. Another, perhaps more compelling, is the stubborn cultural inferiority complex with which most Americans are still affected. True enough, the symphonic repertoire is basically European, as are the conductors and instrumentalists who have made it a staple of international culture. But since World War II, there has been a tremendous growth of indigenous American musical talent. "The trustees' perception has lagged far behind the fact," says Charles Ansbacher, "not only where conductors are concerned but classical music in general. Europe has gone down, and America has gone way up."

This European preference includes an unmistakably snobbish element. There are still board members who savor the sound of accented English, a conductorial kiss of the hand, and a list of European cities on a candidate's resumé. Says William Denton: "The name Leipzig Gewandhaus sounds terrific, and the name Des Moines Philharmonic doesn't, although the orchestras may be comparable."

Nowadays, the snobbery is often broadly civic. Unimportant symphonies want to be thought of as important; small cities, as cosmopolitan. Attracting a music director from Strasbourg or Seoul is an obvious way to promote these images.

Inevitably, the need to raise money plays an important role in trustee thinking. A major symphony orchestra is a sizable business, beset by inflation. Trustees are increasingly dependent on show-biz techniques to sell tickets and attract benefactors. Glamorous, big-name conductors, extensive tours, media hype, and recording contracts are prerequisites if an orchestra is to be considered important. The competition to sign up with a big label is fierce, and in the American market, having a foreign conductor is deemed a merchandising asset.

"Boards need to raise more money, sell more seats, and build bigger halls," says Francis Thorne, executive director of the American Composer's Alliance. "That requires a public following and, increasingly, an element of show biz." Mstislav Rostropovich, a top-ranked cellist, was made music director of the National Symphony substantially for show-biz reasons. Though Rostropovich had limited conducting experience, he had political chic and a stagey personality. Rostropovich is credited with upgrading the quality of the National's guest conductors, and he has gotten the orchestra its first big recording contract. But privately as well as publicly he has received scathing critical notices.

"Hiring Rostropovich was a matter of box-office economics and cultural one-upmanship," says an American conductor familiar with the negotiations. "Everybody was excited about what a catch he was; nobody paid attention to what kind of music director he'd be. Since then, I've heard directly from members of the orchestra that they're badly disillusioned and sick of having a conductor who's long on personality and short on musical substance." William Denton, general manager of the National when

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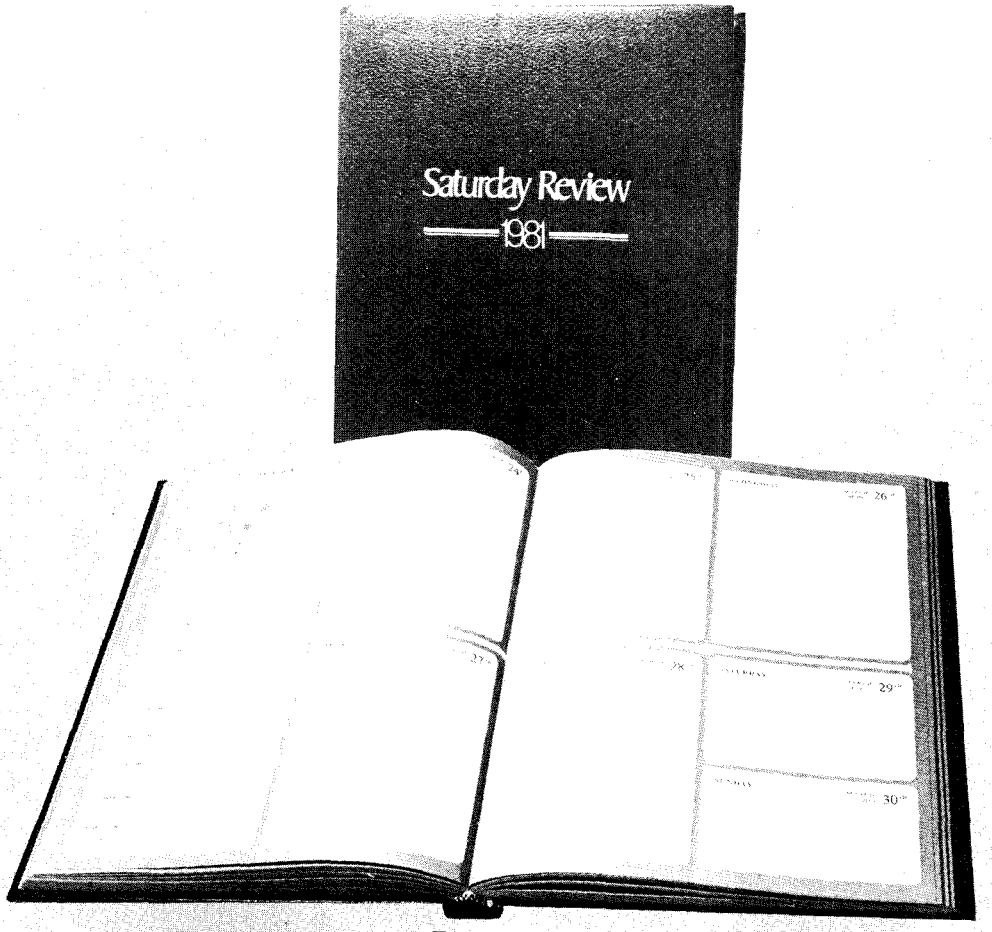

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it chose Rostropovich, acknowledges that the desire to make a big splash played a part in the organization's thinking: "We knew that kind of announcement would receive vast international attention."

What should American conductors do—or what can be done for them—to overcome the persistent discrimination they suffer? Some hotheads have demanded that outside funding sources, such as the NEA, adopt a system of quotas for symphonies that accept government or corporate largesse. That would strike most of us as artistically and ethically repugnant. Henry Lewis's pragmatic advice to young conductors is to go to Europe—"I'm having to do that again, for the third time"—and to tend strictly to the business of building one's competence and setting one's goals, "regardless of what the professional managers and symphony trustees are doing to you." Certainly programs of independent assistance can help. The National Endowment of the Arts, in conjunction with Exxon, is funding a widely applauded program that places, and pays for, apprentice conductors with American orchestras. By placing its apprentices with major American orchestras, the NEA/Exxon program is giving them the kind of showcase, as well as experience, that can lead to public acceptance and important jobs.

Over the long term, the American conductor's future may be bright. Michael Tilson Thomas even predicts that Americans, with their transcultural opportunities and outlook, will be uniquely qualified to meet "the real challenge ahead: the development of original interpreters of the classical repertoire." For the present, however, the challenge is not to develop original interpreters but to secure jobs and build reputations in America's high minor leagues. And month after month, as the orchestras that play in those leagues fill top vacancies, it becomes all too obvious that the present challenge is not being met. "Look at the orchestra in Toledo, my hometown," says Dennis Russell Davies. "It just went through a big search for a music director and hired an Israeli. He's probably very good. But if an American can't make it at that level, where can he make it?" ■

Roger M. Williams, a freelance writer based in New York City, writes often on the arts.

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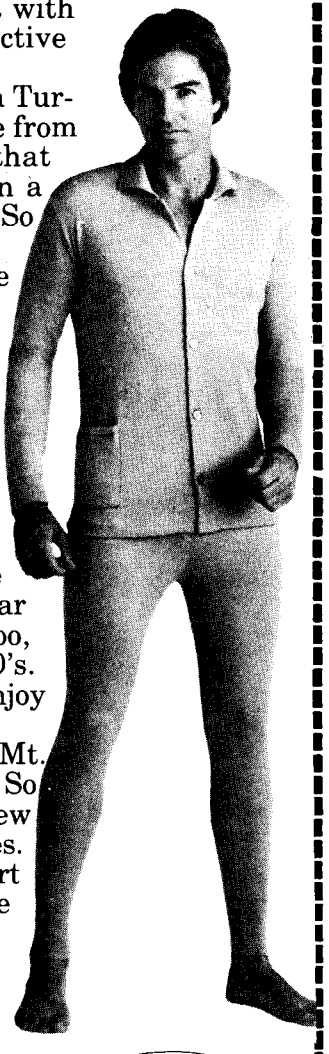

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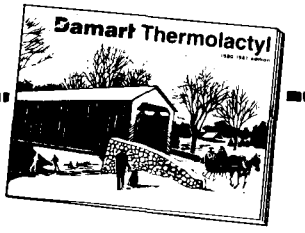

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"Alexander" Conquers Washington

THE EVENT

by Vicki Goldberg

THE CITY

by Horace Sutton

Pei's East Wing and dome of the Capitol glow in the night. Inset: Alexander's ivory head.

KAY CHERNUSH

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THE EVENT

Though we might not choose to inhabit the past, we yearn to visit and know it, to pry open its tombs and unearth a treasure of art and a wealth of knowledge. Because the dead possess many secrets of lives long gone, the discovery of an important tomb is front-page news, sending shivers of excitement around the world. In 1977, a royal tomb from the great age of Macedonia was found in Northern Greece. Now, objects from this tomb and from other Hellenistic finds will be on view at the National Gallery of Art in Washington from November 16 to April 5, 1981. The show, called *In Search of Alexander*, brings us closer to Alexander the Great and his time than we have ever been before.

Manolis Andronicus, the archaeologist who excavated the unlooted tomb (and other nearby tombs soon after), believes it was the burial chamber of Philip of Macedon, the man who made a nation of Macedonia and gained control over all of Greece. Philip also laid plans for the invasion of Persia that were later to be realized by his son, Alexander. Alexander went on to conquer not just Persia but Egypt, the Near East, and India.

The identification of the tomb as Philip's is controversial. Cornelius Vermeule, curator of Classical Art at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, believes it was Philip the Third's, the son of Philip of Macedonia and half brother of Alexander. Vermeule thinks the silver diadem found in the tomb belonged to Alexander himself, who might have left it to his brother. It was Alexander who introduced the diadem to Greece; he assumed it himself in the East as one element in the divinization he pursued across conquered lands. If Vermeule is correct, his idea would place us close enough to touch the crown of the ruler of the world.

Ivory head of Philip II from his royal tomb.

The tomb also contained an iron cuirass decorated with gold—the only one of its kind yet discovered—that is nearly identical to the cuirass worn by Alexander in the Naples mosaic of his battle with Darius. A gilded silver bow-and-arrow case with elaborate reliefs, implies, in its similarity to one found in Kiev, that metalworkers and styles traveled far and trade was extensive.

Gold ornaments of this period were wrought with exceptional skill. Pliny reported that gold was first discovered on Mt. Pangaion, a mountain which Philip of Macedon annexed in 357 B.C. The gold *larnax*, or casket, which held the dead man's bones, and the wreath of impossibly delicate oak leaves and acorns for his hair, give evidence of 4th-century wealth and skill. The tomb also yielded the largest concentration of bronzes and silver vessels for water and wine ever found at one site. The Greek dead needed their household vessels to sup with the gods in the afterlife; whoever rested in this tomb took with him an endless and repetitive supply.

Most dazzling of all the bronze objects in the current exhibition is a large krater found at Derveni. This extravagantly beautiful vase is a masterwork of design and execution, from the heavy volutes that enclose four deities' heads to the inlaid silver vines that twine across the surface. Around the body of the vase the entourage of Dionysius dances in relief past the god and Ariadne. The figures are mellifluously drawn, the relief exquisitely finished. On the shoulder of the vase sit four figures fully modeled in the round. The entire production is as exuberant, harmonious,and as elaborately embellished as an opera by Bellini.

The art of 4th-century Macedonia has been little known until now. More than 90 of the objects lent by Greek museums have never been seen in this country. (The finds also include several frescoes that could not travel but which provide almost the only evidence of large-scale Greek painting we have.) A study of the available art does not yet reveal a distinctive Macedonian style but indicates that a rich and cosmopolitan center could attract great artists

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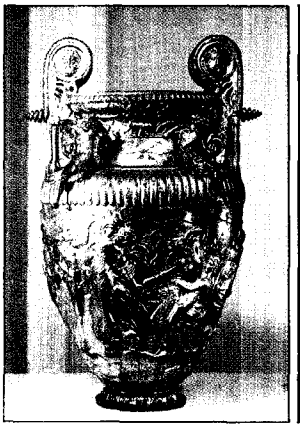
and minds from other Greek regions, as Archelaos, an earlier king, had welcomed Euripides to his court, and as Philip brought Aristotle to tutor the young Alexander.

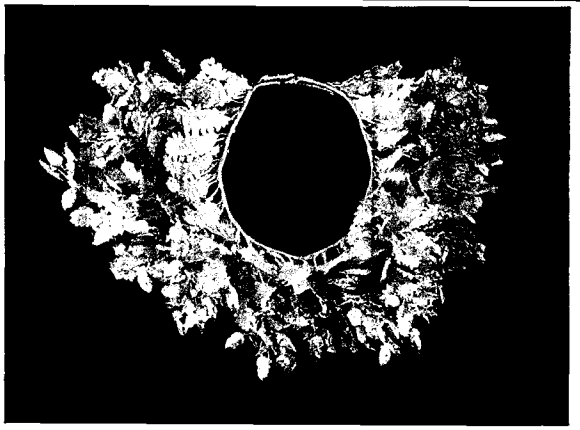
One aspect of the search for Alexander is a search for his image in Greek art as royal heir, conqueror, and god. Many of the images postdate Alexander's death, but three statuettes are copies of, or possibly originals by, Lysippos, court sculptor of Alexander. In the 4th century B.C., artists embraced a more human and realistic vision—it was at this time that Plato denounced artists for being too realistic for not conveying the ideal and eternal. Lysippos initiated a new realism, not men as artists wished to transform them, he said, but men as they appeared. He portrayed the young Alexander as a handsome human prince. The prince who marched across the world soon saw himself as something more, and one prominent scholar, Margarete Bieber, believes that Lysippos lost favor when Alexander began to manipulate his image and assume godhood.

Greek rulers were rarely divine before Alexander's time but often afterwards, for he bequeathed to them and to later Roman emperors the Near Eastern privilege of divinity. Alexander became a divine warrior and ruler, and like Gilgamesh of Babylon, a divine hunter. Artists pictured him as Heracles and Zeus Ammon, and as companion to the gods. During the two centuries following his death, artists depicted him gazing heavenward with that peculiar look of yearning, almost of anguish, that is characteristic of so much Hellenistic art.

Alexander was truly immortal; we remember him now and seek him still. His empire lived on for centuries, even after its borders had crumbled: Indian gods acquired Greek postures and features, business in the Near East continued to be conducted in Greek, the New Testament was written in Alexander's native tongue. Now, in fragments of stone and bronze, the legacy of Philip and Alexander, the two great kings of Macedon, begins to fill in its outlines for our time.

The show will travel to the Art Institute of Chicago (May 14 to September 7, 1981), the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston (October 23, 1981 to January 10, 1982), and the Fine Arts Museum of San Francisco (February 19, to May 6, 1982). ■





Calder's mobile, largest in the world, turns under giant space-frame skylight. Among Greek exhibits: bronze crater, left, and gold wreath from Royal Tomb.

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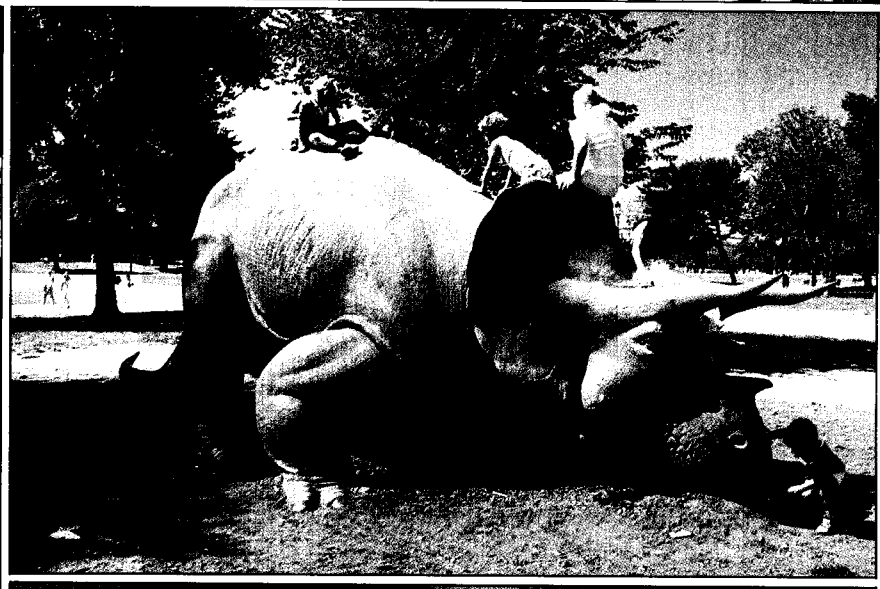

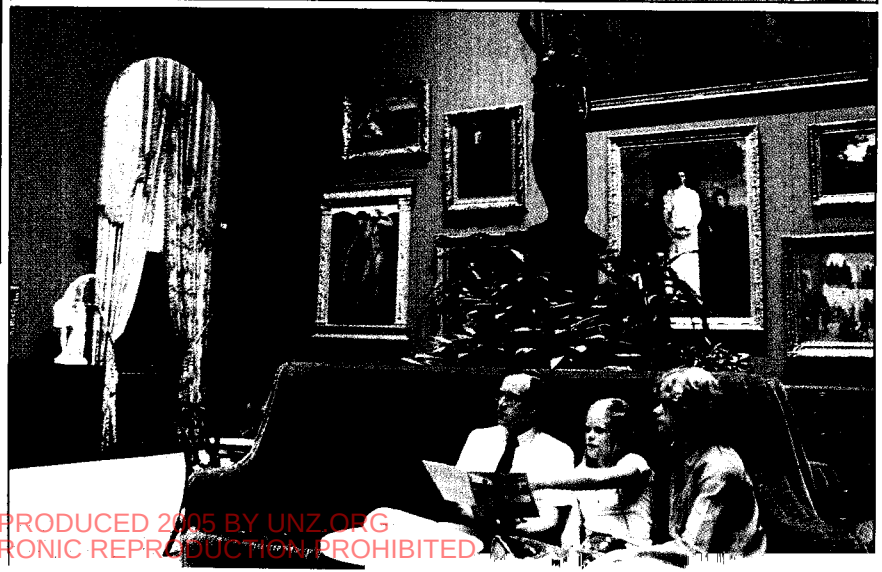

PHOTOS BY KAY CHERNUSH

Clockwise from top left: Portrait Gallery near the Mall; grand table at La Marée, favorite of the French colony; a triceratops sculpture known locally as "Uncle Beasley" at the Museum of Natural History on the Mall; browsers rest on a divan at the Renwick, once the Corcoran Gallery; Air and Space Museum on the Mall.

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THE CITY

Standing by the edge of the Potomac the other day, 16 miles upstream from what was once called the Federal City, the curator of George Washington's splendid estate at Mount Vernon, Virginia, was ruing the drop in attendance at the great plantation. A million people per year still come by boat or by road, and Mount Vernon remains the most visited historic home in America, but there has been a fall-off of nearly 400,000 a year. "Too much that's new to do in Washington," he said.

Nobody can accurately divine when it was that Washington turned from a marshy dream to a dreamy southern city, then to a big town, and finally to a world-class metropolis. Some say it all began the day 150,000 Union troops marched through the capital in a victory parade at the end of the Civil War, and then went home to tell the rest of the nation of the wonders of the capital. Others insist it went big time when the Kennedys flashed through, and perfumed the city with a fleeting sophisticated aerosol spray of Camelot; others that it began with the theatricalization that arrived in town when the curtain went up on the Kennedy Center in 1971. An influential school marks it much later: with the opening of I.M. Pei's East Building of the National Gallery of Art, a double trapezoidal gem that has been drawing such celebrated exhibitions as the archaeological tour-de-force from the tomb of King Tut and next month's Greek treasures reflecting the dazzling, short life of Alexander the Great.

There are now eight major museums on the Mall, that oblong grass carpet between the Capitol and the Washington monument, all of them under the administration of the Smithsonian Institution, as are a few off the Mall—notably, three blocks away, the National Portrait Gallery and the National Collection of Fine Arts, linked together in the same building like Siamese twins, and the Renwick (once called the Corcoran) Gallery on Pennsylvania Avenue and 17th.

Such a concentrated cultural agglomeration has turned Washington into a major display case for paintings, craft, sculpture, and the results of archaeological digs. Trying to hoof one's way through all the Mall's attractions could only result in an aggrieved case of jaded eyeballs and museum-tramper's arch. Major Pierre L'Enfant, the city planner, envisioned the Mall as the centerpiece of his grid design for the Federal City. The Mall would be lined, or so he saw it, with a row of "palaces." The grand museums that border its greensward are a republican realization of his concept. Now that the Washington Monument no longer demands a 10-cent charge for its elevator ride to the top (it proved more expensive than 10 cents per rider to collect it), everything is free from that tower clear to the Lincoln Memorial.

In Pei's East Building of the National Gallery, his severe line has resulted in the prow of a building so sharp—19 degrees—that visitors feel obliged to derive some tactile transmittance from this curiosity, resulting in a graying of the stone at the point where hands come to touch. Other wonders, inside, are simply to be admired—the 16,000 square feet of space-frame skylight like a glass awning over an immense courtyard between galleries; the Calder mobile, largest in the world, its red petals floating vertically, the black horizontally, and the whole like a moving, living dome. Pei's waterfall begins on the plaza outside the building, the cascade splashing against the Plexiglas of a wall alongside the subterranean Cafe Buffet, a nest of nourishment reached by a moving walkway. An escalator and grand escalier lead to the Terrace Cafe where, as a partisan who works there says, one can get the "best hamburger in the world" while viewing the Mall, the Calder, or the Washington Monument, depending on table location.

Free concerts are held from December to May in a skylit dell of greenery and fountains in the West Wing, more properly (and originally) *the* National Gallery of Art. Among its treasures is the only Leonardo da Vinci painting hanging outside Europe, as well as assorted Rembrandts, French Impressionists, and other European and American art. Both buildings were gifts of the Mellon family—the West Wing given by Andrew Mellon, former Secretary of the Treasury, the East Wing by Paul Mellon, Ailsa Mellon Bruce, and the Mellon Foundation.

The National Gallery looks across the Mall at the Air and Space Museum, a house of wonders where at the very doorway one comes face to face with the Wright Brothers' Kitty Hawk Flyer, and alongside it, the silvery Spirit of St. Louis in which, 53 years ago, Lindbergh winged to Paris in 33 hours. Below them both rests Apollo II, the spacecraft that brought Neil Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin, and Michael Collins into orbit around the moon. Collins, who kept Columbia, the mother ship, in moon orbit while the others went moon walking, is a former director of the museum.

Trying to hoof one's way through all the Mall's attractions could only result in an aggrieved case of jaded eyeballs and museum-tramper's arch. From the Washington Monument to the Lincoln Memorial it is all free.

A number of Washington's galleries were originally private collections, often amassed by men of humble origins, whose acquisitions ultimately—perhaps in gratitude to the nation that gave them the opportunity to make their fortunes—found their way back to the public domain. The Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, which opened in a circular building six years ago and now contains 2,000 pieces of sculpture as well as 4,000 paintings, is a prime example. Joseph Hirshhorn, born in Latvia, an emigré to New York at eight, was a millionaire in his thirties, and already a collector. His own acquisitions have been augmented here by those of 87 other donors.

The Freer Gallery of Art, least known of the Smithsonian institutions, and standing alongside Smithsonian's fabled castle, was started as a private collection by Charles Lang Freer who, like Hirshhorn, never went beyond the eighth grade. He merged 13 railroads into the American Car and Foundry Co. and retired at 44, keeping his clutch

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of Whistlers and John Singer Sargents and his famed Oriental collection in his home until he died. Less than 10 percent of the Freer Museum's acquisitions are on display, and by the tenets of Freer's will, none can be lent to other exhibitions.

Across town, the Textile Museum on S Street, in the heart of the embassy quarter (and alongside Woodrow Wilson's town house), shelters the collection of George Hewitt Myers. No immigrant, and no self-made man, Myers started his collection of rugs when he bought the first one to decorate his room at Yale. A scion of the Bristol-Myers family, Myers amassed a huge collection with which he filled his town house, bought the building next door to hold the overflow, and then opened both to the public. He left a $2.2 million endowment to maintain the museum that this fall unveils a major exhibit of Turkmen carpets (October 10 to January 3). Five hundred and fifty people are already registered for the first international conference on Oriental carpets that takes place after the exhibit opens. But any Saturday morning, people with unidentifiable carpets can bring them to the weekly rug appreciation session, laying their treasures on tables in the garden for a critique by an expert.

That would seem to be enough—not counting such sightseeing standards as the White House, Arlington Cemetery, the Iwo Jima memorial, and the Capitol itself—to keep the visitor occupied by day. At night, nowadays, Washington lights up as a theater town. There are four theaters in the Kennedy Center alone beginning with the Opera House that opened with Leonard Bernstein's *Mass* in 1971. Ford's Theater, in which Lincoln was shot, plays legitimate theater. A museum of the Lincoln assassination there is on display on the lower level and the house where the president died, across the street, can be inspected, too. Down in the rehabilitated wharf area, the Arena Theater and the Kreeger Theater play repertory. The venerable National Theater, once predominantly a tryout house for Broadway, now gets road companies as well as an occasional tryout. The Shuberts will take it over this fall.

When Washington began to glow after dark, a number of restaurateurs and chefs were inspired to migrate to the capital from other culinary nests. The chef and part owner of La Marée slipped into town from New York's vaunted La Caravelle. Small and elegant and a favorite of the French colony, Marée does veal with apples, mushrooms, and Calvados; fricassee of chicken with oysters; flounder stuffed with a mousse of scallops and draped with a Nantua (crayfish) sauce. Dominique's on Pennsylvania, three blocks from the White House, draws upper-echelon staff from Mondale down. Once the pastry chef at Père Bise at Talloire, Dominique does French food to the American taste without a nod to Bocuse or other deities.

K Street has become a gastronomic gulch with Tiberio dispensing rich Northern Italian fare; Prime Rib, despite its bald name, serving a bustling clientele with great slabs of beef, huge veal chops, racks of lamb, and that offbeat oddity, fried potato skins with sour cream; and Cafe Sorbet, a lunchtime nuthouse with customers waiting under huge French billboards for camembert sandwiches spread on baguettes, quiches, salades Nicoises, and the like.

Georgetown has gone as Gallic as de Gaulle, the students mooning over the tables at Au Pied de Cochon; crowding into The American Cafe, a spoof, so it is said, of an American idea of the French concept of an American brasserie. Chez Odette and Chez Grand Mère wait patiently across the street.

Those whose heart has been turned toward the Hellenes by Alexander, or who just want to sidestep the French kitchen, will find Taverna The Greek Islands, on Capitol Hill, an agreeably priced den of *taramasalat*, stuffed eggplant, lamb shanks, rabbit in wine and herbs, and *moshari fasolaki*, beef chunks and beans cooked in wine, Mikonos style.

D.C.'s burgeoning list of fine hotels comes fully equipped with stylish restaurants. The tony Fairfax, managed with great taste by Michael Harmon, sports the famed Jockey Club. And if you lodge there—right on embassy row—you will find Godiva chocolates on your pillow and a tot of brandy by the night table. Rose Narva, that Waldorf alumna who redid the Sheraton Carlton into a handsome revivified inn, has moved over to perform similar miracles at the Jefferson, spoiling the guests with daily offerings of tinned English caramels made of clotted cream, and exquisite boxes of Turkish Delight from Crabtree & Evelyn in London. Edward Bennett Williams, the owner, has given the signal: make it into a local Connaught.

A block away, the Madison, which has become as much a museum of chinoiserie as an inn of note, has added an annex across the street called the Dolley Madison where a small suite can be engaged for $175 a night. Room service can be ordered from the Madison, the mother church across the street, which means a Dover sole or a *carrē d'Agneau* in your own digs at about $25 per entree before tips, wine, or whatever.

To be near the Capitol, one puts up at the Hyatt that has brought Washington its special air of atrium excitement—

© KAY CHERNUSH

Popular American Cafe is said to be a spoof of a French-American brasserie.

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glass elevators, Terrace restaurant in lobby, Jonah's Oyster Kitchen doing seafood, and the inevitable Hugo's, a Hyatt staple, the deluxe dining room perched up in the rafters.

Those Canadian Inn-on-the-Park people have done a masterful job with the Four Seasons, an elegant brick caravansary in Georgetown, heavily carpeted and lined with blond ashwood. Teas and English tea breads and biscuits are served in the Garden Terrace, a lovely retreat with easy chairs scattered among the burbling fountains, crotons, palms, and begonias. Aux Beaux Champs, a hushed, lower-level culinary salon is no steam-table hotel dining room. It does duckling with cherries soaked in Armagnac, a *suprême de volaille*, Martinique style—with green peppercorns and bananas. No boiled carrots on the blue plate here. The vegetables may be salsify, chanterelles, or ratatouille. Every one of the 213 rooms has an extra, tucked-away Murphy bed even in the fanciest suite (which has been fancied by Kirk Douglas, Stanley Marcus, and Muhammed Ali, among others). With sunken oval tub, glassed-in shower, canopied bed, et al., it is priced at $500 per night.

Those whose fortunes, alas, don't get them into the White House can put up at the Hay-Adams, which is so close to the Carter encampment one can almost see who is at home. Recently bought by Georges Mossé, former president of the Meurice in Paris, it has taken on Gallic airs, too, especially in Le Danielle, the dark-paneled, chandelier-hung dining salon named for his wife. Sitting in the high-backed period chairs that rim the piano bar, and listening to the local tinkler play show tunes under a stained-glass window, is rather like listening to Cole's melodies in church, with a cool drink at one's elbow.

Back in 1852 a Hungarian traveling with Lajos Kossuth, the Magyar revolutionary, wrote that "Washington is like the eastern metropolis of a half-nomad nation, where the palaces of the kings are surrounded by temporary buildings of a people held together only by the presence of a court." Dickens called it a "city of Magnificent Intentions." Those intentions have been more than realized now, and those of historical bent who come to the capital in search of Alexander and his father, Philip II of Macedonia, will find a shining city that is making stylish history at last. ■

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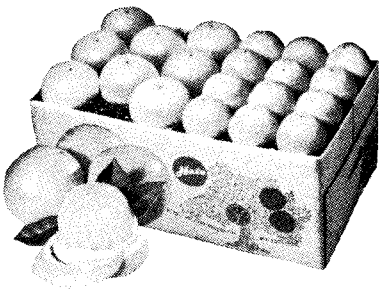

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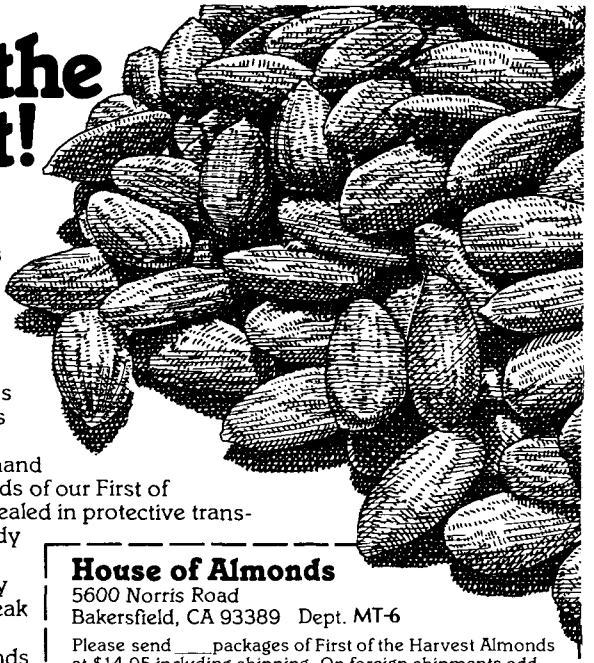

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Can Performing Arts Survive the Unions?

by Julia Vitullo-Martin

Time was that artists suffered for their work. No more–if the unions have their way. Starving artists and musicians eking out a living in big-city garrets will soon be a thing of the past as unions negotiate pay scales, work rules, subsidiary rights, and pensions for their members. But artists may be about to learn what steelworkers already know: More pay for some often means fewer jobs available for all, Arts management will continue to follow the age-old tradition of paying for increases by cutting the size of casts, companies, and orchestras.

Actors have recently been striking film companies and theaters right and left. While they want more pay now, their most ferocious demand is to participate in residual rights later. This is at the heart of the SAG (Screen Actors Guild) and AFTRA (American Federation of Television and Radio Actors) strike against Hollywood producers, who have been refusing to give actors any percentage of the gross earned by films sold to pay television and videocassettes. But it's also behind the more complicated—and bitter—battle between Actors Equity Association and theaters of the Off-Off-Broadway Alliance (OOBA).

OOBA theaters are tiny (by definition, fewer than 100 seats), poor, and experimental. You can find the theaters (there are more than 200 of them) almost anywhere in New York City—former firehouses, bordellos, grocery stores, garages, lofts, churches. Name the odd, cheap space and some off-off-Broadway group will have found it.

No one disputes the poverty, experimental nature, or high risk of an off-off-Broadway enterprise. What gripes Equity is that the occasional off-off-Broadway play, which the actors rehearsed and performed without pay, will go on to commercial success, leaving behind the original actors who, according to Equity, "created the roles."

Needless to say, Equity's demands enrage playwrights. "In the first place," says off-off-Broadway playwright Dorothy Louise, "*who* created the roles? The playwright, that's who. Actors are crucial, but they don't write the script." Arts lawyer Noel Silverman, who represents a number of playwrights, comments, "You don't ask the actor to give the playwright a percentage of *his* future earnings. If the actor is showcased off-Broadway and goes on to be a star, neither the playwright nor the producer gets a share of that, no matter how much they contribute to his success. Don't you think those off-off-Broadway playwrights who showcased Dustin Hoffman or Robert De Niro or Al Pacino or Meryl Streep would like a percentage of later earnings?"

Due to a 1978 Equity code, off-off Broadway productions have decreased by more than 60% in two years.

The union says all it wants is a fair share for its members. This fair share, of course, has to be carved out of someone else's share. Equity has set its sights on the playwright, who often provides the only continuity in a play's journey from off-off-Broadway to commercial success. Equity revised its "showcase" code last year to require that if a producer presents a commercial production of a play first staged in an unpaid workshop, the original cast must be paid for its former work with a share of royalties or profits. Equity says the compensation will come from the producer, not the playwright; playwrights say the lien is against the play and therefore against the playwright.

The words of the code seem to indicate pretty clearly that any playwright signing up has a problem: "The Producer and the Author both agree and warrant that they are bound jointly and separately to convey notice of said lien to subsequent producing interests."

Whoever would be legally liable for paying off the actors, this much is clear: A lien against a play makes the play substantially less desirable and much riskier than a play without a lien. Theater is a financial gamble under the best of circumstances, and most producers agree that any play that comes encumbered with this kind of lien is far less likely to be picked up than an unencumbered play. According to Silverman, "If your play has all sorts of cans hanging from its bumper, it's not going to get produced. The producer says, 'Who needs it?' and gets some play without the cans."

OOBA says the Equity code has had a devastating effect on productions, which have decreased more than 60 percent since the code was imposed in the 1978 season. Similarly, OOBA claims its theaters use half the number of union members they used before the code. In practice, it's hard to document just how many plays did *not* open or how many actors were *not* hired because of the code. However, specific plays were closed down by Equity because playwrights refused to sign.

In May, off-off-Broadway's Ensemble Studio Theater's Marathon Festival cut its productions from eleven plays to

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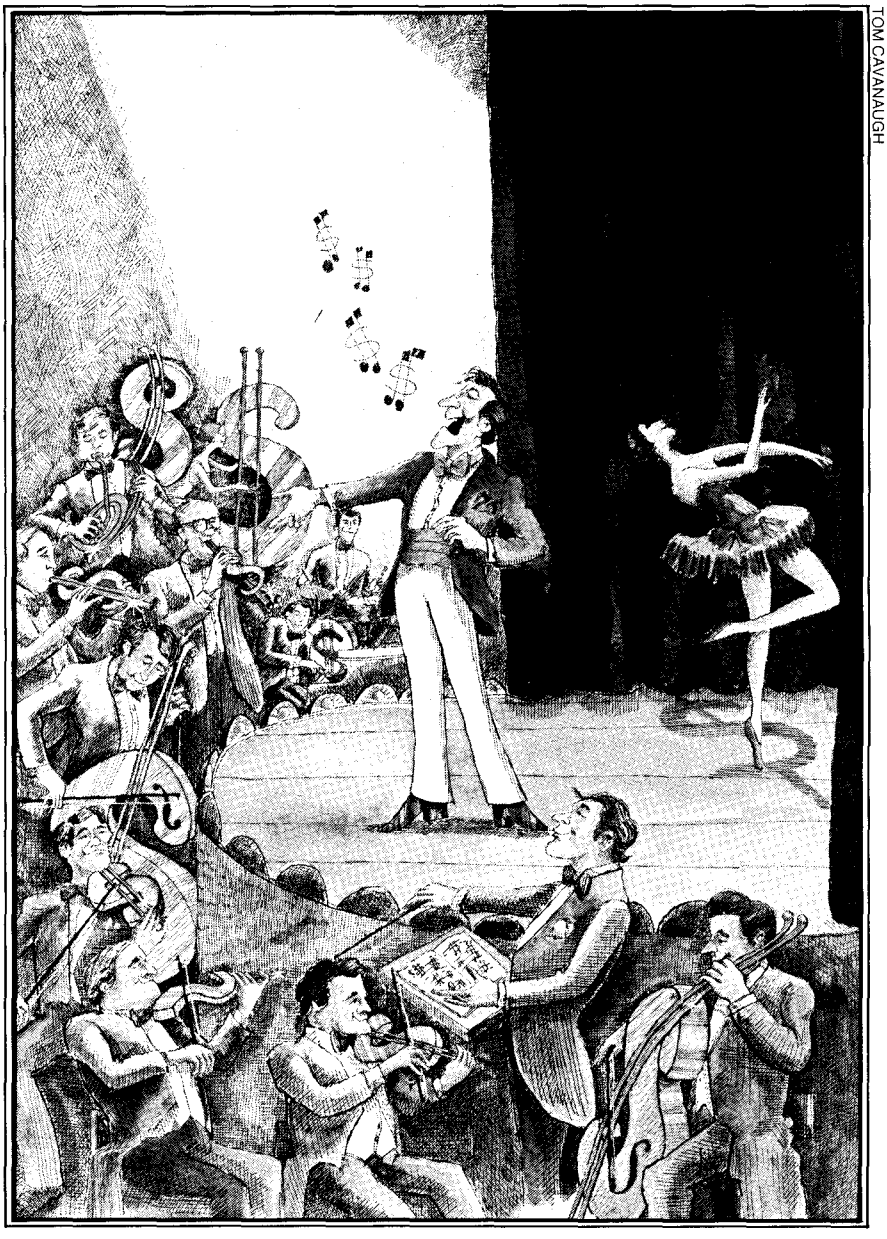
eight because playwrights like Romulus Linney, David Mamet, and Jerry Stubblefield refused to sign the code. When playwright Michael Weller refused to sign, the union cast appealed to Equity to waive the requirement. Equity refused and closed the show.

The face of the usually cherubic-looking Weller darkens as he speaks of his run-ins with Equity, "Two years ago, a group of actors got together to showcase one of my older plays. They put up their own money, did a nice job, and waited for reviews, which they figured would be good. But the critics had seen the play before in another production and were reluctant to come. The actors were getting good word-of-mouth reports, and they thought if they could just hang on for slightly longer than the 16 performances permitted under the showcase code, the critics would be there. They appealed to Equity for an extension, Equity said no. They had to close the show and lost their money."

Indirect evidence of how much the Equity rules have hurt small productions in New York can be found by looking at New York's nemesis, Los Angeles, the current home of free trade in the theater. Unlike New York, Los Angeles was not traditionally a theater town. Actors who moved there in the 1960s to break into film and television found almost no legitimate theater, but did find plenty of workshops, which were informal productions, often run by out-of-work actors in whatever space they could find. The actors wanted to act, and if the depressed movie industry wouldn't pay them—and legitimate theaters couldn't pay them—then they'd work for free.

By 1972, however, Equity headquarters in New York, which had been sniffing around on the West Coast, was not happy about what it was discovering. According to Equity rules, members are not allowed to perform for free in "any theatrical situation," and plenty of members were doing just that. West Coast Equity representatives proposed a waiver: Any theater seating fewer than 99 people (and therefore almost incapable of making a profit) would simply be exempt from Equity rules. Equity New York said no—and found itself with a revolt on its hands. Hundreds of actors besieged the New York office with petitions for at least a trial run. Equity agreed to a one-year trial in 1973, and the waiver has been in effect ever since.



TOM CAVANAUGH

Meanwhile, theater in Los Angeles has been booming. More important, exactly the kind of theater that's being strangled in New York—*new* plays—has taken over in Los Angeles. OOBA's counterpart, the Los Angeles Theater Alliance, estimates that between 20 and 30 new plays were produced in 1972; over 200 new plays are produced annually now.

Why such vitality in Los Angeles, while New York—the originator of glorious nonprofit theater—drowns in regulations? One clear difference is that Equity is headquartered in New York's theater district and keeps an attentive eye on goings-on in the East. Equity also has far more members in New York (15,000) than elsewhere.

All of this has happened before—on off-Broadway—says theatrical lawyer Franklin Weissberg, who represents producers ranging from Hal Prince to the Brooklyn Academy of Music. "Equity left off-Broadway alone when it started out. Off-Broadway had no dough—just risks. Equity didn't care about it. Then a couple of guys made $400,000 apiece on off-Broadway plays and the Equity vultures were there waiting for their share." Twenty years ago, off-Broadway had the most innovative theater in America. Ten years ago, it began a precipitous decline in which it not only lost its originality and energy to off-off-Broadway, but slid from 91 shows financed with $3.6 million to last year's 31 shows financed with $1.7 million. (And those figures

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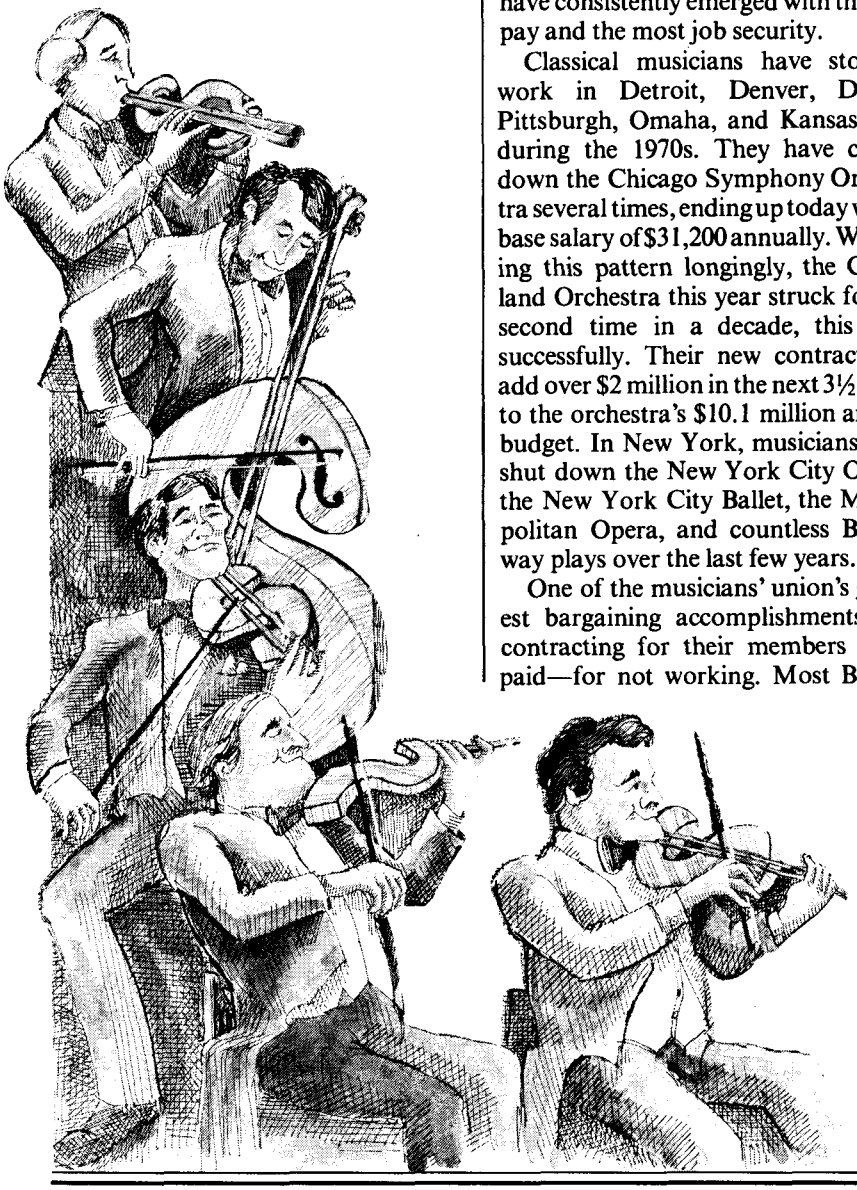
represent the first uptick in the decade.)

It's almost impossible to know what actors themselves think about all this. For one thing, Equity is a closed shop, and has been since 1923 when George M. Cohan unsuccessfully tried to set up a competing union. As Cohan feared, most theaters succumbed to Equity, until today only a few non-Equity houses exist in New York, and most of those are tiny, off-off-Broadway theaters. An actor who is disciplined or blacklisted by the union will find few places to work. Even though in secret ballots on the showcase code, the membership has turned it down two out of three times, few union actors will speak out publicly against Equity.

Surprisingly enough, neither will producers. Weller recalls that when he organized last year's playwright demonstration against the code, he called every off-off-Broadway theater he could think of to ask for use of the theater for meetings and a press conference. Individual managers invariably encouraged him, and just as invariably said "but not here." Theaters are wary of squabbling with Equity, because the union by fiat can prevent them from opening or close them down. As one producer said in refusing an interview, "I can't take on Equity right now. They'll close me down for the season—and they don't know it—but that would mean they'd close me down for good."



Even stronger than Equity, the American Federation of Musicians has proven to be the most effective of artists' unions. Whether because they tend to be older or simply better organized, musicians have consistently emerged with the best pay and the most job security.

Classical musicians have stopped work in Detroit, Denver, Dallas, Pittsburgh, Omaha, and Kansas City during the 1970s. They have closed down the Chicago Symphony Orchestra several times, ending up today with a base salary of $31,200 annually. Watching this pattern longingly, the Cleveland Orchestra this year struck for the second time in a decade, this time successfully. Their new contract will add over $2 million in the next 3½ years to the orchestra's $10.1 million annual budget. In New York, musicians have shut down the New York City Opera, the New York City Ballet, the Metropolitan Opera, and countless Broadway plays over the last few years.

One of the musicians' union's greatest bargaining accomplishments was contracting for their members to be paid—for not working. Most Broadway houses are saddled with some form of "walkers"—the term for musicians who get paid, even though they aren't needed and don't play. The only work they do is walking to and from the theater to pick up their pay checks. If a dramatic play, for example, uses any kind of musical tape or recording for any reason, it must hire four walkers.

The money paid to walkers and unnecessary but union-mandated musicians can be quite a burden, as producer Harold Prince pointed out during the 1975 musicians' strike. By September 1975, his hit musical, *Candide*, had had 645 performances at an average 80 percent capacity, but still owed $315,000. During the 80-week run, Prince said, "We paid $343,585 to the 12 deadwood musicians. In only nine of the 24 profitable weeks was the profit equal to the cost of unworking musicians. The rest of the time, the creative personnel took cuts in royalties."

Here is the rub: The musicians get their increased cut at the expense of the other "creative personnel." This goes not only for Broadway, but for such esoteric enterprises as the opera. Musicians may not be the *most* important creative element in opera, but they're important, and they're changing the way it works. Take the Met, which is now in the middle of labor negotiations. With its $43-million budget, its internationally acclaimed stars, lavish productions, world-class musicians, and passionate followers, the Met is not only the largest performing-arts organization in the country, it is generally considered to be one of the best-run, organizationally and financially. For the last four seasons, it has kept its revenues and contributions above its expenditures, one of the few opera companies in the country to do so.

As a result of its money and élan, its labor negotiations count, both for itself (80 percent of its budget goes to wages and salaries) and for other companies. When the Met settles with its unions, opera companies across the country shudder; they know they'll be next. And if the Met settles for what it can't afford, as it invariably does, it goes out and hustles in the great, green financial pastures of national philanthropy. It announces its tremendous crisis, causing an uproar from the board rooms of New York to the governmental offices of Washington, it gets its money, closes its budget gap, and gets on with its season. But long after its season begins,

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its settlement will stand as a target to be met by companies across the country negotiating with unions who, realistically or not, take the country's highest settlement as the one to be met locally.

Opera-company managers are reluctant to talk about labor negotiations on the record, saying talk will just exacerbate their labor problems. But they're watching one component in particular in the Met's negotiations, and that's the union's demand that the number of required performances per week be reduced from five to four. This is common with symphonies, but not yet with opera companies.

The Met says this would require 18 additional musicians, whether regulars or extras, to supplement its 93-member orchestra. This in itself would cost about $750,000 annually; but because the musicians' settlement is the model for the other 16 unions at the Met, this figure would be translated into an additional cost of $5 million annually. When the union proved intractable, the Met's management canceled the fall rehearsal schedule.

Irving Kolodin, who wrote a widely praised history of the Met and is at work on another, calls the musicians' aggressive negotiations an "almost unbearable form of persecution against the company. Sooner or later, the Met will get desperate and close down, sitting out for a year. It will find itself with no choice."

Indeed, the Met went dark for three months in 1969 as it tried to face down a musicians' strike. The Met's David Rubin says, "It took us years to get over that strike and build our subscription base. We lost hundreds of subscribers that we just never got back." The Met's annual report for 1970 listed some of the horrors of the strike: Expensive productions like *Boris Godunov* had to be postponed for several seasons; new productions like *Pagliacci* had to be canceled; $2.3 million in refunds were sent to subscribers who chose not to accept replacement tickets; and the operating deficit shot to $6 million.

In practice, companies like the Met face "unbearable persecution" precisely because they have so little maneuvering room. They must plan their productions three years ahead, booking stars five years in advance when necessary. They must open or they get no earned revenues at all, while having to maintain their horrendous overhead, which comes to about $5 million at the Met. They don't even have the choice of slashing the number of musicians the way off-off-Broadway theaters can simply produce plays with smaller casts. You can't do *Tannhaeuser* with a string quartet.

Similarly, you can't do *Swan Lake* with a brace of swans, but dancers are only beginning to learn what bargaining power this gives them. They are still the novices of the performing-arts trade union movement. No major dance company ever locked out dancers until the exasperated management of the American Ballet Theatre did just that on October 29 of last year. Negotiations between ABT and its dancers had reached an impasse and the company was afraid to begin rehearsals —at a cost of $30,000 a week—for the John F. Kennedy Center opening in Washington, D.C. Management was fearful the dancers would strike the opening, leaving the company with $150,000 in expenses and no income.

The dancers had several complaints. First, beginning dancers complained they could not live in New York on their base salary of $235 per week. Second, the entire company resented the large differentials between their own salaries and those of the stars. ABT does not publish what its stars like Baryshnikov and Makarova earn, but it is said to be in the neighborhood of twenty times a beginner's salary. The dancers do not so much object to the star system, which they know brings in the generously paying audience, as what they consider to be their small share in the proceeds. Like actors, dancers want their "fair share," although they also have trouble explaining how this will be determined and distributed. Third, and again like the actors, dancers tend to be the worst-paid participants in a production. The stage hands are protected by their ferocious union, and the musicians by theirs. ABT musicians, for example, make $445 base salary per week—half again as much as the $300 per week the dancers finally settled for.

City Ballet dancers will not go on record about their grievances. Although Balanchine has traditionally paid slightly more than ABT—$340 to ABT's $300—he has always dealt coldly with organized complaints from dancers. But as one of his dancers explains, "We all know that if we don't like it here, we can leave. And for every one of us, ten younger, maybe prettier, maybe better dancers are waiting to jump into our shoes. Balanchine and Robbins are great directors. So we stay."

They stay—and they subsidize their art. This is how the arts have survived decades of indifference from patrons, government, and the public. But today, all of the country's performing arts are grappling with an ironic debacle: The arts are booming as never before. Americans attend the ballet, symphony, opera by the hundreds of thousands. The Met, charging a top price of $55 per ticket has been more than 90 percent sold out and operating comfortably in the black. Broadway's grosses are at an all-time high, with more people attending shows than ever before. But as this new-found wealth in ticket money pours in, unionized artists are standing by the door asking for their share. Having been introduced to the performing arts and having found them enchanting, will Americans pay ever-rising prices to keep the enchanters at a middle-class standard of living? As ticket prices increase and government subsidies press taxpayers further, will Americans move on to other less expensive pleasures? This much is clear: As in the case of the more marginal operations off-Broadway and off-off Broadway, unions risk pricing their members out of business.

"Sooner or later, after too many strikes, the Metropolitan Opera will get desperate and close down, sitting out for a year. It will find itself with no choice."

Julia Vitullo-Martin is president of Metroconomy, Inc., a management and financial consulting firm.

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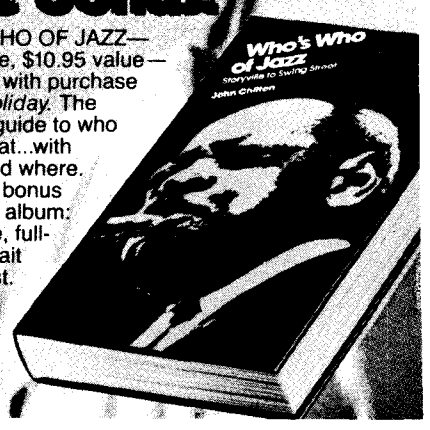

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CREATORS ON CREATING

E. L. Doctorow

by Hilary Mills

E. L. Doctorow's innovative and provocative novels have added an important and indelible dimension to our perceptions of America's past and America's myths. He is perhaps best known for his immensely popular novel, Ragtime, *which was a winner of the National Book Critics Circle in 1975. His two previous novels are* Welcome to Hard Times *(1960) and* The Book of Daniel, *nominated for a National Book Award in 1971. His newest novel,* Loon Lake, *is set in the Great Depression of the 1930s. It was published last month by Random House.*

In his quaint Victorian house in Sag Harbor, New York, where he summers with his wife Helen and their three children, we talked about his new book, his ideas about narrative form, his politics, and the creative impulse behind novel writing.

Q *When* Ragtime *was published in 1975, you explained that one of your "motives" was to write a novel that would be totally accessible to people who don't usually read books and to use narrative in a way that it was used before the novel became modern. How have your motives changed in your new book,* Loon Lake*?*

A My motives haven't changed; I still want what I do to be accessible. The narrative in *Loon Lake* is discontinuous, but I don't think discontinuity is necessarily discouraging in terms of an easy read: Anyone who watches television news for five minutes knows how to read this book.

It's a little deceptive to talk about motives. What you do is write the book you can write—write the book you find yourself writing—and after it's done you look around for a rationale for it. Eventually in *Loon Lake* I realized that I was composing the book in a way that might suggest the lake itself—the way the light reflects and refracts and distorts and shimmers, and images are duplicated or broken up into many pieces. That's the rationale for the composition.

Q *Most of your books have radically different narrative forms. Is breaking new boundaries in form an important consideration to you as a writer or is it simply that you feel you've exhausted the possibilities of a previous form?*

A I find that I'm not satisfied with things until I'm pressing the limit of my own sense of form and possibility in the writing of fiction, so that might lead to the difference from one book to another. It's impossible for me to write a book the way they were writing in the 19th century—that use of time and sense of characterization and the authorial modes. I'm dissatisfied doing it. When I pick up a book of fiction I'm immediately sensitive to the tone or the voice of the book and disappointed if I recognize it too easily. But that's a very personal, subjective view.

Q *Although outwardly all of your novels seem different, do you see any connecting themes running through them?*

A One of my working principles is not to know too clearly or too objectively what I'm doing. The actual moment of composition is anything but cerebral or planned. I do have certain preoccupations, but I wouldn't call them anything more than preoccupations.

For instance, I find myself extremely sensitive to the idea of injustice. The idea that something is not fair really gives me energy in writing. The idea of the imposition of people on each other—whether in their personal relationships or in large historical terms—seems to intrigue me.

Q *All of your novels are set in America's past, why is this?*

A I suppose it's an idea I might have that if there's anything we all share, all partake of, it's our own history. In personal terms I've never written autobiographically, I've never used myself or my own life. I seem to need to distance myself in order to work.

Q *You also once said that you write about America's past because it's a wonderful way to reconstruct the world, much as politicians and historians do. What did you mean by this?*

A What we live in is not an objective reality but a world that we create imaginatively. Our ideas and our values and our social institutions and our beliefs and our convictions together produce a sense of life in us, that this is the way things are. When you're in a total cultural and ideological matrix, it seems like reality or objectivity. I think politicians know this, the power of construction—how great national acts like going to war or eliminating milk funds for babies in order to cut down on federal spending can be construed anyway the politician chooses to. And writers know the same thing, that reality is something you construe, you compose. Certainly the composition depends to a large extent on our sense of our historical self, and that's too important to leave to the politicians or the historians.

Q *You said that you never write*

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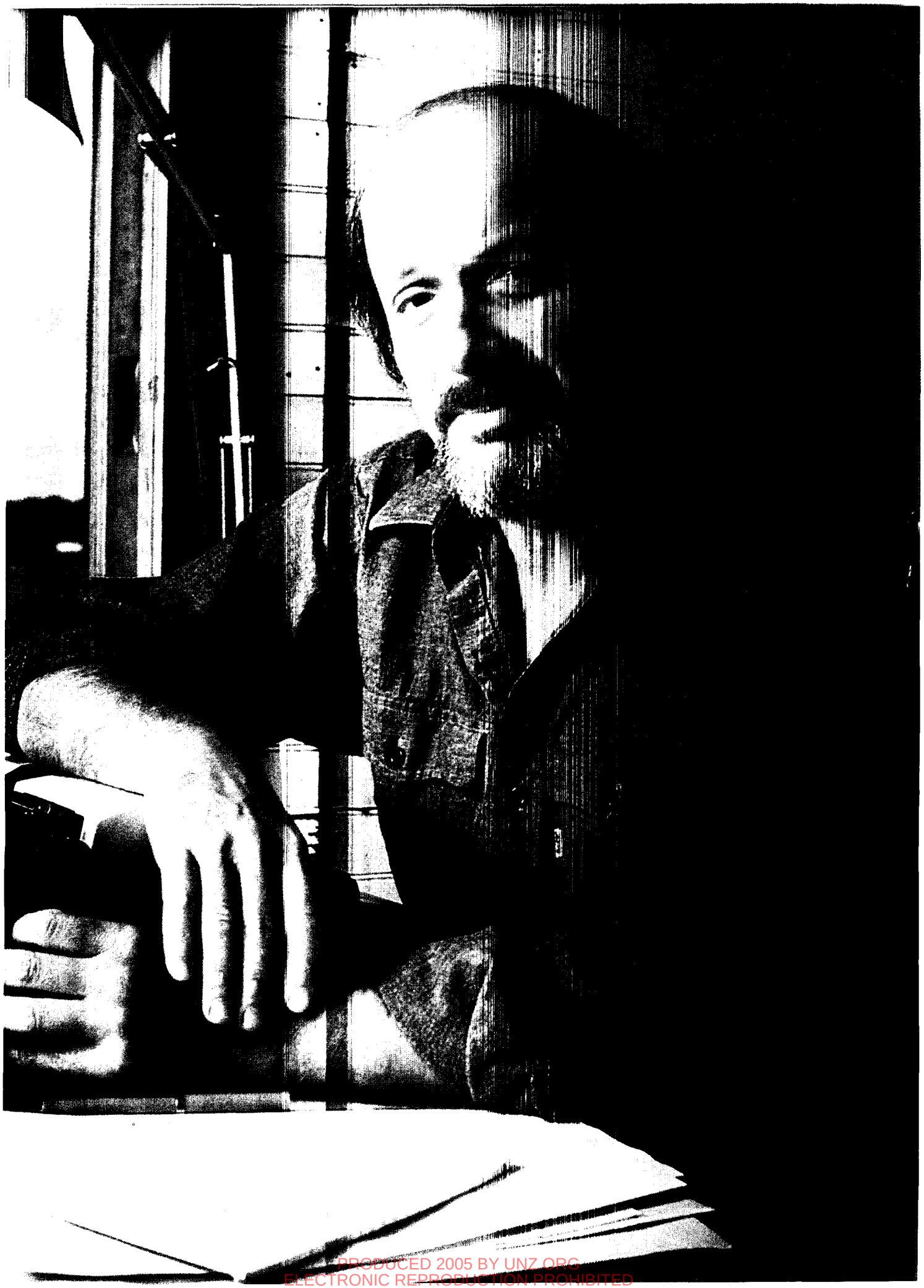

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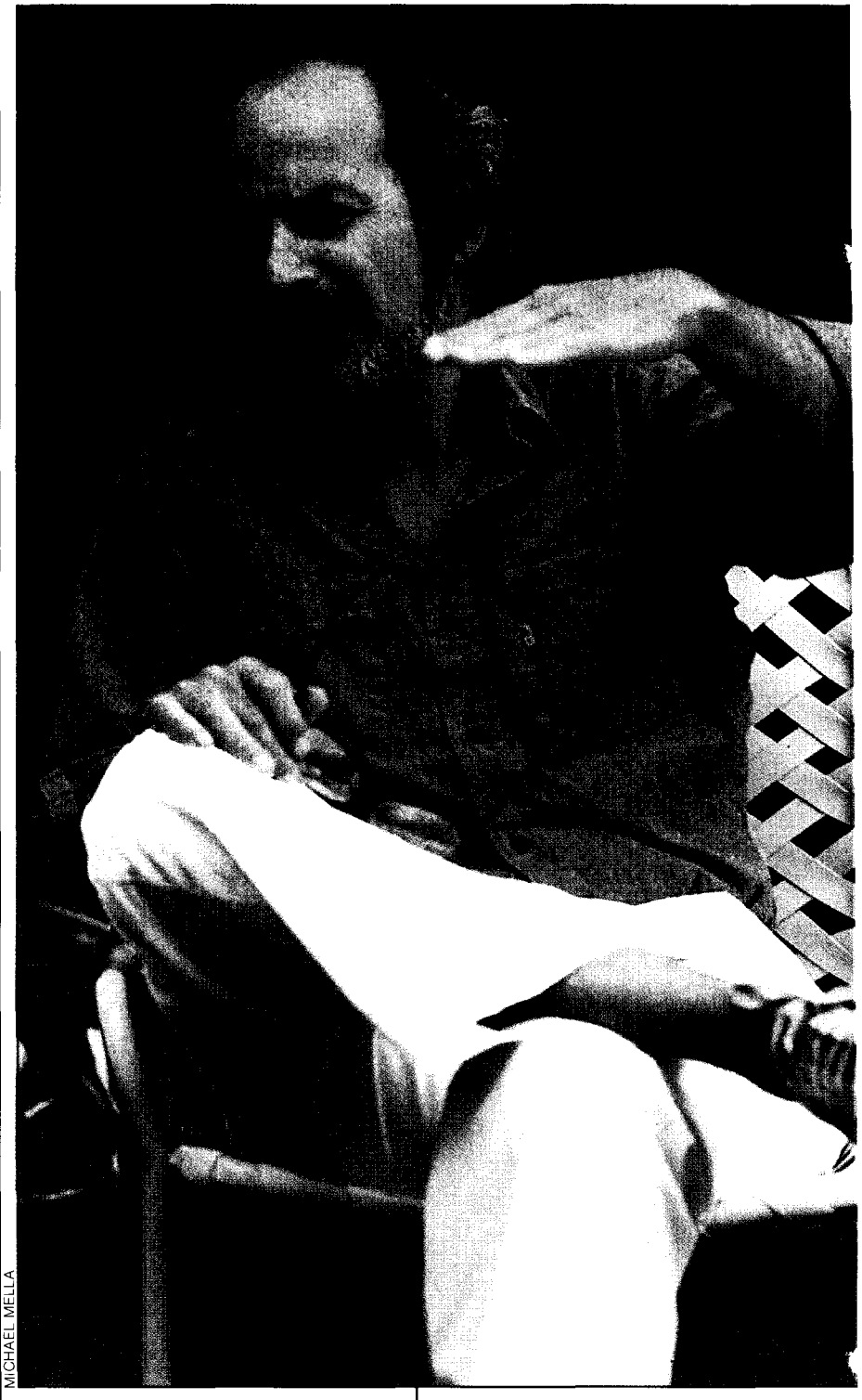
autobiographically, but does your own past shape what you write to some extent?

A Yes, how could it be otherwise? Emotionally, tonally, the topography of all these books is my own mental map of me, and in *Loon Lake* I find my participation in all the characters. I've used myself for their thoughts. But in terms of a thin fictional rendering of my own experiences, no that's not so. The autobiographical stuff has to go through several prisms of the imagination before it comes out on the page. I haven't quite figured out how or why this works, but I used feelings or a sense of place in *Loon Lake* that came out of summers I spent as a boy in the Adirondacks and Berkshires.

Q *Generally, how does the original inspiration for a book come to you?*

A You begin with some images or a strong feeling or a sound in your ear or even a sense of rhythm that you find exciting or a situation that moves you, and you just go from there. If you're lucky it turns out to be a book.

In *Welcome to Hard Times* it was just the sense of a treeless plain—that was the image or force behind the start of the book. In *The Book of Daniel* it was the situation of two people executed for espionage. In *Ragtime* it was the period, the fact that I happened to be living in this New Rochelle house built in 1906. And in *Loon Lake* it was being up in the Adirondacks for the first time in 30 years and finding myself very responsive to the place. There was a sign on the road that said "Loon Lake" and suddenly there was that feeling of excitement at the words. Then I imagined a private railroad car going up through the mountains, and for some reason in the car was a party of gangsters. They were going to a private mountain retreat of a mysteriously wealthy man.



MICHAEL MELLA

Q *After these initial images what was the next step in the creative process?*

A The poem called "Loon Lake" in the book is the very next thing I wrote. That came very quickly after those initial images. But the real difficulty in the book was that I had to discover who was writing that "Loon Lake" prose poem. It turned out to be a failed poet named Warren Penfield, but interestingly, it was Penfield in the recollection or mind of Joe, the central character. I went through several stages before I found the Joe I wanted.

Q *Can you characterize these stages?*

A I always write and rewrite. It's total chaos. Sometimes I find I can't go on until a page is perfect. Other times I go on for 50 pages or 100 pages and throw the whole thing out and start over. In *Daniel* I wrote 150 pages of straight chronological narrative and threw them all away in great despair. It wasn't until I did that that I very recklessly sat down and began the book the way it should have begun.

Q *So generally none of your plot is structured or thought out before you write?*

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A No, it evolves out of the work. It's probably not the most efficient way of working.

Q *Once you start writing do you then write consistently every day?*

A Absolutely. I have to write every day because, the way I work, the writing generates the writing. If I'm not writing, nothing is going to happen. I work about five hours a day starting in the morning. When I was really coming down to the wire in *Loon Lake* I was working seven or eight hours a day in a feverish, unhealthy way. But most of the time if I start at nine in the morning I'm finished by two or two-thirty and that's it. I can't do anything else.

Q *How many drafts of* Loon Lake *did you do?*

A I probably wrote this book the equivalent of five times.

Q *Do you usually know when a book is finished or do you keep revising until someone wrenches it away from you?*

A You know; you begin to sense it. Clouds begin to lift. There's a terrifically exhilarating time when you know you're on that final run and everything behind you is just the way you want it to be. It's like skiing down a slope and you feel really good, with enormous energy.

Of course, I talk about this self-exploratory idea of writing, but in fact by the time you're two-thirds or three-quarters of the way through, you've figured out the ending, it's come to you, even if you don't know how you're going to get there. For instance, in *Loon Lake* I had this image of a man dressed in black leaping out of a plane at night with a black parachute. Black on black on black. I knew that image would somehow be involved with the ending of the book, but I didn't know what the rest would be. The enormity of the ending came as a shock to me.

Q *Where do you usually work?*

A I have a small back room upstairs here with only a table, my typewriter, and a window looking out over the water. In the winter I have a room in our New Rochelle house, but I think I've used up that house and we may not live there much longer. I don't think I can write there anymore. I've written two-and-a-half books in that house and the plaster is beginning to crumble and the shingles to curl. I keep thinking about the desert, but that may only be a fantasy.

Q *You're one of those rare authors who have also worked as an editor. There's a common assumption that editorial training isn't good for a creative writer. Do you agree?*

A I've heard that and there was always that danger, but maybe less so for me because I go through this peculiar distancing in order to write.

Q *Do you find that you use any of the editorial techniques you learned on your own writing?*

A When you work as an editor you take books apart and put them together. You can do that with yourself as well, but it's probably more effective when you're dealing with someone else. What you do learn dealing with authors as an editor is how self-deceiving the author is, what little tricks he plays on himself and how he psychs himself out. You learn all that and you swear it's not going to happen to you.

Q *Since you write mostly about America's past, would it be fair to assume you've been influenced primarily by American novelists?*

A Yes, Hawthorne. He really holds up in my mind as someone very important. Hawthorne didn't write social realism, he wrote romances in the largest sense of the term. With all sorts of qualifications I won't go into, now I think I do too.

Q *Is there any conscious awareness on your part that you're writing for posterity?*

A No. I like to think that what I'm doing is sound and true and will be that way for a few years; but all authors go through terrible queries about what they're doing. There are days when you're feeling pretty arrogant and pleased with yourself and then you're punished the very next day. You just try to do what you can.

Q *Out here in the Hamptons you're surrounded by other authors. Do you like being part of a literary community or do you find it sometimes becomes too internecine?*

A The actual period of time of this literary-intensive social life is really only three months a year, and then you can withdraw from it. But the social life here has very little that's literary in it. We all share the same concerns and gossip about each other, but when we get together we never talk about our work. If there's any communication to be done we send each other a letter. That sense of peer respect is very important and you want to be there, but at the same time there's a sense of distance and reserve and privacy we each have and expect and respect.

Q *Are there any contemporary novelists you especially admire?*

A There are a lot of really interesting writers around. I could name a few that come to mind but then I would have left out several others and I'll feel bad about it. But I think there's a lot of good stuff in fiction today and a lot of young writers coming along who are sensational. So we may be headed for a good time, especially if things get bad.

Q *Why if things get bad?*

A I don't believe that writing is divorced from life or that literature is something other than life. When times get bad there is a response of witnesses who record whatever outrages everyone is suffering. So when things are bad politically or socially or economically,

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it tunes up writing somehow. It's the old Matthew Arnold idea. He said great writing needs the power of the man but it also needs the power of the moment.

Q *It's been pointed out that your novels have a leftist political point of view. Is your political emphasis thought through before you begin to write—with the characters and situations you choose—or does it simply evolve as you write?*

A We all have ideas and convictions and beliefs, but the writer has to be particularly careful not to press them on the work or the work will be useless. What you do in the act of writing is you trust it to scan whatever convictions or passions you have and to somehow touch on them, but they must come through the work and be of it.

I think every writer who writes is doing something political. Every novel has a political meaning or content. It may be that to the extent that a writer's politics in a book are not the prevailing politics, they become more visible in a work.

I'm not even sure what my politics are. I always thought of myself as a reformed Democrat, but I may be a Social Democrat with some kind of vague inclination or wish that wealth should be redistributed without affecting or cutting into the democratic institutions we have in this country.

Q *Yet you don't begin a book with a preconceived political emphasis?*

A I realize this may be a contradiction since I claim that I write without a preconceived plan or intention, but nevertheless there are things that simply don't interest me. I wouldn't have the kind of responsiveness that would allow me to write a book about somebody getting a divorce or going to a psychiatrist or about a super-sexy businesswoman in New York. Yet most of the stuff written is about people like these and none of it interests me. The world is bigger than that and not altogether happy for a lot of people.

Q *I read somewhere that you bemoaned the fact that so many novels are written about upper-middle-class neurotics. It's interesting that your first play,* Drinks Before Dinner, *was about a group of upper-middle-class neurotics who are suddenly confronted by one of their own who is wielding a gun and harsh truths. Was this in any way a symbolic depiction of your own frustration with that ilk?*

A It may be. When I originally started that play it was the monologue of a terribly dissatisfied fellow who was just unhappy with everything. I gave that monologist my name which I thought was very fitting. He objected to everything: love, money, self-satisfaction, complacencies of various kinds. Yes, I would say there's that kind of critique of my own class in the play.

"Every novel has a political meaning or content. It may be that to the extent that a writer's politics are not the prevailing politics, they become more visible."

Q *Many writers think of their work as being revolutionary. Do you?*

A If the work helps create another kind of national composition or national self-consciousness then something is changing and in that sense you're contributing to some sort of revolution. Whether that's good or bad, I don't know. The Constitution is just about a perfect document, and if we truly lived up to it we would have social perfection. That's as radical or revolutionary as anybody can ever get.

Q *Is the actual impulse behind novel writing in some way revolutionary? Do you always want to make a new work even better than the last?*

A You want to do better and go on and develop and dig deeper and say things you haven't said before, and it's a terrible, awful struggle. American novelists in particular don't take the form of the novel lightly. I think in this country there's some sort of presumption on our part that it's a major act of the culture. Therefore, every time you start a novel you go for the moon. You don't hold back. You take the biggest chances and the greatest risks and the most dangerous gambles you can possibly imagine in order to somehow bring it off in a great way. It may be our weakness. The English literary community doesn't understand the American entrepreneurial sense of novel writing, and it may be a flaw of ours. But I subscribe to it. Each time out, you go for broke.

Q *Have you started thinking about a new book yet?*

A Yes, I seem to be ready to go very quickly into a new book.

Q *You hinted before that you might be heading more toward romanticism than social realism.*

A That's what I feel today, but I don't know what's going to happen in the next book. No sooner do you make this kind of declaration than you find yourself subverting it. In the next book I'm thinking of a way to use language rather than a topic. It's not set in the past but in the present. But it's foolish to try and sound sensible about it at this point.

Q *Would it be fair to assume that the form will be different from anything you've written previously?*

A I see form as the expression of the specific book. I don't see some sort of general technique that pre-establishes itself. I've written five books and what happens is you know less and less. Each time you realize you don't know what you thought you knew. It's terrifying. The things you know and have accomplished are invisible to you, and all you're aware of are the outer edges of your own capability and the darkness out there. So you always have the sense of yourself as an absolute beginner. I think that's probably the best place you can be if you want to continue: not sitting complacently in the middle of your own light, but off where it's really scary. ■

Hilary Mills writes a column, "Publishing Notes," for the *Washington Star*.

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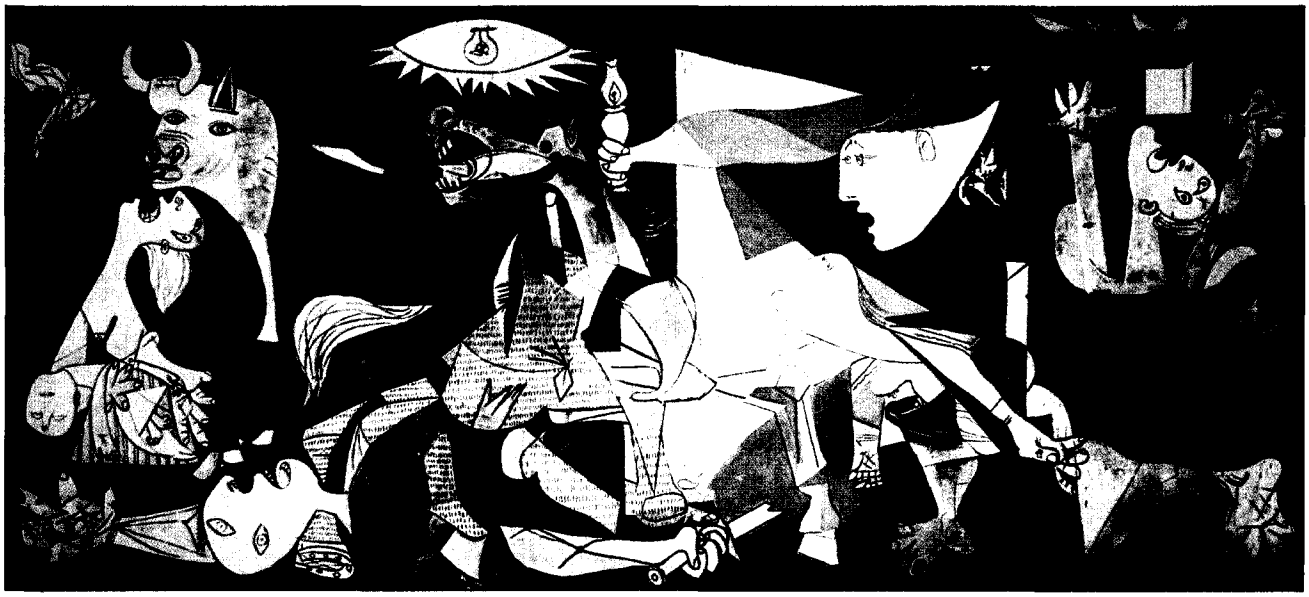
Cultivated Cities

The renaissance of New York, which has opened 6,000 new hotel rooms this season, and is attracting twice the number of foreign visitors as came 10 years ago; the blooming of Washington as a sophisticated metropolis; the transformation of Toronto into a world center in hardly more than a score of years, are all affirmations of man's need for a cultivated city. In season, soft lakes may bring surcease from the highly charged tempo of concrete canyons. Mountains may impart a sense of majestic wonder. A stroll along a lapping sea, as it washes timelessly on some sandy shore, may well serve to put man's problems in proper perspective.

But in all seasons it is the city that stokes provocative thought, gives inspiration, nurtures creativity, and breeds psychic renewal. In the portfolio that follows, *Saturday Review* suggests cultural aspects of great cities that ignite the senses, recharge the spirit, and above all present an arena for the Muse.



"Guernica," Picasso's *cri de coeur*, painted as an expression of outrage against the Luftwaffe's bombing of that Spanish town during the Spanish Civil War, has hung for years in New York's Museum of Modern Art. Although a permanent piece, "Guernica" has been part of that museum's current Picasso exhibit. Now, at last, it will move to Madrid where it will be given a special home (and a special wall of its own) at the Cason del Buen Retiro, a dependency of the Prado. At least a third of the Prado, Madrid's pride, and the home of the greatest collection of Spanish art in the world, has been closed for several years for refurbishing. By the beginning of the year more than half of the area under repair will have opened again. A ticket to the Prado will permit entrance to the Cason, which will have "Guernica" in place early in 1981.

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The Impact of Italy

When in Rome, surrounded by 28 centuries of art history, one might pause and wonder if this is truly the most cultivated of Italy's cities. If so, what then of Florence and Venice?

It would be all too easy to become absorbed in Rome's Etruscan archaeological finds, its classical Forum, or the mysterious catacombs. Reminders of Imperial Rome and its emperors abound—the Colosseum, Trajan's Column, the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. Renaissance Rome gave the world the architectural wonders of St. Peter's and the Vatican, along with endless other sculptures, paintings, and buildings by Michelangelo, Donatello, Bernini, and Borromini.

But Florence is the city of Dante and of Petrarch, of Galileo and of the princely Medici family. Donatello and Michelangelo were natives of Florence, and the city displays many of their works, including Michelangelo's famed statue of David. The Uffizi Gallery and the Pitti Palace are filled with the art of Giotto, Uccello, Botticelli, and Leonardo da Vinci.

In Venice the look is different; it is a city with its own delicate type of Gothic architecture, the lacy buildings seeming to float over the water. The paintings of its artists—Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, and Tintoretto—are triumphs of light and color. The Piazza San Marco, the Doge's Palace, and St. Mark's Cathedral, often called the Gateway to the East, are monuments of a classical culture that endured here in the days of the Venetian republic.

Athens, Old and New

With the Acropolis looking down from its eminence on almost every corner of Athens, one would have a right to think that this storied capital of Greece, this ancient mother lode of democracy and philosophic thought, would be an ancient city. Truth to tell, it has been completely rebuilt since 1834 although its archaeological sites are sprinkled with relics of the Stone Age, Bronze Age, and the Byzantine period. Churches from the Byzantine and early Christian time are wedged among the modern buildings. After the Turks arrived, to stay for four centuries, the great old city was reduced to a village flanking the sides of the Acropolis. When it became the capital of the kingdom of Greece, Athens flowered again.

Today it mixes old and new. Last summer the amphitheater of Herod Atticus was playing *Porgy and Bess* as performed by the Houston Grand Opera. The old stones also echoed to the sounds of the Mexico City Philharmonic, the Brighton Festival Chorus, and provided a platform for Maurice Béjart's 20th-Century Ballet. All this in a theater built in 161 A.D.

Athens likes to say it is Europe's youngest capital, and it also thinks of itself as the liveliest. Aside from the sound-and-light shows that tell the story of its antiquity, the city is a show itself especially in the tavernas where guitars and Greek songs enliven the air, and the tables are spread with *tiropita*—cheese pie; *zatziki*—cucumbers with yogurt and garlic; and *dolmadakia*—stuffed grape leaves, which are as ever-present as the Acropolis.

Two things a Dublin visitor never misses are a night at the Abbey and a glass at a pub.

Pubs and Playgoing

If there are two things no visitor to Dublin ever misses, they would be a night at the Abbey Theater and a glass taken at a pub, preferably a literary pub, such as McDaid's on Harry Street, where Behan worked on his plays and his drink at the same time. As for the Abbey, it may have a more lasting impression than a glass of stout with the ghost of an Irish literary light now extinguished. As Frank O'Connor testified, "The Abbey Theater brought back the craft of the theater as it was in the days of Shakespeare and Racine."

The Abbey goes back but 82 years, to 1898 when William Butler Yeats, with Augusta Lady Gregory and playwright Edward Martyn, decided to establish an Irish Literary Theater. They drafted a statement, which Lady Gregory later thought to be a bit pompous, that proposed to have performed in Dublin each spring Irish and Catholic plays and thus build a school of dramatic literature. It read in part:

"We hope to find in Ireland an uncorrupted and imaginative audience trained to listen by its passion for oratory, and believe that our desire to bring upon the stage the deeper thoughts and emotions of Ireland will ensure for us a tolerant welcome .... We will show that Ireland is not the home of buffoonery and of easy sentiment as it has been represented, but the home of ancient idealism. . . ."

If, as they hoped, they would find support among the Irish people, they would soon have their doubts. The first performance of J.M. Synge's *Playboy of the Western World* broke up in near riots with protestors blowing tin horns and being forceably removed by the police. A veteran theatergoer, Joseph Holloway, who kept a diary that's now in the National Library, wrote, "Synge is the evil genius of the Abbey and Yeats his able lieutenant. Both dabble in the unhealthy."

Sean O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*, which opened at the Abbey in 1926, fared little better. The hissing that began on Tuesday night of the opening run became rioting by Thursday. Two years later the Abbey rejected O'Casey's *The Silver Tassie* that brought a letter of outrage from George Bernard Shaw who called it "a hell of a play!" The Abbey finally produced it in 1935.

"We set out," Yeats was to write, "to make a 'People's Theater', and in that we have succeeded. But I did not know until very lately that there are certain things, dear to both our hearts, which no 'People's Theater' can accomplish."

Yet the Abbey endures, still plays O'Casey and Shaw, and books annual two-week visits by the Irish Ballet Company.

Colombia's Gem

As Boston has been called the Athens of America, far to the south, Bogota, the capital of Colombia, was once known as the Athens of South America. When it was a drowsy town of 400,000 only 50 years ago, and the *bogotanos* spoke pure Castillian, Bogota was praised by some (and disparaged by others) because it was said to have more poets than engineers. In a half century it has exploded into a city of four million, spreading from the foot of the two Andean peaks into the flatlands of the Sabana.

Governmental matters aside, it has also become deeply involved in the commercial pursuit of finance, industry, and business. It has been a golden city in the literal sense since 800 B.C. when gold craftsmanship began as an art form, flourishing for nearly 2,000 years before the arrival of the Spaniards. Gold artifacts, both items used in religious ritual and jewelry, have been sent on exhibition to the United States. In Bogota they can be seen in the Museo del Oro, which also sells reproductions of its best pieces.

The Spaniards added their own influence that resulted in a school of Creole painting, mostly on religious themes. These works hang in the Museo de Arte

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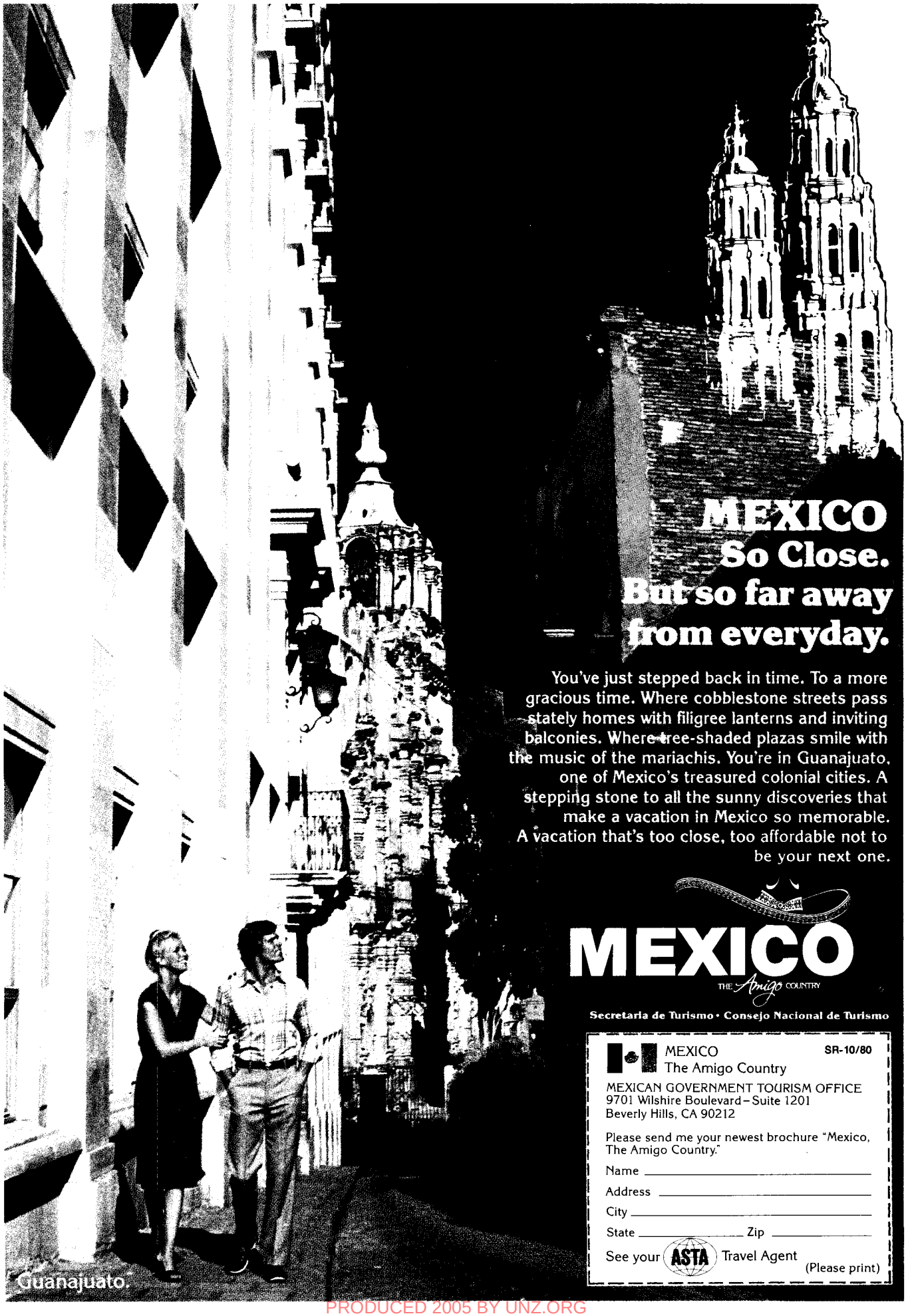

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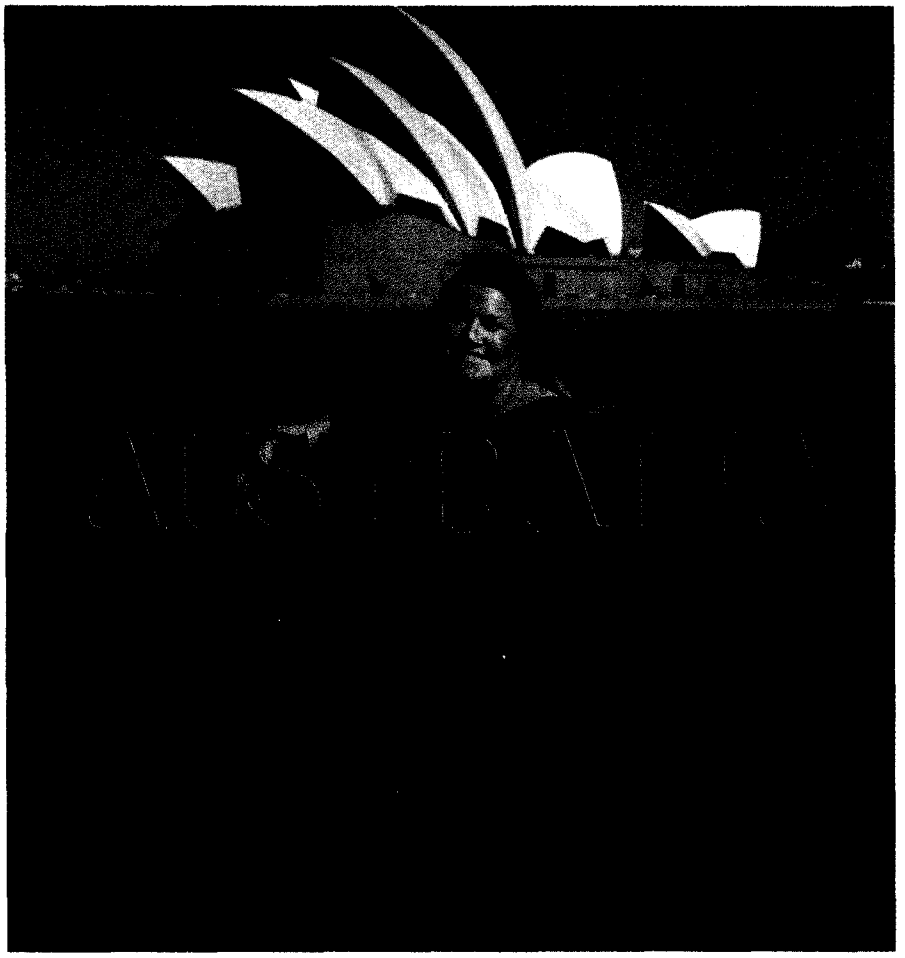

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Colonial, a colonial mansion, fittingly enough, which also displays silverwork, sculpture, and even furniture of the Spanish. With independence in 1819, colonial art edged into a neo-classical style and ultimately into contemporary art, the latter in the Museo de Arte Moderno.

Those who come to this lofty city can find elegant lodgings at the 199-room Bogota Hilton, which has mostly suites. Colombian cuisine is served in La Hacienda, British beer in a pub called the Bar Ingles, and high-style French food in Le Toit (the roof). The Tequendama Inter-Continental has topped its 800-room hotel with restaurant and nightclub. For insomniacs there is a 24-hour coffee shop.

The Arts in Sao Paulo

If Rio throbs with music, and Brasilia is a living exhibition of daring architecture and city planning, it has been left to Sao Paulo, that bustling commercial city, to emerge as one of the most important artistic centers in Latin America. Perhaps it is the commercants who can afford the avant-garde paintings and sculpture on exhibit in Sao Paulo's galleries. They are still talking about the show of over 600 works, heavily erotic, by José Zaragoza who was born in Spain and came to Brazil when 21. With the exhibit Zaragoza also presented a book of his work, which on opening night netted a sale of over one million cruzeiros. From Sao Paulo the exhibit is traveling to Paris, New York, and Rome, putting the Brazilian business city on an axis with the rest of the art world. The huge canvases of Carlos Araujo, native born, are selling to public buildings as well as to museums. As a gift, Brazil gave Araujo's painting of "The Adoration of the Virgin" to the Pontiff on the occasion of his visit here. Sao Paulo artists Jacques Douchez, Norberto Nicola, and Aldemir Martins have had their paintings and tapestries on exhibit in Vienna, Bonn, Frankfurt, and at the Gulbenkian Museum in Lisbon. There is a permanent exhibit of Nicola's tapestries at Alameda Glete 691, his atelier.

While hotels in Sao Paulo have done a lively trade with the city's enormous business community, they are now receiving visiting art dealers as well. The Sao Paulo Hilton, a luxury inn complete with supper clubs and the inevitable English tavern, as well as pool and health club, has been joined by the moderately priced Brasilton, two blocks away. It has pool and health club, too, as well as a casual taverna and a bar in the lobby where dealers and artists can natter on their favorite topic.

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Comely Christchurch

Who would fancy that down here in the lower extremities of the world, where expeditions set out for Antarctica, the streets of a city would bear names the likes of Hereford and Worcester, Oxford and Cambridge, Durham and Lichfield? That is a fair sampling of the sign posts that adorn Christchurch in New Zealand, 45 air minutes from the southern Alps. What is more, the river that courses through town is called the Avon although, if the truth be known, it is named not for Shakespeare's Avon, but for Kilmarnock Avon in Scotland, for it was the Scots who arrived here first.

That quirk aside, Christchurch is an English town planned while they were still in England by members of the Canterbury Association, a band of half a hundred, of whom some 17 had studied together at Christchurch in Oxford. Although there were 300 Maoris on hand when they arrived, and nearly a thousand Scots and French, the Canterbury people built a singularly English town where familiar red buses still patrol the English-named streets, the English cathedral is suitably granite-faced and severe, and the kids who matriculate at the clipped-lawn boarding school are done up in boaters and blazers.

Fish and chips, lovely gardens appended to private homes, and a botanical garden worthy of the best of the mother country—along with staid stone buildings —all make Christchurch a cultured corner of England deep in the lower latitudes where one would least expect to find it.

Curtain Up in Hong Kong

There was a day when Hong Kong was, aside from Taiwan, the only slice of China that Americans could see; moreover it was the place to accumulate an inexpensive wardrobe in a hurry, and a bargain counter for jewels. This may no longer be true now, but the attractions, if different, are many. The establishment of the Hong Kong Arts Center three years ago as well as the spirited involvement of the Urban Council has made this colorful British outpost in the South China Sea a stop for major artists. More visible has been the production of two annual arts festivals. The first, held in winter, leans to the West and has brought in Swedish ballet troupes, the Salzburg Marionettes, Israeli violinist Shlomo Mintz, and even Teddy Wilson.

To balance the Western accent of the winter gala, a Festival of Asian Arts is held each fall. The autumn feast brings representatives of almost every Asian nation, among them dance companies from Korea, India, and the Philippines, the Puppet Theater of Japan as well as Chinese opera, which is said to be the preferred entertainment of the gods themselves. Temporary theaters are set up alongside some temples so gods may enjoy the performances, too.

A Landmark Down Under

Many first-time visitors to Sydney liken it to San Francisco and perhaps there is a similarity, but the differences are considerable. For one thing, San Francisco doesn't have Sydney's beaches, and for another, the American city is getting its celebrated Davies Symphony Hall this year, whereas the Australian city has had its notorious Opera House since 1973. Except perhaps for the pyramids at Giza, it proved the most difficult structure ever to put together.

Today the Opera House costs $9 million a year to operate and earns about $4 million, the rest coming from the government subsidy. The Opera House is in fact an arts center with a concert hall, holding 2,690 customers; an opera theater, with 1,547 seats; a drama theater for 500 theatergoers; and a music room with space for slightly more than 400. Besides that, there is a recording hall, an exhibition hall, assorted rehearsal studios, a library, and two restaurants. Surrounding it all is a granite promenade called the Broadwalk for those who would stroll during intermisson.

Opened by Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh in 1973, the Opera House has played everybody from Sammy Davis, Jr., to Joan Sutherland, who said, "I feel the concert hall is one of the greatest, if not the greatest in the world. The acoustic is second to none." There is no reason to doubt the singer, even though she is Australian. There is no doubt, either, that the Opera House, for all its travail and cost, has brought the performing arts to a distant corner of the world and given Sydney, as well, a monument that is as singular to that city as the Eiffel Tower is to Paris and the Golden Gate to San Francisco.

Toronto Nights

To those who have been longtime border-crossers, it seems only the other day that Toronto was a bland and staid Canadian city. The metamorphosis is as stunning as it is complete, for with its

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"Even though we never met them, Jim and I feel we have many friends at the Japan National Tourist Organization. They not only sent us guides, timetables and maps, they went out of their way to answer special questions. For example, Jim just finished reading Shogun and wanted to see something connected with the samurai warrior era. JNTO told us we could visit the house of a samurai in Matsue and Hagi. JNTO even helped us arrange a visit with a Japanese family through their Home Visit Program.

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"Our trip has given us a wealth of memories: the tame deer we fed in Nara, the ikebana flower arranging class I took, the village of pottery craftsmen we visited where we both had turns at the potter's wheel.

"Jim and I are back home and planning for another trip to Japan."

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new skyscrapers, many of them built by architects of high note, and with its shopping arcades and art centers, Toronto fairly sings with ebullience.

This is the 20th anniversary of O'Keefe Centre, which has played all sorts of theater and has provided an acutely needed home for the National Ballet of Canada and for the Canadian Opera Company.

Directly opposite O'Keefe Centre, the St. Lawrence Centre stages plays in four-week runs, some original, some creations from Broadway, some from London. The world premiere of *A Little Something to Ease the Pain* by a Canadian-Cuban playwright, René Aloma, is followed by *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, a Broadway romp of some seasons back.

Of Toronto's many first-class hotels, the Harbour Castle Hilton is offering packages that include tickets to the ballet or the opera at O'Keefe Centre, or a play at St. Lawrence Centre. It includes mini-bus service to the theater. Already in effect for this season, the package is good until April 1981. A one-night package, tickets included, costs $49.50 (Canadian) two in a room, or $69.50 single. (American travelers save about 15 percent when converting to Canadian dollars.) In addition to the tickets, the hotel also offers swimming in its heated indoor pool, jogging on its outdoor track, as well as squash courts, sauna, and, should the weather behave, a sun deck.

Beaubourg Reborn

Surely until the arrival of the Picasso Museum in Paris, still possibly two years away, the record is safe. The oft-disparaged, oft-lauded Beaubourg Center has broken the record for the most visited sight in Paris, clocking in 12 months more visitors than the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, and Versailles combined.

Properly it is called not the Beaubourg, for that is only where it is located, but rather the Georges Pompidou National Art and Cultural Center. The late President Pompidou once declared, "I am struck by the conservative nature of French taste, particularly that of the so-called elite. The fine-art policy followed by public authorities during the past century shocks me, and this is why I am seeking to react."

The result was a museum that seemed to have been turned inside out. All its entrails and gizzards were showing, and painted different colors into the bargain. Even the moving stairway snakes along the outside cage of steel and glass. Beaubourg has been called "an art supermarket in the service of capitalism," a "technosphere for culture," and most flippant of all, perhaps, the "Pompidoleum."

There were those who compared it to the *SS France* and wondered if it were not, like the great liner, a relic of a time long gone. Quite the opposite, its defenders say; it is, rather, the first daring cultural statement of a new generation. It is also said to be an answer to the American challenge for leadership in style, a much more daring step than that taken by I.M. Pei's altogether handsome East Wing of the National Gallery in Washington. It has impressed the Japanese. Said one businessman heading a delegation from Tokyo, "It took the French to conceive this shopping center for French culture. It will inspire us, for we feel that integration is the direction of the future."

Not all Frenchmen agreed. Fumed one, "The architects are Italian and English, Krupp manufactured the steel frames and, of course, North African labor put it together. A truly French cathedral ...." Notwithstanding that sardonic slash, numbers talk. It took just 18 months for it to clock its first 10 million visitors. And whatever else it is or isn't, Pompidou Center created a new life of a medieval

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quarter once inhabited by workers who labored in the markets of Les Halles. Now there are interesting little places to eat, pocket parks to rest the arches, galleries and poster shops where, having been inspired by the Pompidoleum, one can acquire one's own art to decorate one's own digs.

Arias on the Danube

A city that provided a home for Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Schoenberg, and Lehar—to say nothing of the Strausses—would have to be considered among the most acculturated of the world's metropolises. *The Blue Danube Waltz*, Johann Strauss's best-known work, seems, in its lilting way, to symbolize all that is Vienna, from the richness of its opera house to the richness of its pastries.

Goetterdaemmerung was the last performance at the State Opera before the bombs began to fall on March 12, 1945. It is surely indicative of the true heart of the city that once the war was over, and Austria had regained its independence, work on the rebuilding of the State Opera was begun even before homes, schools, and hospitals had been rebuilt.

Now the State Opera has 1,658 seats, but there is also room for no fewer than 551 standees. Some seats have lamps and others are equipped with hearing aids. The stage is new, high, wide, and deep enough for grand opera, and there are enough lighting circuits to illuminate a city of 30,000. The orchestra platform can accommodate 110 musicians and can be elevated or lowered in three separate sections. For a proper opera house, no cost seemed too great. The original hall cost 6 million guilders, the postwar State Opera, 260 million Austrian schillings.

The Vienna State Opera House is open every day from January 1 to June 30 and resumes again September 1. Good Friday, Christmas Eve, and the day before and the day of the Opera Ball excepted.

The best orchestra seats would dampen the brow of New York theatergoers who have been peeling off $25 to $30 for theater tickets. Here the best seats cost $52, and on special nights, or for special artists, the price may rise to $88. That would seem to leave little change for coffee with *schlag* or a slice of *Sachertort*, so those who prefer more agreeable prices might apply to the Vienna Volksoper ($21 to $32 a ticket). Travel and ticket agencies are allowed to tack on an extra 21.6 percent to the box-office price. New Year's Eve concerts are a way of ushering in the New Year in style, and there are performances in Vienna and in Salzburg. Gala performances of *Die Fledermaus* are given that night at both the State Opera House and at the Volksoper.

Playing the Dutch Card

So many cities in the Netherlands harbor cultural attractions of international note, that the Dutch have come up with the Culture Card providing special entry to a huge assortment of places and events. For $2.50 the visitor en route to Holland receives a plastic card resembling in size and shape the familiar credit card. ("It gives credit to your mind," says John Bertram, director of the Netherlands Tourist Office in North America.)

With it in hand, or in wallet, the traveler will be able, on one day's notice, to dip into a reserve block of tickets for the National Ballet, the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, as well as major events taking place in Rotterdam, The Hague, and Utrecht. Museums in Washington may be free, but in places like the Rijksmuseum and the new Rijksmuseum Van Gogh, which opened five years ago, the fee is $2. With the card it is free. Holland has some 400 museums—more per capita than any other country. The card gives

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Artful Manila

Halfway between Jakarta and Tokyo, Manila is geographically, and in many other ways as well, an Asian city, and a large one. It counts nearly eight million citizens. But it is a mix of Asian ways, remembrances of Spanish domination —there are some 60 churches of Spanish Catholic persuasion—American overtones, Chinese influences from the days of the China traders, and mosques from the 10th-century Arab merchants who came to barter goods.

It has an amalgamated culture all its own that shows in the dances and in the paintings and mosaics, but it also accepts—no, invites—the great performing artists of the rest of the world to play before its audiences. Promoted as a personal project by the First Lady, Imelda Romualdez Marcos, the Cultural Center was opened in 1969, a complex of handsome buildings set along Manila Bay. Built with a combination of funds from the private sector and from the government, it is as much a home for the performing arts as it is a gallery, museum, and an exhibition hall. In a cascade of visiting talent, it once booked, within a space of a few weeks, Margot Fonteyn, the Bolshoi Opera and Ballet, La Scala visiting from Milan, pianists from Moscow, sitarists from India, and Dionne Warwick. Fittingly, it opened with a legendary spectacle called Dularawan, with modern music played on local instruments. Filipino dancers might appear in contemporary ballet but then Nureyev has been on stage here, too.

Some foreign embassies sponsor home-grown spectacles, which they import to Manila's Cultural Center, but there is, as well, a Thomas Jefferson Cultural Center that seeks to foster understanding through films, lectures, seminars, musical events, and dramas between the United States and the Philippines. Goethe House performs similarly for Bonn, and the Australian Cultural Center does as much on behalf of the big continent to the south.

Munich Makes Music, Too

To at least one generation of Americans Munich may seem hopelessly enmeshed with Hitler and the Nazi movement. Hitler's beer-hall putsch took place in a seedy tavern called the Burgerbrau-Keller in the east end of town. And it was from here that the Fuhrer-to-be marched on the Odeonsplatz in the heart of town only to see Herman Goering wounded, 16 followers killed, and himself carted off to jail where he wrote *Mein Kampf.* Another generation might be disconsolate over the terrorism that infected the Olympics of 1972.

But despite all that, Munich has never lost its personality and its talent for nourishing the artistic as well as the political. Berlin still floats in a Communist sea, Bonn is a manufactured federal city that has not flowered as has Washington,

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and Düsseldorf, although attractive and elegant—Napoleon called it "my little Paris"—is more a center of commerce than of culture.

But Munich with its Pinakothek, stuffed with Dürers and Rubenses, functions as the Louvre of Munich. The modernists, particularly of the Blaue Reiter, have a gracious home in the one-time villa of Franz von Lenbach, now called the Municipal Gallery. Kandinsky studied at the Munich Academy in 1896 and was four years ahead of Fanz Marc. Together they founded the school of painting called the Blaue Reiter, which brought in August Macke and Paul Klee, many of whose works hang there now. When Marc brought the works of the Blaue Reiter artists to the autumn salon in Berlin just before World War I, the departural style attracted visits by Chagall, Mondrian, and Feininger. Far beyond its city limits Munich developed a reputation as a center of art. Under Kandinsky's urgings, Matisse, Braque, and Picasso all exhibited there.

If Munich gave birth to Nazism, it also gave birth to Richard Wagner and Richard Strauss. As an anniversary celebration, Wagner's *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg* is performed in the National Theater on January 1 of each year, a fitting way to start the musical year right. It was first performed in the city in 1868. *Tristan und Isolde* had its premiere here, too, on June 10, 1865.

There may be an enormous amount of beer quaffed in Munich and immense amounts of Bavarian wursts and dumpling attacked, but there are fine nights at the opera and at the concerts when members of the gentry dress in evening clothes. They appear later for sophisticated little suppers at places like the Jahreszeiten Eck in the Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten, and the Aubergine, the only German restaurant ever to extract three stars from the high culinary court conducted by the Michelin inspectors.

Mexico Remembered

Long before Mexico had an inkling that it might some day be rich, it found the funds to build one of the grandest and architecturally one of the most exciting museums in the world. When the Mexican National Museum of Anthropology opened in Chapultepec Park in 1964 it was—and remains—the personification of a whole new concept in museum design. Not an art museum, but one of archaeology and ethnographics, a museum, one must say, of history. For the unsuspecting who come to visit, it opens with an enormous fanfare, for there, in a great

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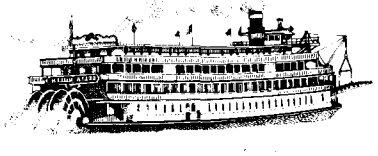

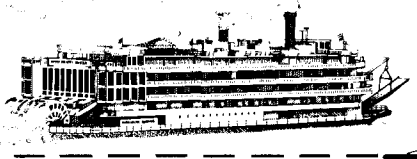

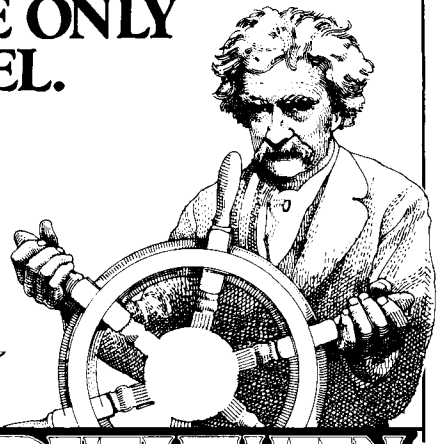

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The Manila Hotel
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There are perhaps a dozen incredible places you must see in the Orient. One of them is a hotel.

half-open plaza, stands an enormous stone pillar, the shaft of a giant, squared-off open umbrella. Through the spires flows an inverse fountain sending a spring shower of water onto the plaza below, cooling the visitor.

The architectural tour de force seems to say that this is a bigger land than you had imagined, and that it embraces a myriad of cultures—those of the Toltecs, Aztecs, Zapotecs, Yaquis, Huastecs, Totonacs, Nahuas, and dozens more. Here in these galleries are their art forms—sculptures, bas-reliefs, carved calendars, gods and other holies, from the familiar reclining figure of Chac-Mool, the divine messenger who carried the human sacrifice to the sun god, to the great head of the rain god Tlaloc that weighs 165 tons. Moving it from the gully where it rested to the museum has been described as the greatest piece of archaeological freight-forwarding since the Egyptian obelisk was moved to Vatican Plaza.

That so much exists considering the rapacity and the greed of the Conquistadores, and the acquisitive outrages they perpetrated in melting gold, not to mention their desire to extirpate pagan religion by shattering statues of gods and destroying temples, all in the name of Christianity, is in itself a marvel. Now the relics repose in this palace that—fittingly enough—being in Chapultepec, occupies the place in the valley where the Aztecs first established a settlement.

Kyoto, Capital of Culture

Tokyo may be the capital of business, the capital of the Emperor, the Diet, and the diplomats, but it is Kyoto, two hours and 53 minutes away by Bullet Train, that is the capital of culture and crafts. There is no way, short of taking up residence, that the visitor could fancy all the Buddhist temples (there are 1,500 of them) or the Shinto shrines (200 of these), or all the palaces and royal residences left from its time as an imperial city.

In the ancient days the capital was moved with the start of each new reign, an inconvenient arrangement, surely, for government workers. In 794 it landed at a place called Uda, and it was here that the city that became Kyoto was built. By 805 it had been laid out in the Chinese grid system, the north to south streets intersected by broad boulevards, the whole surrounded by a wall of earth and by a moat. Eighteen gates around the rim provided entranceways.

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Today Kyoto is left with some 60 landscaped gardens, a cultural heritage of the city where fashioning serene settings of rocks, sand, plants, and running water remains an art. Nests of intriguing shops, their portals half-hidden by horizontally hung curtains, beckon the traveler. What mystery, one asks, lies inside? Very likely the crafts for which Kyoto is famed. Silk weaving began in the 8th century and was encouraged by the Imperial Court. In the 17th century the Chinese taste for patterned satins was introduced, and later velvets copied from the art of the Hollanders. Dyeing by stencil on silk is a Kyoto specialty. So is embroidery, which Japanese artisans first saw in China and Korea. Porcelain and lacquerware, particularly lacquer mixed with gold and silver dust, are a specialty. Kyoto's dolls are thought to be the most graceful of all those made in Japan. Cloissoné, called *shippo*, and adapted from the Chinese, is a sourvenir specialty.

If the cost of such temptations is off-putting, a warming sip of spirits might be in order. Kyoto's Fushimi district, because of its pure water, makes highly favored sake. The two imperial villas are often shown by a palace guard accompanied by an interpreter. To invoke the days when the audience chambers were alive, the waiting rooms filled with nobles, and the apartments occupied by the royal family, one should be in town for one of Kyoto's festivals that seem to take place virtually every two weeks. These could be anything from the Plum Blossom Festival, held when the trees are in bloom, to Setsubun, in early February when it is the custom, however arch it may seem, for families to throw beans and shout, "In with good fortune and out with the devils." They don't mean foreign devils, but those devils that bring misfortune.

Highlighting Lisbon

Lisbon, famous for those long mournful love songs called *fados*, sings another tune as well: opera. The first Italian opera in Lisbon is said to have been performed in 1720 for King Joao V's birthday. Some 70 years later, a permanent home for opera was opened in Lisbon—the Real Teatro de Sao Carlos. In the course of the theater's history, Liszt, Saint-Saens, Caruso, and even Sarah Bernhardt have played there.

Now called the Teatro Nacional de Sao Carlos, it is still Portugal's opera center. For ballet and concerts, the Portuguese scramble to the Gulbenkian Center of the Arts. Gulbenkian is an important name about town, the

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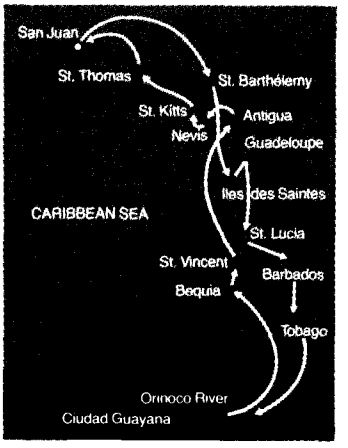

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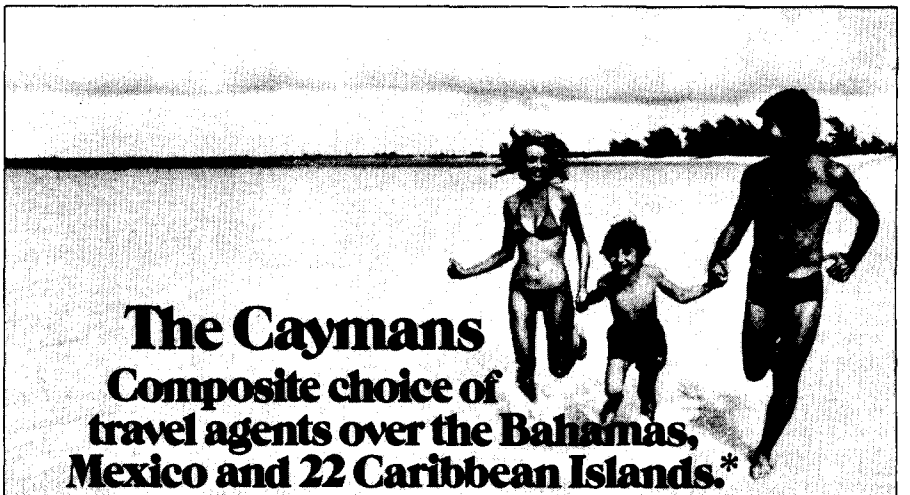

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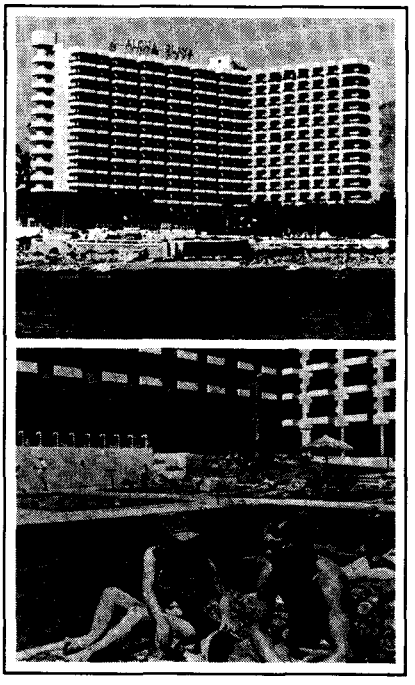

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museum that bears the name is one of Europe's great treasure houses, brimming with Persian art, Egyptian sculptures and paintings by the masters.

With all this art and music, it would seem the Portuguese haven't too much to be mournful about, but love has a way of its own, and the *fados* wail on.

The Flowering of Covent Garden

In London Town Eliza Doolittle's neighborhood has become the scene of a splendid restoration. The theatergoer at Covent Garden no longer emerges from the opera or ballet to deserted, unkempt market stalls, as did Henry Higgins on that fateful night. Instead, the vendors of flowers, fruits, and vegetables have moved across the River Thames to new facilities, and the renovated market buildings now house bookshops, boutiques, restaurants and pubs.

Covent Garden was indeed the garden of a convent at one time (though it lost an 'n' to history at some point). Before the Dissolution of the Monasteries it served as the supporting farm of the Abbey of Westminster. The land was later granted to Sir John Russell, and in 1670 a license was arranged for the operation of a vegetable and flower market.

Eight years earlier, King Charles II had granted the first Patent to the Theatre Royal on Drury Lane, and the arts have blossomed in the Garden ever since. The Covent Garden Opera House is home to both the Royal Opera and the Royal Ballet. Numerous other theaters are tucked among the streets of the area, as are reminders of actors and actresses who, through history, have helped make the theaters memorable. There are memorials to C.B. Cochran and Vivien Leigh at St. Paul's Church, and William Wycherley, the playwright, is buried there.

Writers, statesmen, philosophers and painters frequented the Garden as well. J.M.W. Turner, the painter, was born there, Voltaire lived on Maiden Lane, Thackeray and H.G. Wells dined at Rules. Charles Dickens knew the area from the time he was a child, and Samuel Pepys saw London's first Punch and Judy show near St. Paul's Church in 1662. Edward VII is said to have had an occasional rendezvous with Lillie Langtry at a discreetly chosen restaurant of Covent Garden.

Eliza might not know the place today, but if she looked hard, she'd see the buildings are largely the same. Remember, Eliza herself was transformed by renovation and beautification.

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Is the First Novel Boom a Bust?

by Edwin Mc Dowell

As the 1980 book-publishing derby heads into the home stretch, one of the most surprising developments has been the strong showing of the darkest of publishing horses, the hardcover first novel. Long consigned to the endangered-species list, the first novel is not only alive but comparatively robust. More first novels will have been published by the end of this year than at any time within memory, and four first novels have already appeared on the *New York Times* best-seller list. "In years past we figured 100 first novels was a good amount," says Betty Lee Fox of *Library Journal*, the most reliable source of such statistics. "This year we've already counted 184, and that doesn't include the fall books."

Ms. Fox's figures include paperback originals and, for the first time, books by foreign writers published in the United States. But such additions account for only about 15 books. And a random survey of more than a dozen publishers disclosed that most will publish at least the same number of hardcover first novels in 1980 as in previous years, and some will publish considerably more.

All of this would seem to contradict repeated predictions that the first novel is marked for extinction, predictions that have become more frequent in recent years. The reasoning behind fears for the first novel's health is familiar: Stagflation and a widespread disinclination to read have strangled book-industry profits, forcing many independent publishers to consolidate or sell out to conglomerates. As a consequence, corporate-think now dominates the publishing world, and profitability has become the primary consideration, so first books by unknown authors with no eagerly waiting audiences are unacceptable gambles.

But instead, publishers are pointing to a profusion of new first novels, professing confidence in their future. "If we don't encourage the first novel, what are we going to do 10 years down the road?" asks Harold T. Miller, president of Houghton-Mifflin. "You can't get a crop if you don't plant any seed." Richard E. Snyder, president of Simon and Schuster adds, "Whoever finds the new Philip Roth or William Styron is eventually going to make a lot of money."

Does this mean that we are about to witness a new literary flourishing? Should the lover of fiction fire off a volley of Roman candles in celebration? By no means. Book critics report that the current crop of first novels shows little evidence of budding Roths or Styrons, either in originality or subject matter. There is the usual batch of semi-autobiographies, plus many that are more self-consciously commercial than usual. "Publishers will advertise commercial books," says John Leonard, a *New York Times* book reviewer, "but a serious first novel won't get much attention."

John Dessauer, a book-industry consultant and analyst, who has defended commercial novels on grounds that they are what the public wants to read, agrees. "It's true that we're not enjoying a literary flowering. Some of the new stuff is practically unreadable." Similarly, Michiko Kakutani noted in the *New York Times Book Review* that judges for last year's Ernest Hemingway Award, given annually for a first book of fiction, estimated that only one in 12 of the 125 submissions they received represented serious literary efforts. The rest were consciously commercial, clearly intended to entertain a mass audience.

This scarcity of serious fiction needs to be seen from several perspectives. First, the current publishing aversion to the "literary" novel as distinct from the

DON KUSHNICK

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"commercial" novel is not confined to maiden efforts. Mr. Dessauer reports that serious literary works account for no more than 10 percent of all consumer book sales. Today, *all* fiction is something of a gamble—which perhaps explains why hardcover fiction amounts to only a small fraction of new titles published each year.

The fact that publishing costs are rising has hurt all literary novels—first or otherwise. "It used to be only a $10,000 to $15,000 risk, but in these inflationary times it's now a $20,000 to $25,000 risk," says Roger W. Straus, Jr., president of Farrar Straus & Giroux. Farrar Straus has a well-deserved reputation as a quality publisher of literary fiction (Bernard Malamud, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Philip Roth, Arthur Miller)—yet two of its all-time biggest-selling books are works of nonfiction: Gayelord Hauser's *Look Younger, Live Longer* and *Yes, I Can*, Sammy Davis, Jr.'s autobiography.

Moreover, because authors of first novels are relatively unknown, publishers are reluctant to spend the large sums necessary to promote their books, which as a result are usually ignored by reviewers and bookstores. Few sell as many as 3,000 copies (and most of them to libraries), most fail to earn back advances that average less than $4,000—and that's after bucking huge odds just to get published at all. The big publishers, few of whom read unsolicited submissions any longer, receive thousands of manuscripts and proposals every year, and even the smaller publishers are inundated. The Madison Avenue offices of Vanguard Press, a small independent company that published the first novels of Saul Bellow, Joyce Carol Oates, V.S. Naipaul, James T. Farrell, and Nelson Algren, overflow with unsolicited manuscripts, queries, and proposals—as many as a hundred per week, according to editor Thomas Woll.

Yet surprisingly, given their admitted caution, some publishers don't consider first novels to be the total financial disasters they are reputed to be. "We did a cost analysis 10 years ago and found that poetry and first novels were not the two biggest losers," says William Jovanovich, chairman of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. "For one thing, you don't overprint them and you don't try to oversell. The biggest losers include novels by somebody known for whom you overpaid."

In other words, publishers are cautious but not wholly reluctant to publish fiction. Still, the odds of a first novelist finding a publisher are daunting, and some presumably deserving manuscripts probably never arrive in book stores. Budding novelists immunize themselves against rejection by recalling rebuffs endured by even the most successful novelists—and by repeating the old chestnut that the Great American Novel has not only been written but already rejected. One widely discussed first novel published this year is *A Confederacy of Dunces* by John Kennedy Toole, a critically acclaimed account of the life and hard times of the irrepressible Ignatius Reilly of New Orleans. Turned down by nine commercial publishers, it was brought to the attention of Louisiana State University Press by Walker Percy—a decade after author Toole committed suicide.

A particulary harrowing example of the difficulties facing first novelists was recounted by California writer Chuck Ross in the January 1979 issue of *New West* magazine. After typing the entire manuscript of Jerzy Kosinski's *Steps*, which won the National Book Award for Fiction in 1969, he sent it under the name Erik Demos to 14 major book publishers, including the original publisher (Random House) and three others that published Kosinski (Houghton Mifflin, Doubleday, and Harcourt). All 14 returned it, most with form rejection slips. Ross was similarly rebuffed by 25 of 26 literary agents, the one exception being an agent who wanted a $25 reading fee—and then returned the manuscript saying she did not feel she could find a publisher. In the opinion of some observers, she may have been right.

This is not to say that all meritorious first novels go unpublished and unrewarded. Allen Drury's *Advise and Consent* and N. Scott Momaday's *House Made of Dawn* both won Pulitzer Prizes. *The Year of the French*, a first novel by English professor Thomas Flanagan, was named the most distinguished work of fiction in

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1979 by the National Book Critics Circle.

Occasionally, some first novels strike it rich. *The Spike* (Crown), a best-selling 1980 first novel by Arnaud de Borchgrave and Robert Moss, earned almost $1 million in paperback rights. Another first novel that industry sources predict will hit the best-seller list, *The Fifth Horseman* (Simon and Schuster), by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre, earned more than $1 million in its paperback sale and was sold to Paramount. And paperback rights to Michael Thomas's best-selling *Green Monday* (Wyndham) were recently sold for almost $375,000.

"Two out of every three works of fiction are not financially justified, but the third will justify the other two," says Thomas J. McCormack, president of St. Martin's Press, which has 30 first novels on its 1980 list. Mr. Snyder of Simon and Schuster agrees. "You can make much more money publishing fiction because of the income from subsidiary rights," he notes.

Predictably, that income potential has not been lost on the industries that put up the subsidiary-rights money. As a result, paperback publishers are increasingly commissioning original novels (sometimes then selling them to hardcover publishers), while Hollywood and the television networks are increasingly underwriting properties that later emerge as novels and then as movies or TV series.

Panic on Page One, by Linda Steward, a Delacorte Press hardcover novel last year about a newspaper's role in a Son-of-Sam episode, originated as a treatment for an ABC-TV movie. Irwin Shaw's *Top of the Hill* was created as a TV mini-series then sold as a novel to Delacorte. William Kinsolving's *Born With the Century* was subsidized by 20th Century-Fox and then sold to Putnam.

This trend is stronger than ever, but it is not exactly new. *Love Story*, which sold more than 400,000 copies when it was published in 1970, was turned into a novel from a screenplay that Erich Segal sold to Paramount. And the same studio reportedly subsidized completion of Mario Puzo's *The Godfather*, for which the author received a $5,000 cash advance from Putnam after Atheneum rejected his 10-page plot summary. *The Godfather* was the number-one bestseller for 22 consecutive weeks, on the top ten for 67 weeks, and sold more than one million copies in hardcover.

Such trends in publishing can open doors to first novelists if their plots appear sufficiently commercial, though admittedly, it can squeeze out less obviously bankable efforts. But against all odds, some literary first novels continue to be published. John Leonard and fellow *Times* critic Christopher Lehmann-Haupt each had words of praise for *Kindergarten* (Knopf) by English author Peter Rushforth, a first novel of complex imagery about four members of a tiny English village who are about to celebrate a traditional German Christmas despite their Jewish inheritance.

Finally, there appears to be no dearth of people willing to battle fatigue and writer's block for the right to call themselves novelists. "Some people say that writers are born that way," says Howard Cady, an editor at Morrow. Not surprisingly, then, the 1980 crop of novelists includes a handful of journalists and advertising copywriters. Yet because the novel continues to be, as Joyce Carol Oates puts it, a phenomenon "of individuals working to express their own unique visions," it is understandable that first novelists do not fit into any neat mold.

Yuan-tsung Chen was born and raised in China and began writing her novel (*The Dragon's Village*, Pantheon) in Chinese before switching to English. Erika Holzer put aside law to write *Double Crossing* (Stratford Press). William Klasne (*Street Cops*, Prentice-Hall) was a Chicago policeman for almost nine years. Elaine Ford (*The Playhouse*, McGraw-Hill) is a Massachusetts reference librarian. Elly Welt (*Joanna Reddinghood*, Random House) raised three children while earning three university degrees.

"There's evidence all around that more and more people all over America are writing and attempting to publish," says Robert E. Ginna, Jr., editor-in-chief of Little, Brown. "Writers workshops are sprouting like mushrooms, and every year our manuscripts under consideration grow exponentially." What apparently keeps new writers going is not only visions of wealth and glory, but the desire to succeed at what has traditionally been celebrated as the highest and most important literary form.

"Poetry and first novels are not the biggest losers," says publisher William Jovanovich. "You don't overprint them and you don't try to oversell."

All of which means that the first novel is far from dead. In fact, the economics of publishing being what they are, publishers Thomas Woll and Roger Straus both fear less for the fate of the first novel than for the marginal second, third, or fourth. "That's where the shoe really pinches," says Mr. Straus, "when the author doesn't have a good sales record and enough good reviews to warrant taking another chance."

"I've been hearing for 30 years that the first novel is dead, but it still goes on," says Eric P. Swenson, executive editor of W.W. Norton. And it goes on, say editors and publishers, not just because an unknown writer may prove to be the next Hemingway or Wolfe, but also because, as St. Martin's Mr. McCormack puts it, "I'd hate to work at a publishing house that didn't publish fiction. That's why I came into publishing." Mr. Ginna of Little, Brown (which is publishing 12 first novels this year—all admittedly commercial) adds, "We are motivated to publish exciting stories or books of literary merit written by real writers—and whether they are first novelists or not doesn't make any difference." ■

Current first novels include some by authors already famous: Presidential children Margaret Truman (*Murder in the White House*) and James Roosevelt (*A Family Affair*), high-powered ad man Rosser Reeves (*Popo*), and playwright Murray Schisgal (*Days and Nights of a French Horn Player*).

Edwin McDowell, a reporter for the *New York Times*, is the author of the recently published *To Keep Our Honor Clean*, his second novel.

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A Chicago Visionary

by Alice Hess

"A collector is an unimportant item," says Muriel Kallis Newman, a collector of distinction who lives in Chicago. "The works of art are the great meaning." To her right as she speaks is a superb Pollack, to her left a superlative DeKooning, before her Motherwell at his peak, behind her Kline in top form. "After all," she goes on, "anyone can amass things who has the money."

Not everyone could put together a collection that William Lieberman, chairman of the Department of Twentieth Century Art at New York's Metropolitan Museum, would refer to as "incredible." Nor would everyone have recognized the force of the Abstract Expressionists when Mrs. Newman did—as early as 1949 when no one took them seriously. Clement Greenberg, noted critic of the movement, told her she was the first.

And certainly she chose the best: Pollock's "#28," with its silver metallic paint that changes in the light, its pale aquas and pinks under darting lines; DeKooning's "Attic," a great black-and-white painting built up of torn forms and sudden traces of color and newspaper transfer; Motherwell's "Elegy for the Spanish Republic#XXXV," thrusting black verticals above ochre underpaint, strong enough to draw the eye away from the windows next to it that look out on Lake Michigan. She has a big Clyfford Still (she had trouble finding one that wasn't too tall for her apartment ceilings), a Rothko, Kline's "Nijinsky" (an abstract version of his realistic portrait), a Guston, a blazing Hofmann with paint standing off it in gobbets.

Of these Mrs. Newman says, "I think they're more important than we are. Great works of art are absolutely deathless. We are mortal, they are not. The art enriches me, but—it also makes me aware of my mortality."

Currently a major benefactor of the Art Institute of Chicago and a member of the museum's 20th Century Purchasing Committee—as well as a trustee of Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art and the national Archives of American Art—Mrs. Newman was a painter when she began collecting. In New York, at the Cedar Bar and The Club, she heard Pollock talk of his suffering, met DeKooning and Kline. "I was very interested in Zen; I was interested in finding answers. I was always seeking something. When I saw this, I felt I had found what I was searching for." She adds that she hasn't painted since 1954. Asked what made her stop, she says emphatically, "This," with a gesture around her. "This was really a sublimation. It has heightened my life's pleasure. The experience is mine as a kind of gift. I didn't exert enough risk to become an artist, so what I have done is to enrich myself with other people's risks. It's a funny psychological state."

The collection is full of surprises at every turn and has an intensely personal stamp. Mrs. Newman's style, her clothes, her jewelry, her taste are striking and original. Her apartment is crammed with art and eccentric objects that live together peacefully only because of the force of her personality and taste. The art takes a few unexpected turns. Between the Abstract Expressionists are European works such as a haunting 1927 Miro, a Leger, Giacometti's "The Glade," a Schwitters, an Arp relief of "moustache, navel, and vase," an unlikely portrait of Gala Dali by Max Ernst. African sculpture sits among the paintings. A tall Baga fetish curves toward the ceiling in front of the Still, which echoes its snaking form in the brushwork. A Dogon housepost, so obviously phallic that a New York museum thought it too explicit, guards the corner by the Pollock.

Coming in the door, a visitor confronts Morris Louis's "Pungent Distance" and Kenneth Noland's "October," clean, cool, and open works in contrast to the Abstract Expressionists. In the guest room an enormous and beautiful "Unfurled" by Louis occupies an entire wall, enough white canvas to dream in, with vivid bands of color sliding off the corners. "I hadn't bought anything in years," Mrs. Newman says. "When I saw the Louis, I thought, this is it." She smiles. "Just like when I saw '2001.'" But the important part of the collection was formed between 1949 and 1954, before she married Albert Newman, "because that's when it all exploded, an explosion of innovation that knocked me out. It never happened again." Since 1962 she has added almost nothing. "Artists are the spearhead of our culture," she says. "And"—with an air of resignation—"look at our culture."

Anyway, there isn't much room. The hall is jammed floor to ceiling with a Larry Rivers, drawings by Wols, Gorky, DeKooning (the critic Harold Rosenberg told her she was the inspiration for DeKooning's 1953 wo-

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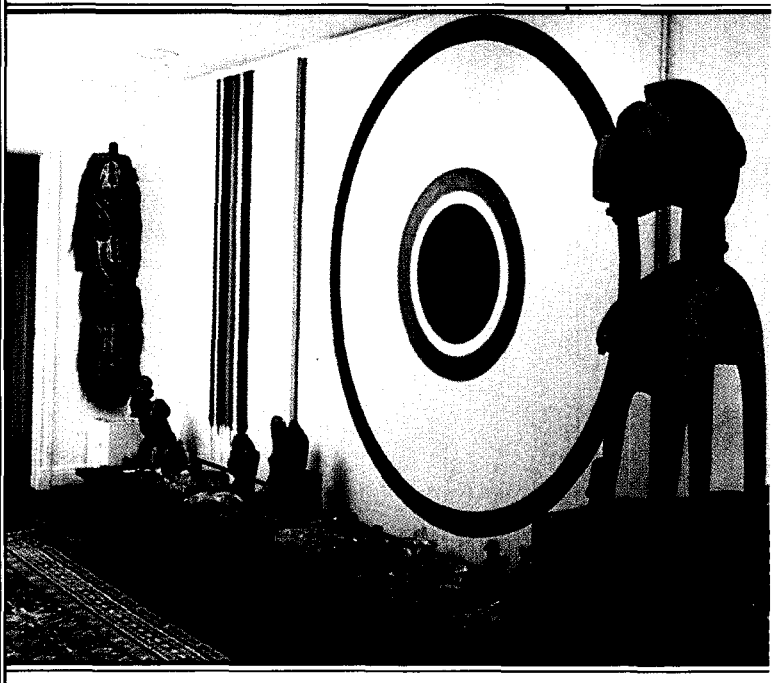
PHOTOS BY ALEXAS URBA



At top, the paintings behind Mrs. Newman, surrounding a Bakongo fetish are by Kline, Miro, and De Kooning. Bottom left, an Arp and Kline. Bottom right, a New Guinea shield, a Louis, a Noland, and an African sculpture.

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men), and color photographs by her husband, a talented amateur. Jewelry, furs, *objets*, furniture compete with art for the rest of the space. Before one living room window three bold Calder necklaces hang like mobiles: before the other sit a Moore, a David Smith, and two Cornell boxes. She used to own a third Cornell, set with compasses. When she noticed that one of the compasses didn't point north, the dealer asked Cornell to repair it. Three months later it came back, much changed. Mrs. Newman was so irritated she decided she didn't want it. The Museum of Modern Art bought it about a year ago.

Over one couch is draped a snow leopard coat and a tiger jacket she wore for years before the species were declared endangered. Beneath the Motherwell is a case full of ivory bracelets from Africa and cowrie-shell jewelry from Oceania; beneath one Kline is a case of Chinese archers' rings and amber necklaces. Mrs. Newman wears them all.

Three armadillo carapaces, a turtle, and a blowfish sit on the piano amid primitive jewelry, coexisting miraculously with a Dubuffet, a Gris, and a chair sheathed in pheasant feathers. (Mrs. Newman asked a friend at the natural history museum to find her the two stuffed birds she added to the arms.) Beneath a Rothko, an Arp, and a Kline are a chair made of buffalo horn and another of antlers. Between them, a chair of cast iron from the Crystal Palace exposition supports a rattler and a cobra poised to strike. "I thought it would be fun to have some people to dinner one day and put the snakes on the table," she says. "Some leaves, some candles, like a ritual....I'd have to

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choose my people...." Her large eyes widen. "I think I'll do it!" She is delighted at the prospect.

The mixture—personal, original, slightly outrageous—is set out with a sureness of taste and a kind of spirited conviction that carry the day. By the big Morris Louis stands a tall figure that looks at first glance like a fetish; it turns out to be a hand-knit coat and hood she bought because she loved but couldn't wear when it proved too long. A bottle rack that she found in a Chicage junk shop approximates Duchamp's famous object he made into art by decree. In the bedroom, a couch shaped like a pair of red lips and a chair like an outfielder's mitt flank Jasper Johns's "August Calender." (Years ago, she agreed to buy a Johns target from Leo Castelli, but says that to her annoyance Castelli then called to say he preferred to keep it himself.) Photographs by Callahan, Siskind, Sommer, bought before photography acquired the patina of art, hang next to the bookshelves and next to a very convincing naked man by John De Andrea. She's thinking of getting rid of that man—he's been looking for the same book for too many years.

The Pollock and the DeKooning, on opposite walls, seem to conduct a dialogue about the nature of rhythm in painting and the ambition of Abstract Expressionism. Once in a while, seated midway between them, Muriel Kallis Newman sighs to think of the paradoxes of collecting: the diminution of ego, which she says is all to the good; the mystery of art; the magic; the other dimensions that are not in our canon; the reminder of mortality; the degree to which she is torn. And once in a while she just comes into the living room, sits down, and looks. "It's 30 years later," she says, full of astonishment, "and—it's a wonderful experience." ■

Alice Hess writes frequently about art in *Saturday Review* and other publications.

PHOTOS BY ALEXAS URBA

Far left, behind Mrs. Newman, paintings by Pollock and Still; above her, a Calder mobile; and on the table in front of her, a Giacometti and a Lipschitz. Above, an untitled Morris Louis painting. Adjacent, paintings by Hans Hofmann (foreground), Arthur Dove (top), and Philip Guston (bottom).

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A Seldom Civil Waugh

by Anthony Burgess

The Letters of Evelyn Waugh
edited by Mark Amory
Ticknor & Fields
656 pp., $25

Waugh, who had never previously earned his meager dollar advances, became quite a name in America in 1945 when *Brideshead Revisited*, unusually for a British novel, was a Book-of-the-Month Club choice and a candidate for the falsifications of Hollywood. Even *Life* magazine was interested. Mrs. Reeve, on behalf of Mr. Scherman at *Life*, wrote asking Waugh's cooperation on the production of a "photographic feature dramatising characters and scenes from your novels. . .we face a monumental job. . . ." From his embutlered mansion, Piers Court, Waugh replied:

> Dear Madam,
> I have read your letter of yesterday with curiosity and re-read it with compassion. I am afraid you are unfamiliar with the laws of my country. The situation is not that my cooperation is desirable, but that my permission is necessary, before you publish a series of photographs illustrating my books. I cannot find any phrase in your letter that can be construed as seeking permission.
>
> You say: "Without consulting you the project will be like blind flying." I assure you that it will be far more hazardous. I shall send a big blue incorruptible policeman to look you up and the only "monumental" work Mr. Scherman is likely to perform is breaking stones at Dartmoor (our Zing Zing). Yours faithfully. . . .

That is a typical Waugh letter, with a stuffy patrician ponderousness that mocks itself, a heavy threat totally unrealizable, and a certain pretended ignorance (he knew perfectly well it was Sing Sing). The tone is aristocratic but the articulateness goes beyond what Lord this or Lady that would be capable of. Yet the integrity is as real as the liking for privacy.

Brideshead Revisited was popular in America because Americans, despite their vaunted democracy, are nostalgic for aristocratic order, and Waugh's novel reeks of nostalgia. It is a false nostalgia, for the author moons after a British social order that shall derive its mystique from the monarchy and yet at the same time refuse to recognize the monarch as head of British Christianity. The great invented mansion of Brideshead houses a devoutly Catholic family that goes to Mass in the private chapel before chasing the fox. Its members are of considerable glamour and their pictures adorn the glossy magazines. And yet they undergo the agony of religious apostasy and the ecstasy of deathbed reconciliation with God. They are unutterably wealthy, whereas real British Catholics are damnably poor. This fusion of Waugh's creative imagination, being impossible of attainment in real life, makes the novel a mere oneiric self-indulgence. For all that, it is elegantly contrived, moving, and witty. It is like the letters.

Waugh was prepared to be called a snob. He dearly loved a lord and hankered after a knighthood he never got, but his snobbishness was based on a genuine conviction that the only real people in the world were British aristocrats. There is hardly a correspondent in this huge compilation (which is yet only a small portion of all the letters Waugh wrote) who does not have a title. Mr. Amory kindly gives us an appendix of names that reads like *Debrett's Peerage*. If a correspondent does not have a title, at least he has married someone with a title, is of unquestionably good family, and has been educated at a major public school and an Oxford college. John Betjeman, for instance, knighted after Waugh's time, poet laureate, married to Lady Penelope, daughter of Field Marshall Lord Chetwode. Cyril Connolly is all right, since he went to Eton and Oxford, and George Orwell is probably all right too, despite his socialism, since he went to Eton and loves P.G. Wodehouse (an author who writes like a patrician and mocks the British aristocracy). The rest of us are good decent plebeians of whom not too much must be expected but still who do far better than one would have thought possible in a crisis such as a world war. A lot of this is a humorous pose, since Waugh himself was of unimpeachably middle-class origin.

And yet, for the Catholic Waugh, how terrible that the British aristocracy should be, unless it sees the Roman light, damned. Betjeman is an Anglican and a rather poor apologist for his faith. Waugh, whose almost pedantic devoutness shames the Pope himself, leaves him no leg to stand on but cunningly recognizes that, if Betjeman became a Catholic, he would have to disavow the stock-in-trade of his writing (British Catholic church architecture, for instance, is no subject even for a satirist). It is very hard, I should think, for an unbeliever to resist Waugh's rigorous promotion of the Old Faith unless he or she has a vested interest in a social order that professes allegiance to what has been called the morganatic gift of a royal uxoricide. Waugh was the toughest Catholic of our age, and it comes out in the letters.

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There is the matter of the Lady Clarissa, for instance, whom Waugh had once been in love with. Brought up Catholic, she had to disavow her faith when she married Sir Anthony Eden, who was a divorced man. Waugh's letters to her wring our hearts if they did not wring hers. "Did you never think how you were contributing to the loneliness of Calvary by your desertion?" To Ann Fleming, wife of Ian, whom Waugh calls Thunderbird, he writes: "Clarissa's apostasy has upset me more than anything. . . . I can't write about it, or think of anything else." His own heart was broken when the Johannine *aggiornamento* vulgarized the Church liturgy. He writes to Monsignor McReavy asking if he can be excused from attendance at the whole of the Mass, admitting, "I find the new liturgy a temptation against Faith, Hope and Charity, but I shall never, pray God, apostatise." He never did, though he did wish to go on living. "It was never later than he thought." He wrote that of his character Mr. Pinfold, meaning himself.

Religious rigor and snobbery seem to encourage an intolerance that some readers of these letters will find deeply offensive. Waugh's xenophobia makes him address a letter from Rome "Wopland," execrate the Frogs, and find little good in the Yanks. He does not indulge in the more raucous kind of anti-Semitism, though he denies the Jews an upper-case initial and treats them as disdainfully as the Eliot of "Burbank with a Baedeker." I do not think we should take all this too seriously: It is part of the pose of the insular Tory who, as Waugh well knew, had already disappeared by 1918. He feigned Tory dumbness and Tory blindness and, toward the end, a literal deafness, chiefly because he enjoyed using an ear trumpet. Ann Fleming gave this such a bang one day that he had the impression of the ceiling crashing in. One had to stand up to him. He was less formidable than he appeared. His wartime letters to his wife Laura evince a passionate heart and his postwar letters to Nancy Mitford a very friendly one. He loves his children and worries about them. He teases them too, terribly.

He teases everybody when he is not lambasting them for failure to be good Catholics, or Catholics at all. To Christopher Sykes, his eventual biographer and an inoffensive man, who proposed going with him to the Middle East, he sent the following card (which Randolph Churchill later bought from Sykes):

> I know what it is you want to stay where you can have women in your rooms you filthy beast well you wont not with me see we are going somewhere respectable with no goings on except a game of cards with a crook or maybe a bit of buggery but no filthiness with women while I am around make up your mind to that.

Of the novelist who wrote under the pseudonym of Henry Green, Waugh commented: "H. Yorke would not pee in the garden for fear of catching cold in his kok." Waugh could be obscener than that, especially to titled women like Lady Mary Lygon, whom he always addresses as "Darling Blondie." A stickler for exact English, he puts not only the Hon. Nancy Mitford right but also Graham Greene. If, in *The End of the Affair*, there is a character with a nose running down his face like a buttress, that is because Waugh would not accept the word "cornice."

Finally, these are the letters of a man of great devoutness, caustic honesty, and preternatural percipience. If his prejudices are sometimes foolish—Picasso is talentless and James Joyce went mad to please the Yanks—this is because he regards such outrageous obscurantism as altogether fitting for a Tory. They are not strictly the letters of a man of letters: There are no powerful dissections of Proust (who is merely a booby) or George Eliot (whose *Middlemarch* is a bore). Evelyn Waugh reads detective stories, goes to White's to get drunk, disgraces himself in a first-class railway carriage. His real nostalgia is less for a Catholic aristocracy than for the powerful mindlessness that used to be the strength of the British ruling class. You will find the same dichotomy in Thomas Mann—the frustrated desire of the intellectual to be like the man who rules or makes money. One part of Waugh would have given up his literary genius in order to be a marquis or even a hereditary baron. Like all artists he desperately needed certainty. He got it at home with a good wife and a few acres and a couple of peacocks; he got it, before the Second Vatican Council, in the Church. More than anything, he got it in the vision of an ordered feudal England that no longer existed. People who have heard of Waugh as a very disagreeable person will be nicely surprised to find how charming the bulk of these letters are. And evidently the nasty letters were prized by their recipients: They would not otherwise be here. ■

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Waugh posed as the insular Tory—who, as he well knew, had disappeared by 1918.

Anthony Burgess is the author of *Clockwork Orange*, among other notable works. His *Earthly Powers* will be published by Simon & Schuster in early December.

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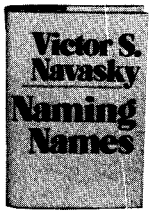
Silent Heroes

by Garry Wills



Naming Names
by Victor S. Navasky
The Viking Press
482 pp., $15.95

Oh no, not all the names again—the Hollywood Ten and all that; the enmities still poisoning cocktail parties on both coasts; the betrayal time. It has been told, for most of us, too often. As a son of Edward Bromberg, the blacklisted actor, remembers: "It was a time when everybody became an expert on everybody else's life"—not an enviable accomplishment. Yet here it is again, the story of the House Committee on Un-American Activities and its 1950s investigation of Hollywood—the ritual whereby studio employees known to have attended a Communist Party or front meeting kept off their employers' blacklist by naming anyone else they could remember from those parties. To tread that old ground author Victor Navasky must "pan back" and look at the larger darkness that was its setting.

Thus Navasky quotes Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., urging on the Commie-hunt of the early Fifties. For *New York Post* readers, Schlesinger described an odd threesome (Thomas Emerson, Carey McWilliams, and Stringfellow Barr) this way: "None of these gentlemen is a Communist, but none objects very much to Communism. The Typhoid Marys of the left, bearing the germs of infection even if not suffering obviously from the disease." It is deftly McCarthyite in its innuendo—not *obviously* suffering the disease (so covertly?). "Bearing the germs" is the job of an "unwitting handmaiden," as Senator Joe liked to put it. William Buckley filched "Typhoid Marys" for his standard pitch of the mid-Fifties. Liberals at the time were always trying to steal the right's thunder and just giving it more ammunition.

It was "the atmosphere of the times," we are told a thousand times, which suggests that morality was an entirely different matter then, and no one who wasn't there should go back and accuse. But some people *were* there, and did not yield? Well, they were just show-offs. Some dramatists will do anything for a good line, like Lillian Hellman's "I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions."

It is Navasky's thesis that Hellman's line was not an empty gesture but a definition of the moral issue. We can see that in her line's antitype, the creed of the informers, as voiced by director Robert Rossen: "I don't think, after two years of thinking, that any one individual can indulge himself in the luxury of individual morality...."

Navasky makes some key distinctions at the outset. Those who accused others of a crime like espionage may have felt an honest duty to speak out, no matter how unpopular that might make them. So Whittaker Chambers felt or feigned a pride in his act. If he spoke true, he spoke honorably—and here Navasky is granting, for the sake of his argument, that he did speak true (as I believe he did). But the majority of names named were from the world of entertainment, where the greatest "crime" alleged, even by the most rabid investigators, was that Russian people smiled in a movie or Ambassador Davies's book *Mission to Moscow* was put on the screen (as President Roosevelt desired).

Navasky has sought out and interviewed the informers as well as their victims; and his disapproval of what they did does not interdict a sympathy the informers clearly deserve. They were broken in the act of breaking others. Hear those who talked:

- Writer Richard Collins: "I was a son of a bitch, a miserable little bastard. It was unfortunate but true. I was a good boy, doing what you're supposed to do."
- Composer David Raksin: "The only thing a decent person could do was not talk—I still believe that." Then Raksin wept as he told Navasky how he talked.
- Actor Marc Lawrence: "I had to because they caught me with my pants down. I lied to them. They gave me a list of people. It was sick."
- Writer Isobel Lennart: "I cut myself off because I was so overcome with shame and guilt.... I couldn't go to the commissary at M-G-M. I would get as far as the door and I'd get nausea. I just couldn't do it. It was shame and guilt and nothing else."

It is true that some informers defended their choice and have never retreated from that position. But Navasky notices an interesting thing about them: They prefer (like Elia Kazan) not to talk of their deeds, or (like James Wechsler) to discourage others from talking about them. Voluble before the committee, they are taciturn now—they "take, as it were, a retrospective Fifth." For the victims and resisters, of course, the opposite is true. Silent before the Committee, they can speak with pride now.

And even those who spoke out then defend their act with strange arguments, such as Wechsler's claim that he only named names the Committee already had, though he called a man a liar who told the Committee that, and challenged him to say it under oath. He defends informing, but says he did not inform—though he assured those to whom he was informing that he was informing: These are not the justifica-

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tions of a man proud of what he did (though Arthur Schlesinger wrote at the time that he *should* be).

With considerable detective skills, the admirably thorough Navasky recreates the complex of pressures the Committee brought to bear on those who informed. It used a good-cop bad-cop routine alternating threats and reassurance. The "patriot" who spoke out would be decontaminated by bestowers of the Committee's seal of approval—e.g., columnists Walter Winchell or George Sokolsky. There was a psychiatrist who helped ease the guilt of informing; there was a lawyer who talked defiance of the Committee while getting his client to perform; there was a Committee investigator who agreed with the informers that it was dirty business but said he would help them past the *real* bad guys at the hearing. Some were allowed to name names secretly. One, writer Leopold Atlas, even hid his shame from his wife and daughter for years. Only when the daughter was doing research in college to attack the informers did she learn, to her horror, that her father had been one.

Although the Committee was silly in the charges that it made, Navasky respects the skill with which it "played" the informer. The pressures were different for each person—some had family troubles, some were suspected of homosexuality, some were told that they would help prevent anti-Semitism by becoming a Jew who informed, some had actors depending on their ability to direct or write a specific movie.

If the pressures were so great, the informers' role so marked out for them, isn't it cruel to dig up their days of infamy? One sympathizes with Marc Lawrence, who shouted over the telephone at Navasky: "It's a ghoulish exercise!... It's like opening a grave! It's like opening a cancer and asking, 'How did you get it?'" Even Dalton Trumbo, after the years of his own blacklisting, was ready to forgive before he died, calling all those used and abused by the Committee its victims.

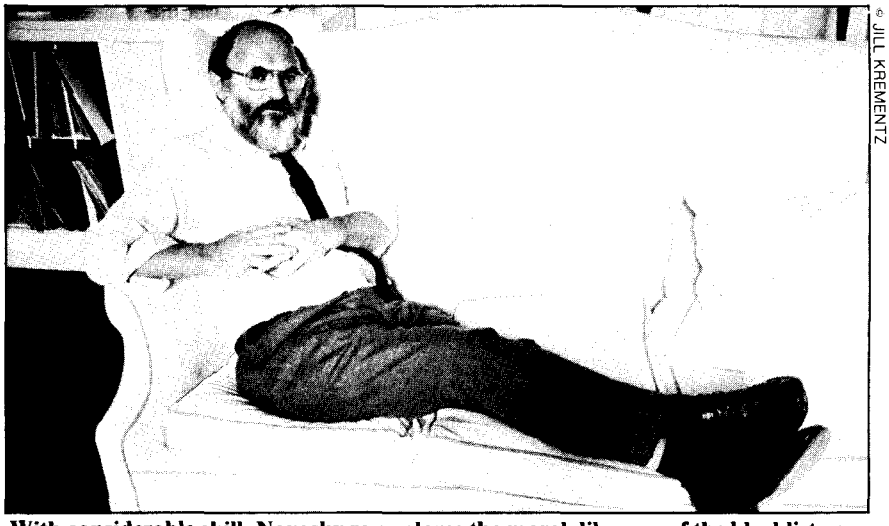
In a sense you could say that informers, as a group and with some exceptions, were worse off, finally, than those they named. The ones who fought their way back—a Zero Mostel or Howard Da Silva—had not only survived but prevailed. Their pride was vindicated; they could speak without shame of that shameful period. Shortly after performing his Ben Franklin role from *1776* for President Nixon in the White House, Da Silva went to jail for peaceful protest against that President's war in Vietnam.

Still, many did not make it back. Some committed suicide, some died before they had time to prevail, some lost the years they needed for their particular skill. The way back was long, and underpaid, and humiliating even for those who prevailed.

But the issue is not this or that individual's suffering. If "the atmosphere" made people crawl, how do we prevent a similar atmosphere from paralyzing us in the future? In the 1960s and 1970s, a larger machinery of oppression was mobilized, but it failed to cow resisters. The FBI was no longer sacrosanct. The churches and universities did not uniformly cave in. People like Benjamin Spock and Philip Berrigan were tried on wild charges, but there was wide and deep support for them in the intellectual community. What made the difference?

Partly the very history Navasky is recounting. McCarthy had finally given a bad name to the bad tricks Arthur Schlesinger was up to in 1947. The resisters did look good in retrospect. The informers had bad consciences. The examples had accumulated. Murray Kempton grants that Lillian Hellman's line was theatrical, but adds that it displayed as well "no small part of a shrewd instinct about the future, an awareness—and such senses have much to do with honor—of how things would look in due course." How it looked in due course helped people resist better in the Sixties.

But there is another shift of mood now, a resentment at honoring people who acted honorably then. We hear now that informers were right to say they saw a young starlet at a "front" meeting, since Stalin was a monster. There was precious little of that justification voiced by informers at the time. Most did what they did to survive, or to uphold a caricature of patriotism, or to shift suspicion away from their family or religion or studio. That was the noblest motive most of them claimed, and few think much of it now.



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With considerable skill, Navasky re-explores the moral dilemma of the blacklist era.

The most important lesson from that time is the possibility of resistance. The informers named names; but Navasky tells their story only to name the heroes. It is unlikely that those unwilling to recognize courage in others will learn to practice it themselves. It is important to humanity to remember that some people, offered every reason in the world to act less than honorably, just won't. Such people may be difficult or disagreeable; but on them depends the honor of our kind. ■

Syndicated columnist Garry Wills is the author, among other books, of *Nixon Agonistes* and *Inventing America*.

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The Poems of Stanley Kunitz

by William Jay Smith

The Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize, given annually to the outstanding book of poems published in the United States, is sponsored by the New Hope Foundation and administered by Saturday Review. *The $5,000 prizewinner for 1979*—The Poems of Stanley Kunitz 1928-1978—*was selected by William Jay Smith, Cynthia Macdonald, and Quincy Thomas Troupe. Previous winners have been Hayden Carruth for* Brothers, I Loved You All *(1978), Allen Tate for* Collected Poems 1919-1976 *(1977), Philip Levine for* The Names of the Lost *(1976), Denise Levertov for* The Freeing of the Dust *(1975), and Cid Corman for* $\frac{O}{I}$ *(1974).*

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Stanley Kunitz—Profound feeling and intellectual concern conveyed simply.

Judging by the number of books that fellow poets Cynthia Macdonald, Quincy Thomas Troupe, and I, as the jury of the 1979 Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize, have received in the past few months, the publication of poetry in this country is flourishing as never before. Commercial publishers are said to have cut back on poetry, and yet some of the most elegantly produced books by the best-known poets have come from large houses. But the publishers of these books seem strangely reluctant to promote them once they have appeared. While volumes from small presses and university presses rained down on us with great huzzahs, we received several books published by the largest companies, some of them final contenders for the prize, only after we telephoned and asked to see them.

"Any man in good health can go without food for two days," Baudelaire said, "but without poetry, never." After a daily diet of current books of verse, the most confirmed poetry reader may wish either to fast or to turn to well-written prose. Quality has not kept pace with quantity. Indeed, not within my memory of poetry published since the end of World War II has there come work of such uneven quality. The young poets who grew to prominence in the Sixties praise one another's work to the skies. But there are apparently no elderly uncles like W.H. Auden on the scene to cast a cold eye, nor any fastidious aunts like Louise Bogan, reviewing poetry regularly, to tell them that much of what they have written does not, by any recognized standard, measure up.

While a few young poets echo Wallace Stevens, the far greater number follow William Carlos Williams, who has become something of a god. For them the quotidian is paramount, and every detail of their daily lives is presented in a flat and colorless fashion. They forget that Williams held that the tawdry has its place in poetry, but only when lightened by the imagination. In most of their pages the tawdry remains tawdry, one-dimensional and dull.

Although much of last year's work could be readily dismissed, there were still distinguished books to consider by such well-known poets as David Wagoner, Josephine Miles, John Ashbery, and James Dickey; by the prolific Philip Levine; and by poets like Isabella Gardner and James Whitehead, who, while not producing a great body of work, have written memorable poems. Three books by younger women poets held our attention. In *The Messenger* (Farrar, Strauss & Giroux) Jean Valentine details, in a kind of vibrant poetic shorthand, a moving inner vision. In her fourth book, *Many Moons* (Little, Brown), Mary Oliver explores both the natural world and human relationships with extraordinary freshness. *Killing Floor* (Houghton Mifflin), the Lamont Poetry Selection for 1978, by Ai, is a clear advance over her previous book; her passionate statements come through in language that is controlled but often powerful.

Artistic attics have for some time been filled with various Victorian artifacts, and one suspects that literary attics in the future will be filled with volumes of the current overwrought poetic monologues very much in the Victorian vein. One of the few poets who have mastered this form in any

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Signs and Portents

1
Jonathan, the last of the giant tortoises
on wind-beaten Saint Helena,
misses his island mate,
who died in a fall from a cliff
a century ago.
He is ancient and crusty,
more lonely than Bonaparte
strutting on the volcanic beach,
reviewing his triumphs.
Lately he has made himself
a deliberate nuisance
to the sporting set
of the British Crown Colony
by butting and upending benches
near the tennis courts
and disrupting croquet games
by sitting on the croquet balls.

2
At the Porch of the Caryatids
on the Acroplis
the noble supportive maidens
are stepping down
from their weathered pedestals,
one by one,
to seek asylum in a museum.
Their places will be taken
by identical synthetic sisters
conditioned to withstand
the high, classic, polluted air.

3
Three thousand years ago
they soaked him in pickling brine,
stuffed his body with resins,
baked him in desert heat.
He was Ramses the Second,
feared by Hittites and Israelites,
the hard Pharaoh of *Exodus,*
colossal as the temples
his minions sweated out of rock.
Paris has him now
on temporary loan.
In the aseptic laboratory
of the Musee de l'Homme,
where he lies in state
for special treatment,
who will cure the old mummy
of the loathsome fire
raging under his bandages?

4
Children at play in a field,
tumbling down a hole
into the pristine Palaeolithic,
showed us the way,
ripped the lid from the grotto.
We sped to the spot on wheels
with our cameras and basket lunches.
Now the bison of Lascaux,
prodded from their centuries
of limestone sleep, are sick.
Clots of a virulent mold
suppurate on their flanks,
emitting a green stain.
We name it *la maladie verte,*
an infection from people.
At the back of our minds
squat figures, whose hairy hands
carried torches and the dream of art
through cheerless labyrinths,
gabble in the shadows.

5
On Twelth Street in Manhattan,
opposite St. Vincent's Mental Pavilion,
while I was sweeping the sidewalk
of its increment of filth,
deposited by dogs and unleashed humans,
a blue van rolled by
with the sidepanel reading:
WORLD FINISHING AND DYEING COMPANY.
I did not catch the face of the driver.

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memorable way is Anthony Hecht, and the title poem of his impressive new book, *The Venetian Vespers* (Atheneum), is as good as anything he has written. His forte in the poetic monologue is less in the creation of character than in the unfolding of the "fine particulars" of description. His book also contains excellent translations of Joseph Brodsky. Norman Dubie in *The City of the Olesha Fruit* (Doubleday), while less successful technically than Hecht in the use of the monologue, is adept at the dramatic presentation of a wide range of historical scenes. While Dubie's and Hecht's books were among the most outstanding single collections, each cohesive and distinctive in its own way, it was difficult to compare them with volumes of selected or collected poems. One of the strongest of these larger volumes, ranking high on our final list, particularly because of the range of the early poems, was *Selected Poetry of Amiri Baraka/ Leroi Jones* (Morrow).

We turned finally in our deliberations to two volumes, both presenting in a remarkable variety of metrical forms the work of many years. Donald Justice in his *Selected Poems* (Atheneum) has gathered—some in revised versions—73 poems from his three earlier books, published in the Sixties and Seventies. To these he has added 17 previously uncollected poems, some written as long as 30 years ago. His volume is a delightful compendium of odes, elegies, songs, epigrams, and riddles, all elegant and polished. His touch is light, and in the hands of a lesser poet, many of these poems might seem mere exercises. And although he has produced two of the most successful sestinas that I know, he is not an empty formalist. Born in Miami, he is especially accomplished in evoking, in precise and witty detail, the scenes of his southern childhood. His poems, for all the sparseness of their style, are warm and inviting, resonant and memorable.

In the end, the judges decided that *The Poems of Stanley Kunitz 1928-1978* was even more memorable, and we have awarded it the Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize for 1979. If there was ever any doubt that Stanley Kunitz is a major poet, this compilation of 50 years of his work will set the matter straight. While he was not predestined by nature or by art to become a prolific poet, he tells us in a note, the body of his work has begun after many years "to acquire a bit of heft." What is most impressive in this steady accumulation is his progress toward a style that does not call attention to itself but communicates profound feeling and intellectual concern simply and directly. To the taste of some, a number of his earlier poems were, in their attitude and vocabulary, too self-consciously metaphysical, but in his latest poems he has, in the words of Robert Lowell, surpasssed himself, "the old iron brought to the white heat of simplicity." These new poems, even those treating the most personal traumas, are never marred by any hint of self-pity. It may seem excessive to heap yet another honor on a poet already so honored, but since this prize can go to but one poet, it is rightly his. In a poem like "Signs and Portents" Stanley Kunitz can look at the world wryly but with great wisdom. Such poems, will be around for some time. ■

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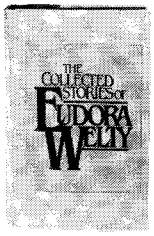
Welty's Splendors

by Mary Lee Settle



The Collected Stories of Eudora Welty
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
576 pp., $14.95

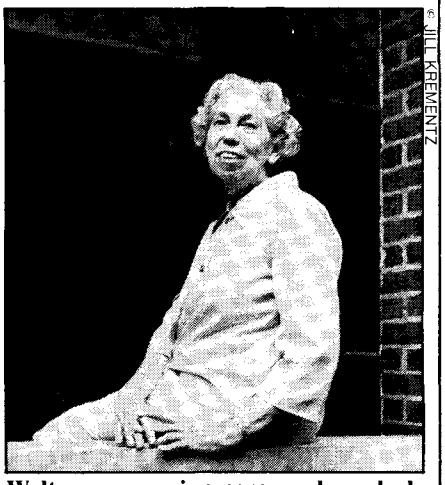
The short story may be an American invention, but the tale is worldwide, as ancient as myth told by the fire at night; quiet, seductive, portentous, amoral. It is in this classic company that Eudora Welty takes her rightful place, with the ironic tenderness of Chekhov, the almost feral edge of Maupassant, the ominousness of Poe and Bierce, the lacy strength of Henry Green. She is probably the finest Mozartian stylist writing in the English language in this century.

Go to *The Collected Stories of Eudora Welty* as if they were new. Here is every story she has published. You will find a much more profound vision and style than you have been led to expect by her reputation. To see Miss Welty as primarily a regional writer is to do her a great disservice. In this collection she creates a world—not only ranged over real space from San Francisco to Mississippi, Ireland to Naples, but a world of her own making.

Eudora Welty is one of the few Southern writers who are not moralists. She does not guide the reader to think as she does; there is no "right," no "wrong." There is, instead, that rare quality called compassion, sensuously evoked. She asks only the hardest thing, that we take a new look.

Her first book, *The Curtain of Green,* originally published in 1941, contains the fashionable figures, peripheral and odd, of Southern writing at that time. The two stories that assured her early fame and on which, alas, too much of her reputation rests—"The Petrified Man" and "Why I Live at the P.O."—are, when seen as part of the whole, almost grotesque. The expected "naturals"—cripples, mutes, psychic misfits—people the stories.

But the full strength of her style is seen in the title story, "A Curtain of Green." Nobody in American writing, except perhaps Hawthorne, has so combined natural images and characters. Here, in Mrs. Larkin's garden, the plants themselves, the almost choking wildness of them, meet within the woman, the woman cheated by God, in a wild attempt to control life and death.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Welty—compassion, sensuously evoked.

Yet unlike Hawthorne, Eudora Welty makes no moral judgment. She invites us to grief and fury. The odd characters of her beginnings are gone. From now on she will evoke real people, and the music of many languages. She understands that every isolated being speaks a private tongue.

In *The Wide Net* (1943) she moves into the past, into the haunting of the nearly seen, and lights it for us as with a lamp carried ahead, casting the same kind of evocative shadow. There is a new courage in her subject matter. She uses the language of fairy tales, finding in that language, cleanliness, elegy, alarm, prismatic vision. To me, the courage and imagination of "First Love" and the marvelous economy and vision of "A Still Moment" are the high points of her work.

By the time the third collection, *The Golden Apples,* was published in 1949, Eudora Welty had come back to the present, set in a mythic town, Morgana, in a Mississippi of her mind. Compare her Mississippi to Faulkner's and you find two worlds. The timescape of *The Golden Apples* covers 40 years, and the haunting stories—with their kaleidoscopic growth, decay, and changes of focus—should be read all at once, as with a novel. Embedded in these stories is the continuity and promise of the novels that are to come later: *The Ponder Heart* (1954), *Losing Battles* (1970), *The Optimist's Daughter* (1972), which won the Pulitzer Prize.

The Bride of Innisfallen (1955) was the last of Eudora Welty's books of short stories. (This new collection also includes two stories that came out of her reaction to the civil-rights movement, collected here for the first time.) One of her abiding visions comes to full flower in the title story. It is joy, the joy experienced by visionaries, and all too seldom by writers: "You must never betray pure joy—the kind you were born and began with—either by hiding it or parading it in front of people's eyes; they didn't want to be shown it. And still you must tell it...."

And that is the paradoxical secret, neither paraded nor concealed, of this superb collection by one of the modern masters of tales that are the length of one telling by the fire.

Mary Lee Settle won the National Book Award for Fiction in 1978. Her new novel, *The Scapegoat,* has just been published by Random House.

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Fiction

Horn of Africa
by Philip Caputo
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
491 pp., $12.95

GIVE THREE MEN, restless opportunists who live on the outskirts of society, a mission in the Ethiopian desert that will test absolutely their mental, emotional, and physical capacities. The lengths to which they will go when "free to exceed the bounds of acceptable human conduct" is the focus of Philip Caputo's first novel, *Horn of Africa*. As in his Vietnam memoir, *A Rumor of War*, Caputo anatomizes the savage and selfless extremes of human nature.

The project is orchestrated by a madman with grandiose visions of saving an obscure black-Arab province from Soviet domination. He selects as his operatives men who won't balk at bloodshed, informing them that they will "take a mob of savages... and turn them into a modern army." All accept Colfax's proposition not because they support his jingoism but because they see a chance to fulfill their imagined destinies: Nordstrand, the brutish Nietzschean over-reacher, seeks the freedom of man in isolation; Moody, the fussy rationalist, aspires to be the legendary Englishman coolly creating order from chaos; and Gage, the narrator, paralyzed by the horrors of war, welcomes the opportunity to confront his dread, "fight it, subdue it, and win a personal victory."

With harsh realism Caputo follows the transformation of the three as their moral defenses crack and their personal visions give way to acts of atrocity. Caputo brings to *The Horn of Africa* the uncompromising honesty that distinguished *A Rumor of War*, as well as an intuitive grasp of human motivation, a flair for the theatrical, and descriptive acuity. This novel prods us into a startling reevaluation of man stripped of personal illusions and denied civilization's ethical restraints.

— DOROTHY WICKENDEN

As Summers Die
by Winston Groom
Summit Books, 320 pp., $12.95

THE DEEP SOUTH of fiction used to be a place where the past spilled into the present. Events repeated themselves; it didn't matter, really, whether the family in question (there was always a family) feuded or intermarried. The point was that they kissed or killed throughout generations, and life rolled along in a cycle. In his second novel set on the Gulf Coast in the pre-Selma days of 1960, Winston Groom draws on familiar elements of this old, literary South to pit them against the forces of change, as embodied by Willie Croft, a small-time lawyer whose father ran the local gas station.

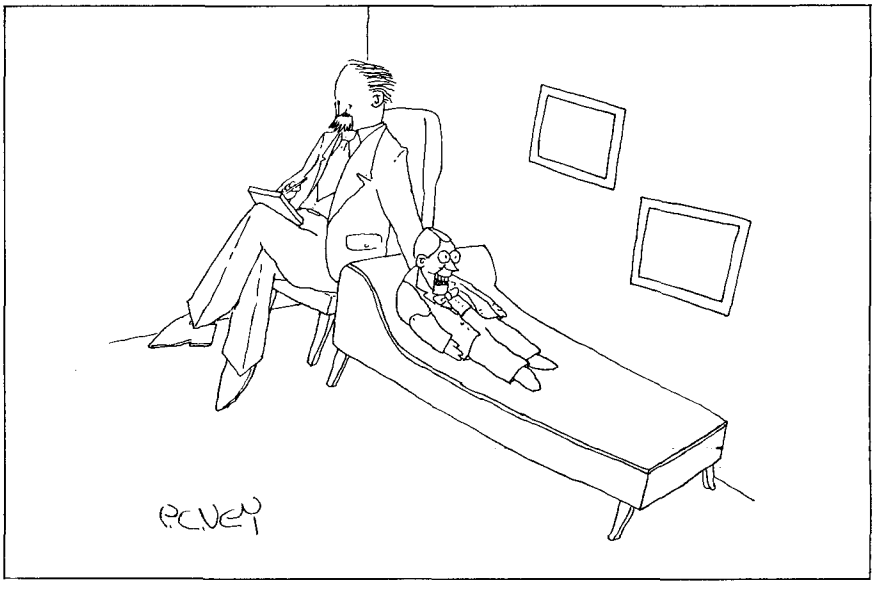
The family here is the Holts, leading citizens of Bienville, who learn of probable oil on their previously worthless ancestral land and try to evict an old black woman from an adjoining tract. Reluctantly taking the woman's case, Willie finds himself probing the Holt family secrets; inside of a year, he is also representing his client's neighbors, black sharecroppers engaged in successfully drilling their own oil.

The dual ascent of Willie and the long-suffering blacks undoubtedly owes something to post-Selma ideas, particularly to the notion of a new, readily changing South, but in his haste to greet the future, Groom creates people who manage to revise bone-deep racial prejudices in the turn of a season. True, the main story of Willie's rise is more convincing than its backdrop—victory for black capitalism amid growing racial harmony—in part because Willie displays mixed emotions and motives. In contrast, most of the Holts, together with the townspeople and the sharecroppers, emerge as uniformly black or white, skin color aside.

—POLLY MORRICE

Fault Lines
by James Carroll
Little Brown, 256 pp., $11.95

JAMES CARROLL'S PREVIOUS novel, the well-received *Mortal Friends*, spanned three generations; *Fault Lines* spans two days. And where the earlier book, a story of the rise of a Boston Irish dynasty, had scores of characters, this one has but three: David Dolan, a Vietnam draft resister who is returning



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to the United States after eight years in Sweden; Eddie Brewster, the widow of his brother, who died in the war; and Cheny McCoy, a movie star whom Eddie has married and divorced in the meantime. Obviously, Carroll has shifted gears.

In a more focused book than *Mortal Friends*, where grandness of plot and scale cannot be relied upon to hold the reader's interest, stylistic assurance and insight into character must take its place. Carroll displays neither. His prose does not sing, and—aside, perhaps, from David's need for Eddie—we get no sense of the presumably highly charged relations among the three principals, upon which the book depends. Instead of *showing*, Carroll *tells*, with flat lines like "Cheney's feelings about Eddie were chaotic" and "He was completely focused on her."

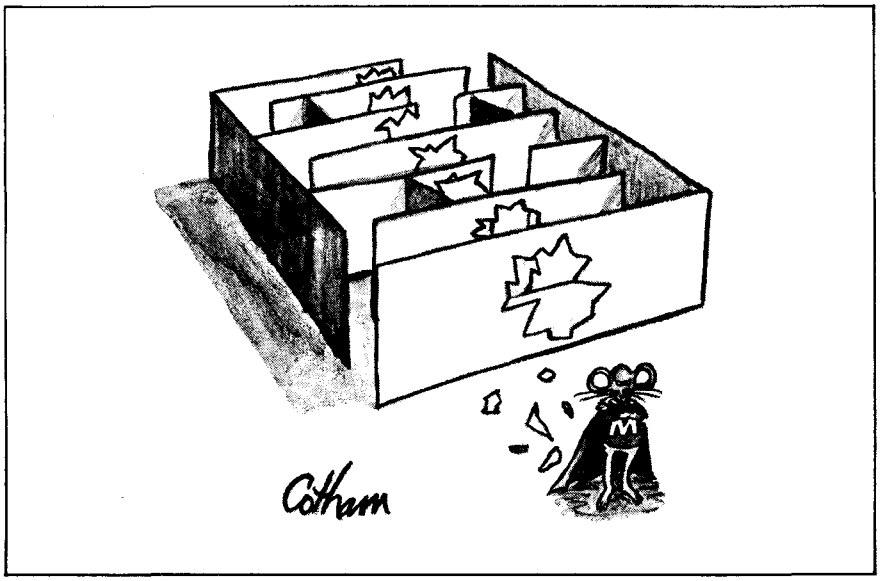
The one successful element in *Fault Lines* is the portrait of Eddie's young son, Bren. Indeed, Carroll is eloquent in depicting the intense and often contradictory states of mind and action the boy is made of—loneliness, fantasy, prevarication, resentment, gentle manipulation, and above all, the need for love. When it comes to adults, however, *Fault Lines* disappoints. James Carroll does better with a cast of thousands; in his case, less is less. —BEN YAGODA

Setting the World on Fire
by Angus Wilson
The Viking Press, 312 pp., $11.95

SOCIAL AMBIENCE is one of Angus Wilson's strongest points as a novelist, which may be why he doesn't translate as well across the Atlantic as some of his peers. Consider, for example, the fact that the hero of *Setting the World on Fire* isn't even a person. It's a piece of architecture. Supposedly located directly behind Westminster Abbey, a stone's throw from the Houses of Parliament and Whitehall, Tothill House combines elements of the classical style with a dash of the Baroque. Painted inside the dome of its Great Hall is a spectacular scene: Phaeton, the son of the sun god, falling from the golden chariot. Around this figure Wilson chats a novel. To act out the fate of the great house, he fits it out with a large, long-lived family cum retainers whose contemporary heirs—a pair of temperamentally dissimilar brothers named Piers and Tom Mosson—grow up between 1948 and 1969.

Self-consciously theatrical, *Setting the World on Fire* is primarily a comedy of manners, a drawing-room novel with elements of pastiche to fill it out between the high teas, luncheons, and receptions that keep everyone so busy. The cast's manners are amusing enough, but the story is too diffuse and episodic. For all Wilson's skill, intelligence, and erudition, this is a curiously unsatisfying performance, a little like being offered one of those charming teas in place of dinner.

—CAROLE COOK



Rites of Passage
by William Golding
Farrar, Strauss & Giroux
320 pp., $10.95

EDMUND TALBOT, a young Englishman of the upper classes, is on his way to his first station in the Antibes to begin a rather stuffy career as assistant to the governor of one of His Majesty's colonies. The time: Somewhere in the 19th century. The year: "You know it." The date? "Surely what matters is that it is the first day of my passage to the other side of the world." In a twinkling the narrator finds himself adrift in an allegorical sea of lies, doubts, and false assumptions that we call normal behavior. The author of the brilliant and disturbing *Lord of the Flies* and its modern version, *Darkness Visible*, has given us a companion volume in which 19th-century pretensions become the foil for Golding's shattering study of the bounds of moral responsibility. *Rites of Passage* is as deftly constructed, troubling, and incandescently illuminating as its predecessors.

The novel's centerpiece is Edmund Talbot, who is merely an ordinarily callous, smug, and self-obsessed passenger on this "ship of fools." Talbot seems convinced that through his failure of compassion a young priest dies. How much is he at fault? Golding will permit no easy answers. Indifference, a false sense of omnipotence, and his own self-interest constantly play havoc with Talbot's outbursts of good will. Golding seems to be asking: If his isolation (and ours) is so profound, what are the limits of his culpability? The history of the modern era makes the question an urgent one.

—KAY LARSON

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The Tokyo-Montana Express
by Richard Brautigan
Delacorte Press, 224 pp., $11.95

THIS NOVEL, *The Tokyo-Montana Express*, has nothing to do with trains. Nor is it really a novel. Richard Brautigan has gathered 131 very brief sketches—"one-frame movies," he calls them—of people in Japan and the American West, "some confident, others still searching for their indentities." Their stories are curiously similar. Many are retired hippies and occasional philosophers, and all lead kooky lives; they chase lost snowflakes, feed cantaloupe to cats, teach chickadees to tap dance, and photograph abandoned Christmas trees.

Sadly, Brautigan's long-awaited ninth "novel" is as craggy and uneven as the Montana landscapes he evokes. Some of the scenes he paints are compelling and hauntingly unforgettable, but many are painfully dull; they seem crude and unfinished, like hurried practice exercises. His language is generally swift, lean, and precise, but sometimes he slips into the sloppy style and vapidity of a college freshman ("the people are very nice" serves as description in one sketch). If only Brautigan had discarded the less-promising vignettes and taken more care in developing the others.

—ROBERT DAILY

The Lords of Discipline
by Pat Conroy
Houghton Mifflin, 499 pp., $12.95

WILL McLEAN attains the ring of a Carolina Military Institute graduate, a symbol of manhood. *The Lords of Discipline* tells, in funny and fluent prose, how Will struggles toward graduation, and what the graduation ring comes to mean to him.

The violent social order of the Institute binds all seniors—the lords of discipline—to run out of school any pledge unfit to wear the ring, unfit to be a war hero. As portraits of friends killed in Vietnam slowly cover the library walls, Will fights "the system" that forces plebes to submit to grotesque tortures and forces graduates to march proudly to their deaths in Vietnam. While attempting to protect the first black students at the Institute, he discovers the existence of The Ten, a secret gang behind some brutal "accidents." His discovery is both a threat to his own safety and a weapon by which he can preserve himself from The Ten.

Although it is not a significant novel, *The Lords of Discipline* is engrossing and well written. Pat Conroy, author of *The Water Is Wide* and *The Great Santini*, both of which were made into successful films (the first as *Conrack*), writes dialogue that reeks of witty Hollywood repartee, but his descriptions and characterizations are both sensitive and entertaining. He carefully draws Will as the young man who disdains military formalities and defends plebes, who endows his ring with a different brand of honor.

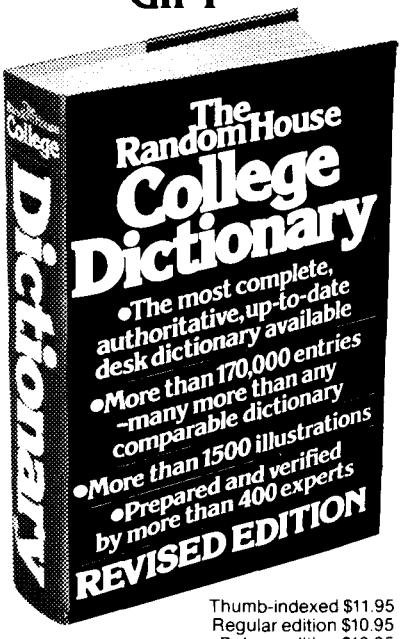
—JULIE STONE PETERS

The Ghosts of Africa
by William Stevenson
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
314 pp., $14.95

TAKE AN EAST AFRICAN guerrilla revolt against English colonial rule led by a dynamic German lieutenant-colonel (Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck), invent an American feminist who loves him (Kate), focus on the English intelligence officer who is fascinated by and wants to defeat Lettow (Hagen), throw in a bushel of Zionists trying to establish themselves in Uganda, spotlight a gorgeous African princess who serves as a Mata Hari for the rebels, and you have William Stevenson's *The Ghosts of Africa.*

It has everything a good thriller needs to thrill—romance, violence, suspense, perversion, international spies. What's more, this engrossing novel is based on a real-life event: There really *was* a Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck whose opposition to colonialism's racist tenets propelled him in 1914 to lead a rebellion of 1,800

THE Smart GIFT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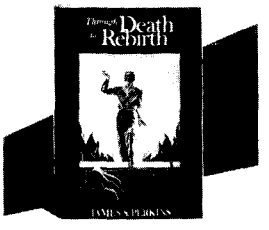
The nature and method of reincarnation



Through

DEATH *to* **REBIRTH**

James Perkins

The manner, the experiences, the reasons for the cyclic birth process; the myths and misconceptions. Presented with 22 illustrations (two in full color) by the artist/author . Quality softbound. 124p. $1.95

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Africans and 150 German officers against 400,000 English troops. Once again, the author of *A Man Called Intrepid* uses expert research of an ignored historical event to his novelistic advantage; most of his protagonists are developed from the journals individuals kept at the time and from newspaper and military accounts. The events are almost all pure fact.

Stevenson's familiarity with his subject matter and locale lends credibility to *Ghosts*, and makes vivid the distinctive smells and sounds of Africa. At times, though, the plot becomes as twisted and tortuous as the African jungle in which it is set. And Stevenson's characters tend to be polarized into two camps—the good and the bad guys. The good guys (guerrillas) are hyperbolically brave and handsome, the bad (colonists) porcine and corrupt. But these are minor complaints.

Stevenson's *Ghosts* is more than a gripping historical novel. It is a firm treatment of war and colonialism and the moral breakdown that ensues from such dehumanizing situations. For Stevenson, violence is inherited from our primordial ancestors—the ghosts of Africa.

—JUDITH MATLOFF

Nonfiction

Lectures on Literature
by Vladimir Nabokov
edited by Fredson Bowers
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
344 pp., $19.95

THE DELIGHTFUL BIAS behind this collection of teaching lectures delivered by Vladimir Nabokov at Cornell is that "great novels are great fairy tales." Renouncing sociology, politics, and realism in favor of style and "enchantment," Nabokov appears to be an unabashed hedonist: "All you have to do when reading *Bleak House* is to relax and let your spine take over. Although you read with your mind, the seat of artistic delight is between your shoulder blades."

These are explorations of new, invented worlds, of the "exquisite needlework art" of Austen, the "delightful winey taste" of Stevenson, the black-and-white fantasy of Kafka. Of special value is a passionate chapter-by-chapter reading of Joyce's *Ulysses*, a pungent antidote to the endless "guides" compiled by what Nabokov calls "scholarly and pseudo-scholarly bores."

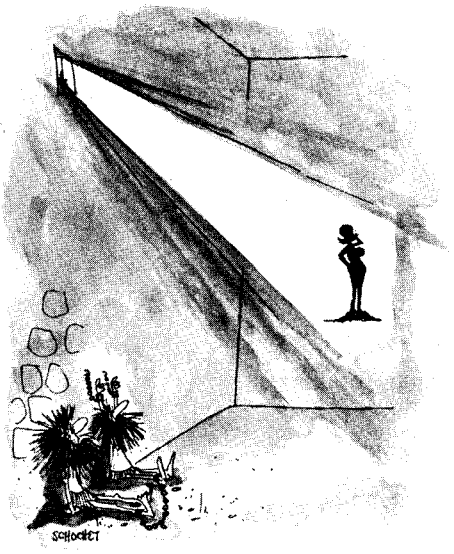
Nabokov's celebrated cantankerousness is much in evidence here: Molly Bloom is described as having a "lurid, vulgar, and hectic mind"; Freudians are denounced for their borrowed myths, shabby umbrellas, and dark backstairs," students are exhorted to veil the "monstrous, abominable, atrocious, criminal, foul, vile, youth-depraving jacket" of the paperback *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. But the emphasis is on the magic and rapture of words, a theme irresistibly reinforced by the dazzle of Nabokov's style. —JACK SULLIVAN

Peter the Great: His Life and World
by Robert K. Massie
Alfred A. Knopf, 928 pp., $19.95

A MASSIVE BRONZE statue stands in Leningrad depicting Peter the Great astride a rearing horse, boldly thrusting one arm toward the West. For 200 years this statue has symbolized (as in Pushkin's famous poem "The Bronze Horseman") the heroic tsar who by dint of imperious will and ruthless state power ripped Russia out of her obscurantist past and led her westward toward the modern world. Robert Massie, author of the popular history *Nicholas and Alexandra*, has this horseman in mind as he lavishly retells the story of Peter and the Russia he transformed, against a canvas of the world Peter wanted Russia to emulate.

Driven by "titantic energy" and the desire to make Russia unconquerable in war and unsurpassed in peace, Peter imported foreign technicians, built a new capital on conquered land (St. Petersburg, now Leningrad), and reorganized the government and educational system. But he also brutally banished traditional customs irrespective of their use, tortured thousands, and executed his own son for disobedience.

So outsized were both the man (a giant in stature at 6 feet 7 inches tall) and his deeds that Peter awes even his biographer. Relishing historic drama and disinclined to historic criticism, Massie moves reverentially (although



"Look... it's a horse"

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at a swift pace) through endless details of wars and social life in Russia and elsewhere, dismisses Peter's paranoid cruelties, and waves away arguments over the character and legacy of the man with the pious conclusion: "He was a force of nature.... How does one judge the endless roll of the ocean or the mighty power of the whirlwind?" No shadows dim the glory of the bronze horseman here; for he has made a hero-worshipper of his historian.

—ELIZABETH CHERESH ALLEN

Wayward Reporter: The Life of A.J. Liebling
by Raymond A. Sokolov
Harper & Row, 352 pp., $15.95

AS A JOURNALIST, A.J. Liebling never let the facts get in the way of a good story, but his biographer, Raymond A. Sokolov, can and does. Not only do facts get in his way, his biography of the late *New Yorker* writer also gets bogged down by opinion and Freudian fancy. Eventually, miracle of miracles, it gets going and tells the tale of a melancholy "boulevardier" who added some lovely grace notes to American journalism.

Abbott Joseph Liebling was one of the century's finer writers on such diverse subjects as food, boxing, newspaper publishing, and war. To Liebling, boxers were artists, publishers scum, and confidence swindles the stuff of life itself. Although he did not invent press criticism—the first censor did that—he perfected the art, and his "Wayward Press" feature in the *New Yorker* set a standard of excellence still unequalled in a profession that has grown large and self-important since his death in 1963.

Alas, for too many pages, Sokolov can't get the measure of the man. He dwells in an insulting manner on Liebling's Jewishness, a subject Liebling seldom seemed to bother with himself. But just when the reader is about to give up hope and shut this book, Liebling goes off to war and his biography comes alive. Suddenly there emerges a portrait of a man whose writing laughed while his soul sighed. The best bits in the book are the quotes from Liebling himself. That man could write.

—ARTHUR SPIEGELMAN

Under the Sign of Saturn
by Susan Sontag
Farrar, Strauss & Giroux, 300 pp., $10.95

A VIRTUOSO of the essay, the Paganini of criticism, Susan Sontag has often overwhelmed her subjects and intimidated her readers with intellectual pyrotechniques, pretentious erudition, and cliquish hauteur. Lacking has been the quality of mind that deals in modest but sure understanding rather than bravura. Some of this immodesty remains in this collection of essays spanning the last decade. Sontag still issues blanket judgments on the best of this or the worst of that, as though she were omniscient. And she glibly declines to divine the subject of the title essay by more than his last name, as if to say, of course everyone knows it is the critic *Walter* Benjamin whose saturnine temperament she is describing. But it is a good omen that these indulgences occur mainly in the earlier pieces (especially in the fiery polemic against filmmaker Leni Riefenstahl). As Sontag moves on, her authorial presence dims, allowing her considerable powers of observation and explication to come forward untrammeled.

These powers act most dramatically upon tortured heroes of the mental life, like Antonin Artaud and Benjamin, whose fertile torments Sontag explores with admirable empathy and discernment (although with traces of the familiar pretentiousness and insuffi-

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cient attention to the objective merits of the men and their ideas). Yet these powers also produce pleasingly less labored, persuasive essays on the filmmaker Hans-Jürgen Syberberg, the social theorist Elias Canetti, and the cheerful bourgeois intellectual Roland Barthes. Versatile and stimulating even when unconvincing, Susan Sontag's critical voice has always had a lot to say. Happily, that voice grows stronger and more compelling as it softens.

—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

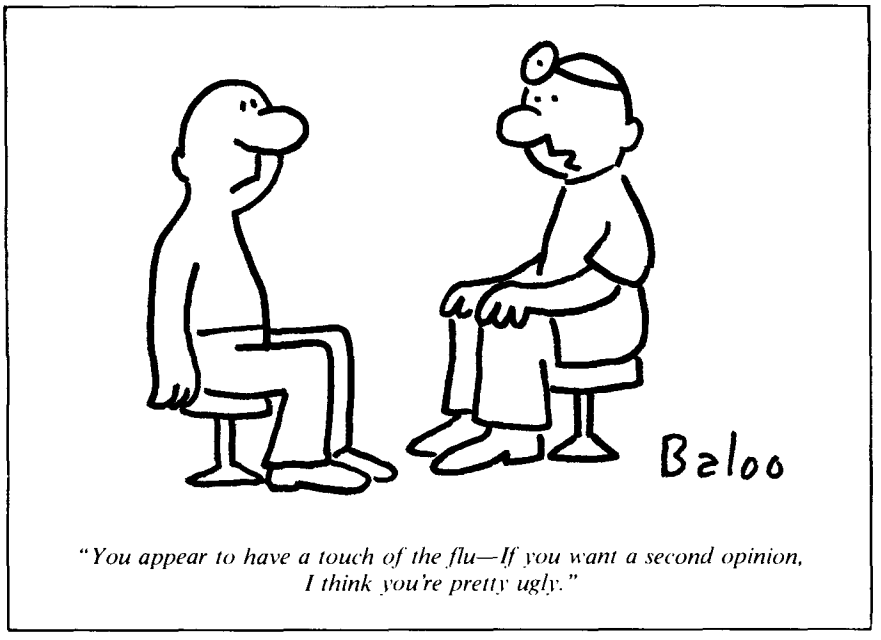
Twentieth Century Odyssey: The Life of John Dos Passos
by Townsend Ludington
E.P. Dutton, 548 pp., $20

THIS AUTHORIZED, CLEAR, even-tempered biography of the novelist of the *U.S.A.* trilogy and *Manhattan Transfer* should restore Dos Passos as an artist and give new life to his best work. Townsend Ludington, editor of Dos Passos's diaries and letters, is in some ways his subject's ideal biographer: world-minded, deft at memorable characterization of Dos Passos's parents and his many friends, alive both to social context and poetic detail, always fair toward but never inflating the writer's accomplishments.

You care for Dos Passos in these pages; he's active, sensitive, and touched by heartbreak, a gifted, protean expressionist always ready with a daub of metaphor or pastel highlight. He began life wounded, as the illegitimate son of a Portuguese-American corporation lawyer (himself an author of respected tomes defending capitalism) and of a Southern lady half-demented by her lonely life as world-traveling mistress to a Catholic who could not divorce his sick wife. The boy's early years were a storm of foreign images and culture, but his close friends, such as Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Edmund Wilson, found him touched with a strange set-apartness. Hemingway, in the end, comes off as a bullying boor ready to slug Dos Passos during their filming of *The Spanish Earth*. The split between them never healed and even became vicious in the portrait of Dos Passos in *A Moveable Feast*.

An early darling of the proletariat, Dos Passos was bitterly disillusioned both by communism and his later "chosen country" of capitalism. He lived on the edge of poverty until the success of his late novel *Midcentury*, survived the highway death of his first wife (movingly told here), and had a happy late marriage. Recommended.

—DONALD NEWLOVE



"You appear to have a touch of the flu—If you want a second opinion, I think you're pretty ugly."

In Our Time
by Tom Wolfe
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 119 pp., $12.95

IN THE EARLY Sixties Tom Wolfe perpetrated a type of cultural glue-sniffing later christened New (or Gonzo) Journalism. The technique—find a subject that can induce a paroxysm of words, scribble them out on paper, then move on before the rush wears off and the synapses cool down. Like all such artificially induced experiences, the insights seem brilliant as long as the flush remains. Though Wolfe has passed on to us some classics of ironic style (his homage to Las Vegas was a perfect match of sarcasm to subject matter), his insights vaporize when confronted with a topic as complex as, say, the art world.

After attacking that world in *The Painted Word*, his painfully superficial satire on style, Wolfe, with consummate nerve, has now published his own book of drawings. *In Our Time* is no threat either to Daumier or to Balzac, both of whom Wolfe consciously imitates. The scratchy black-and-white ink drawings, populated by the inhabitants of Wolfe's Me Generation—from alcoholic, est-taking executives to fat Hollywood moguls—strain toward Daumier social consciousness without that great artist's skill or compassion. Each picture is accompanied by a lengthy Wolfean exegesis, usually far funnier than the drawing it accompanies. The drawings, unfortunately, stand or fall with the prose, and the prose can flame as brightly (and die as quickly) as lighter fluid. When he aims his purple pen at such pathetic targets as Hugh Heffner, wired by electronic umbilical cords to a huge bed, or the New Cookie, Wolfe's phrase for Elizabeth Ray, he seems to go awry. Does anybody really care what he thinks of them?

KAY LARSON

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Thomas H. Middleton

The Posslq Solution

If you're accustomed to dealing with telephone answering machines—and who isn't these days?—you know that there are several types. Some of them have brief messages from the machine's owner: "Hi, this is Ron. Leave your message when you hear the beep. You'll have all the time you need." Then there's a beep, and you can talk to the machine and try not to feel like an idiot.

That is a relatively new type of machine. Our machine is one of the old-fashioned ones. It gives us 30 seconds to leave our message and gives the caller 30 seconds to leave his. Our message currently lasts about 15 seconds. To fill the remaining 15 seconds, we've put in some wait-for-the-beep music—the first few bars of a 1940s' jazz-band version of "Honeysuckle Rose."

A friend of ours—usually a very literate guy—has the same type of machine as ours. The message on his tape concludes, "Leave your name and phone number. Be sure to wait for that inevitable beep."

I suspect that in *inevitable* he has selected the wrong word, and I'm certain that if I pointed that out to him, he'd agree. I think what he meant to say was that the wait for the beep, while listening to what in radio jargon is called "dead air" seems interminable. He used *inevitable* to express that notion of the long wait. At least I think that's what he did. If *inevitable* is taken to mean *unavoidable*, the line is puzzling, as all the caller need do to avoid the beep is hang up.

I've been trying to think of the right word—the word that all by itself expresses what I think he had in mind, and, rightly or wrongly, I've decided that there is no such word. The meaning, as well as I can put it, is "that must be waited for" or "to be long awaited." He'd have done better to say something like, "Please bear with that everlasting wait for the beep," using several more words and making his meaning unmistakable, rather than using a word that doesn't appear to make much sense in its context.

We do tend to seek one-word designations for phenomena. The Germans simply manufacture their one-word designations by running entire phrases together and making one word of them.

In English, there are countless situations, moods, and relationships for which there is no single appropriate word. Occasionally, a real need arises for a word to designate a new, or suddenly very common, phenomenon. One such need arose several years ago when hordes of young people scorned marriage as an outmoded relic of the Establishment's morality and started living together without society's official blessing. There was a rather desperate search for the best term for these unmarried "spouses." At the time, my favorite entry in the competition was *intime*, but there were a great many other suggestions: co-vivant, co-vivante; with-live; contubernus, contuberna; etc. None of them really caught on.

"And love will stay forever new, If you will be my posslq."

I think that now, at last, the perfect word has fallen into our laps from a stunningly unlikely source—the U.S. Census Bureau. You might already be familiar with the word. Several people have written to alert me to it, and Jack Smith has dealt with it in one or two of his excellent syndicated columns. The word is *posslq*. It is an acronym for Persons of Opposite Sex Sharing Living Quarters. I see two possible pronounciations for *posslq*. The double-s can be like the double-s in *possible* or like the first pair of esses in *possess*. I favor the latter: *pozzle-kew*.

Mrs. Oscar J. Cahoon of Harwich Port, Massachusetts, sent me a copy of a sheet from what she tells me is "a now-and-then newsletter put out by my husband's Dartmouth class," on which appears a poem styled after Marlow's "Passionate Shepherd." It was written by a man named Dero Saunders. Here's the last of its three stanzas:

> Come live with me and be my love,
> And share the pain and pleasure of
> The blessed continuity,
> Official posslquity;
> And I will whisper in your ear
> That word you love so much to hear.
> And love will stay forever new,
> If you will be my posslq.

Clearly, *posslq* has a definite advantage in that it rhymes with *you*, *too*, *true*, *new*, *feeling blue*, *I do*, and so many other handy love-poem terms. And I like Mr. Saunders's *posslquity*.

There's one serious problem, however. The timing is off. The hot news is that marriage is coming back into fashion. Couples who just a few years ago would have scorned either religious or civil ceremonies are suddenly taking vows. While the arrival of a nifty new word like *posslq* was perhaps inevitable, the passing of the fashion for *posslquity* was probably equally inevitable. That both phenomena should occur simultaneously is unfortunate.

Murphy's Law strikes again. ■

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FILM

Judith Crist

A Disappointing "Elephant Man"

Freak shows disappeared from the Ringling Bros., Barnum and Bailey Circus some 20 years ago, but our guilty enjoyment of what euphemistic blarney termed "nature's mistakes" remains. The guilt and the enjoyment are, in fact, the troublesome accouterments of **The Elephant Man**, a film the producers insist is "based upon the true-life story of John Merrick, known as the "Elephant Man," and not upon the Broadway play of the same title or any other fictional account.

The disavowal of association with the Bernard Pomerance play (on Broadway since April 1979, with David Bowie now in the title role) and the insistence on factuality create the problems I have with this British film, directed by a young American, David Lynch, and produced by Mel Brooks's Brooksfilms Ltd. On stage, this account of a young man who is hideously deformed by neurofibromatosis (he is rescued from a freak show by a doctor and taken into a hospital where he becomes a social celebrity in Victorian London) is considered in terms of a parable. Pomerance's theme is the sacrifice of inner grace and beauty entailed in accepting society's protection and by conforming to "civilization." Both Philip Anglim, who created the role, and Bowie simply "choreograph" the physical deformity and suggest the ugliness without horror makeup. It is the imprisoned spirit that interests Pomerance.

The realism of film allows no such symbolic interpretation. In this grim black-and-white movie we are given the horror plain. At the outset, in fact, we are tantalized: It is only through the reactions of others—carnival patrons, the doctor who weeps at the terrible sight, a roomful of medical men—that we know him. And finally our first brief glimpse comes in company with a young nurse who flees in terror.

As the Elephant Man's doctor, Hopkins gives us a masterpiece of understatement.

What we see initially is a triumph of the make-up man's art; what we remain to watch is a remarkable performance by John Hurt in creating, by voice and by the movements of one graceful and undeformed hand, a "human being" of intelligence and calm sensibility, a gentle person of aspiration and tenderness. His being emerges as a response to Anthony Hopkins's Frederick Treves, a masterpiece of understatement as the compassionate doctor, helpless in the face of the incurable, struggling with conscience. "Am I a good man or a bad man?" he demands, having been jolted into a realization that he has made Merrick "a curiosity in a hospital instead of a carnival."

And as we are steeped in Lynch's somber reflection of London in 1884, in the seedy back alleys of poverty, the gaslit hospital corridors, the overstuffed elegance of a private house, the glitter of a Christmas panto performance, we too are disconcerted. The deeply moving moments—Merrick's visit to Treves's home, his joyous exploration of a coveted dressing-case, his sweetness with "social" visitors—bring memories of Frankenstein's monster, of the Werewolf of London at bay. And masked and cloaked, Merrick resembles the Phantom of the Opera at large. In carnival and in hospital and in the movie house, we are watching still another freak show. We pause—unfortunately there is often nothing more than exploitation.

The authors—Christopher DeVore and Eric Bergren, both tyros, and Lynch, whose one previous film was *Eraserhead*, a horror-mutant tale that earned midnight-cult-audience status—have taken dramatic license. Where the actual Merrick voluntarily joined a carnival to support himself, they have made the carnival owner an haute Dickensian villain who for plot action steals back his "treasure" and exploits Merrick in Belgium. With further dramatic license, the circus freaks unite to send Merrick back to London.

But more bothersome is Lynch's "artsying up" the background and

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origins of the man we meet at age 21. In swirling repeated montages of Merrick's pretty mother and thundering elephants we are left to ponder irreverently whether she was raped by an elephant or simply, as the carnival man tells the crowd, "struck down" by one "in the fourth month of her maternal condition." And although Merrick becomes quite articulate, no explanation of his past, of his obvious literacy or his social beginnings is offered.

His articulateness becomes a credibility factor. In the early stages of his relationship with the doctor there's an exquisite evocation of speech and confidence between them, much in *The Miracle Worker* or *The Wild Child* manner. Merrick breaks through the intelligence barrier with a sudden recitation of the 23d Psalm, learned, he tells the astonished onlookers, from the Book of Common Prayer. But when the actress Madge Kendal, played by Anne Bancroft, comes to visit (thereby starting his celebrity career), she brings a volume of Shakespeare, which he declares he has never read; yet within minutes they are exchanging passages from *Romeo and Juliet*. The actress, Bancroft as Lady Bountiful in excelsis, can but kiss him on her departure, an embarrassing conclusion to an at best embarrassing scene. Further, for no apparent reason, Merrick does not tell the authorities of his after-hours intimidation and abuse by a hospital porter who brings tavern patrons to stare at and molest him.

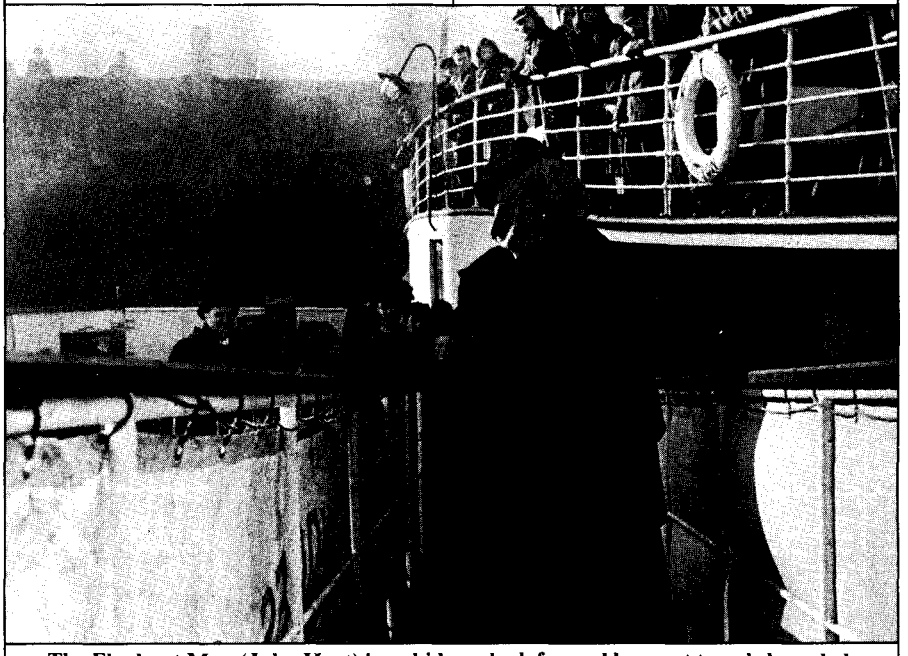
Of course, the fascination of the story lies in the pathos of the freak, the curious and mixed motivations of his benefactors, the vileness of his exploiters. But there is no backbone to this account beyond the authenticity of Hurt and Hopkins, of Wendy Hiller as a no-nonsense matron, of John Gielgud as the hospital head, of Freddie Jones as the carnival man, and of Michael Elphick as the night porter. We remain onlookers with only a voyeur's guilt, pious sentiment, and a pretentious fadeout to take with us.

On a contemporary level, John Cassavetes offers us another phenomenon, the female gun slinger—a dame with a gat in her shoulder bag, an insider's knowledge of the mob, and, need we note, a heart of gold. Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell never had it so liberated, but Gena Rowlands, that accomplished and outstandingly versatile actress, fills the role to dashing and memorable effect in **Gloria**.

In this least "experimental" of his films, Cassavetes is concerned with the relationship between a woman who "hates kids" and a child forced into her care. But Rowlands is so impressive in performance that the child and the predictability of their involvement become close to irrelevant. Gloria is a former showgirl and gun moll, living in lower-middle-class uptown retirement, but with a cache of cash and jewels in a safe-deposit-box 'downtown. Then, one bright and sunny morning, her down-the-hall neighbors are beset by the mob whom the husband has betrayed; minutes before the family is wiped out, the six-year-old son and the father's account book are literally thrust into her custody. By the next morning, Gloria and her reluctant charge are on the run and the mob is everywhere.

Filmed entirely in New York City, on Bronx and Manhattan locations teeming with villains and villainous possibilities, the movie bristles with sudden encounters, near-misses, and paranoia, with time out for sentimentality, a dash of humor, and a bit of trauma. Where Cassavetes stumbles as writer (his six-year-old is a bit too street-wise and more than a bit too verbal), he compensates as director, keeping the pace brisk, the grit of the city true, and, with Rowlands's help, his protagonist always interesting.

The odd coupling of the tall flamboyant blonde and the small Puerto Rican boy works through Rowlands's easy confidence. A far cry from her earlier roles—in Cassavetes's *Minnie and Moskowitz* and *A Woman Under the Influence*, or in such outstanding television movies as *A Question of Love* and *Strangers: The Story of a Mother and Daughter*—her Gloria is a woman of tough femininity with a courage born of a determination to survive. Above all, she's a woman with a seasoned maturity that gives credibility to out-and-out melodrama. Rowlands carries off a variety of wildly improbable scenes with high style—mowing down a carful of hoods and calmly hailing a passing cab; rescuing her charge at gun point, and having a nostalgic and fatalistic showdown with the syndicate head on his own turf. Rowlands even copes with the kind of slick and sentimental ending you hate to love but just might. ■



The Elephant Man (John Hurt) is so hideously deformed he must travel shrouded.

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DANCE

Walter Terry

How (Not) to Recapture the Past

"There will never be another Nijinsky," says Sergei Diaghilev in that controversial yet incontrovertibly important movie, *Nijinsky*. And there never was. Nor will there ever be another Anna Pavlova or Isadora Duncan or Ruth St. Denis. The dance world, in the midst of an unprecedented dance explosion, is pointing with understandable pride to its illustrious past as if to say, "We've had our masterpieces and geniuses too, just like the arts of music, drama, and painting." The tracking down of this dance past has become a major trend.

But these pathways to the past have begun to take a dangerous, if fascinating, course as dancers and companies go beyond the seeking out of historic choreographies and begin to focus on historic personalities. It is one thing to revive the original choreography, set design, and costumes of the Fokine-Stravinsky *Petrouchka* (1911), a perennial ballet favorite, and it is quite another matter to re-create Vaslav Nijinsky's interpretation of the role.

There are no dance movies of Nijinsky, and only a few frames of Isadora. There are many films of St. Denis but most were made after she was 50 or 60. There are only a few cherished passages of Pavlova solos taken in Hollywood by Douglas Fairbanks. Yet in this decade of finding our dance roots, can the key dancer be bypassed? Without the dancer there is no dance. By sheer force of personality as well as genius, Pavlova began the ballet boom by herself with her first American performance in 1910.

Next year will mark the 100th anniversary of Pavlova's birth and the 50th anniversary of her untimely death (pneumonia). For the last 50 years, great ballerinas, soloists, minor dancers, and teetering students have essayed *The Dying Swan,* Pavlova's trademark and the most famous dance solo of all time, created for her in 1905 by Michel Fokine in a matter of minutes. But for this season many of her dances, some of them little more than vehicles for her highly personal art, are restored, restaged, or re-created by two new companies, Pavlova Celebration, with Starr Danias of the Joffrey Ballet dancing Pavlova's roles, and the Pendleton Festival Ballet in *Tribute to Pavlova,* starring Anne Marie De Angelo, also a Joffrey dancer. Both groups are slated for national tours in 1981-82.

In attempting to re-create the dance past, multiple problems include two major ones: (1) capturing the charisma of the unique performer being celebrated, which is an almost impossible task, and (2) recapturing simplicity, for today's dance techniques are far more complex and virtuosity-oriented than those employed by dancers of the not-very-distant past. Of the two current ladies celebrating their illustrious ancestress, Danias came much closer to that simplicity of movement than did De Angelo.

De Angelo, a prodigious virtuosa, incorporated into her dances some totally rechoreographed displays of purely physical prowess, more evocative of the pyrotechnics of, say, a Zucchi, a Legnani, or today's Plisetskaya. *Tribute* is a lively and colorful show but it contains some very dubious choreography that seems to have little if anything to do with Pavlova. Celebration, at least at the preview I saw, seemed far more tasteful and evocative of the Pavlova legend.

Vaslav Nijinsky is even more difficult to summon from the past, chiefly because his personal life and tragedies have stirred popular interest even more than has the genius of his dancing and choreography. These were seen only by the few during the brief period (less than a decade) following his sensational Paris debut with Diaghilev's Ballets Russes in 1909, and before madness claimed him. Yet curiously, the experience of watching Nijinsky has been recaptured perhaps most successfully of all.

Early in 1980, *Nijinsky*, a feature-length Paramount Pictures film directed by Herbert Ross, was premiered with George de la Peña, the young and technically brilliant soloist of the American Ballet Theatre, cast in the title role. I found *Nijinsky* to be—especially on a second viewing when I had relegated obvious narrational flaws to sensible perspective—a dance docu-drama of great historical merit and remarkable aesthetic perceptivity. Ross has integrated the story of Nijinsky and the dancing of Nijinsky in remarkable fashion, commencing with the symbolically appropriate musical strains of Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*, the ballet of the puppet who wanted to be a man. For Nijinsky, puppet and man and genius, could not survive without Diaghilev.

Some other critics gave *Nijinsky* bad marks. I think they were wrong. The movie was flawed but de la Peña was exceptionally good, both as actor and dancer, in his portrayal of the tormented dancing genius.

Critics complained that there was not enough ballet footage in this picture. True, the whole of *Le Spectre de la Rose* is not filmed. But the legend and aura surrounding Nijinsky's dancing would not have been effectively recreated that way. By today's technical standards, *Spectre* is not a difficult dance, not a display piece. Dolin, one of Nijinsky's

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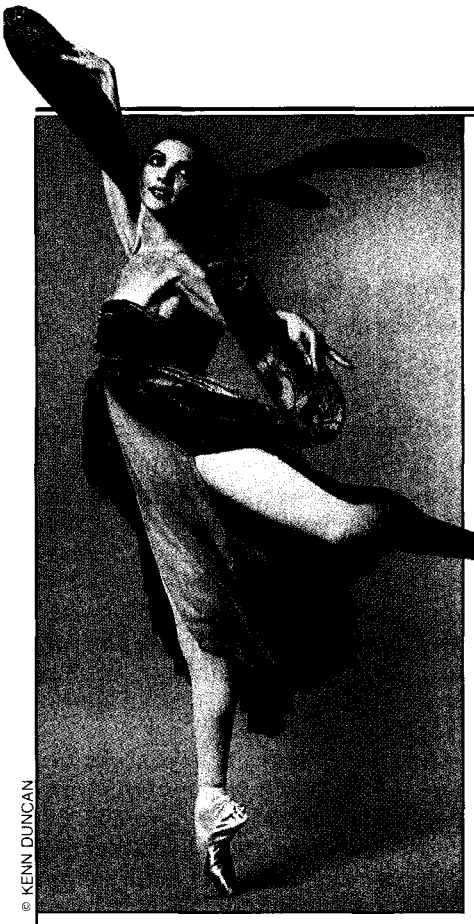

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COURTESY OF PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Left: Danias in a recreation of *The Dragonfly*, a Pavlova solo. Above: De la Pẽna as Nijinsky in *L'Apres Midi d'un Faune* (with Valerie Aiken) from the film, *Nijinsky*.

successors in the role, has often pointed this out. Furthermore, Paris in 1909, and indeed most of the world, had not seen a great male ballet star for 60 years. During that time the ballerina had enjoyed absolute supremacy. When Nijinsky burst onto the scene it was a revelation!

To evoke that revelation, it would not have sufficed simply to have reproduced what was danced. Instead, Ross takes the viewer to the dressing room for the moments of preparation and to the wings for the breathless anticipation of what is to come. With slow-motion camera he celebrates Nijinsky's now legendary suspension in space, creating the timelessness of a danced dream. In both closeups and soaring shots, de la Peña succeeds brilliantly in capturing the elusive spirit of the Rose, a creature of fantasy existing only in the reverie of a young girl who gives him imagined life.

Some people objected to the film's masturbatory conclusion in *L'Apres Midi d'un Faune*. But as it was originally done, the ballet's final passage, when the faun, retrieving the scarf a nymph has dropped, spreads it on a rock and lowers his body onto it, was shocking, a *scandale* in the Paris of 1912. When I first saw it in the 1930s as danced by the leading male dancers of the day, it was still considered daring, even censorable. In order to catch the impact of the premiere, Ross had no choice but to exaggerate the closing moment, otherwise viewers in today's permissive age of unadorned sex on stage and screen would have shrugged, "Well, what was *that* all about?" In fact, the film version's ending, though simulating orgasm, seemed to me utterly natural and in keeping with the *Faune*'s feral innocence.

De la Peña had to get to know Nijinsky in order to do his dances. "I had a great many false myths to break down before I found the true Nijinsky," he says. "In my readings I had been told that he was inarticulate, even 'dopey.' But how wrong! The depth of his thoughts, his articulation, his innocence are implicit in his works. His eloquence was expressed in movement and his dances attest to this eloquence."

It seems to me that the Ross film, *Nijinsky*, is perhaps the most eloquent testament to the genius of Vaslav Nijinsky that is available to us today. *Nijinsky* represents a major segment of, and viewpoint on, a massive talent that made both story and history. Granted, the movie is not definitve, but is Romola Nijinsky's biography of her husband definitive? Certainly not. Anatole Bourman went to school with Nijinsky but does his *Tragedy of Nijinsky* make a complete portrait? Arnold Haskell, Lincoln Kirstein, and Richard Buckle have all contributed immeasurably to our knowledge of Nijinsky and our appreciation of his magnitude as both dancer and choreographer. But these books are words, many of them magnificent, evocative, eloquent words it is true. Nijinsky's eloquence, however, was in movement, and movies move.

Although *Nijinsky* (subtitled "A True Story") is flawed, it offers the viewer much more than its unforgettably opulent settings and costumes, gorgeous re-creations of Bakst's fabulous decors for the Ballets Russes, and profoundly touching story of homosexual, heterosexual, and androgynous loves. It gives to us the eloquence of a dancer who was not articulate through words. The printed page can *report* on that eloquence; only the stage or screen can *evoke* it. Herbert Ross has done just that in a movie, presently unappreciated, that may well become a dance classic. ■

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ART

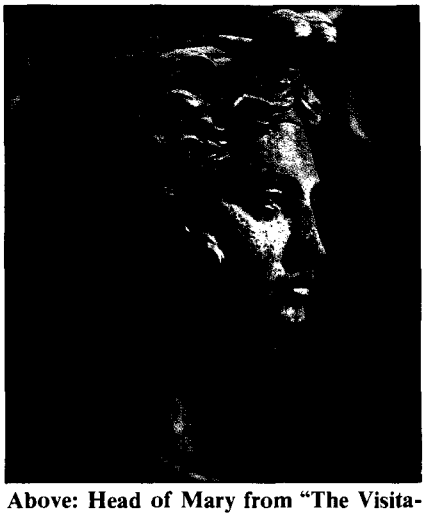
John Canaday

A Masterpiece Preserved

For David Finn's new book, *The Florence Baptistery Doors* (Viking), Kenneth Clark has written an introduction that puts his preeminent name on the jacket as co-author, and George Robinson has supplied excellent commentaries that get his name in small type on the title page, but from cover to cover the book really belongs to Mr. Finn. His 321 photographs, 42 in color, are detailed explorations of the famous bronzes, and the infectious enthusiasm of his account of how he took the photographs—he is as wide-eyed as a kid pulling his first camera out of a Christmas stocking—makes the reader a participant by proxy in his personal journey of discovery. I have strongly criticized Mr. Finn's work in the past, but any reservations I might voice this time around are drowned in general applause for a book that is probably destined to become a classic.

In his new book, Mr. Finn gives equal time to Andrea Pisano's south door (1330-1336), Ghiberti's north door (1404-1424) and his famous east door (1428-1447), the one always called the Gates of Paradise. One of the best things about this book is that Andrea's door, usually neglected (and to my mind the most beautiful of the lot), is given full coverage.

Most of the shots here are so good that you are led from page to page, captured by details that emerge as sculptural entities that are only partially discernible, if at all, from below. Neither Andrea nor Ghiberti took into consideration the spectator's angle of vision or distance from the upper panels in designing their sculptures. Andrea's door is composed of 28 panels ranged four abreast in seven tiers, as in Ghiberti's north door. The panels of the Paradise door are larger—10, paired in five tiers, on a door of the same dimensions. Each panel, on whichever door, is an independent composition designed to be seen on eye level at close range, as if on an easel. Artists and patrons who visited Ghiberti's studio could also see the panels sideways and peer into them to see areas invisible from straight-on. Like one of those visitors, Mr. Finn peers and probes with his camera to bring us details that we will never see satisfactorily on the doors themselves, and others that we can never see at all. For anyone who doesn't already know them, a first sight of the doors will be a disappointment after a trip through this book.



Above: Head of Mary from "The Visitation," on Pisano's south door. Opposite: Mary and disciples from "The Way to Calvary," on Ghiberti's north door.

My reservations about *The Florentine Baptistery Doors* are hyper-puristic, but let me state them anyway. They stem from Mr. Finn's occasional violation of the law I hold most firmly as to what the photography of sculpture should be. The law is this: The job of the photographer of works of art is to put himself into the service of those works by recording them as sensitively and as truly as possible, instead of putting the works into his service as raw material for hyped-up photographic play. Total respect for the work of art he is dealing with does not have to mean total subjugation of the photographer as an artist, but his artistry should be applied to the perfect performance of his supporting role rather than in scene-stealing from the star.

The finest photographs of sculpture that I know of, combining artistry with documentation at the expense of neither, are three sets: Clarence Kennedy's of Desiderio da Settignano's Marsuppini tomb in Santa Croce, Florence, taken in 1926 and never published, so far as I know, but distributed to a number of American museums and college libraries; Ilse Schneider-Lengyel's in *Donatello,* published by Phaidon/Oxford in 1941; and, above all, the first book I would run to rescue if my library caught fire, Stanislaw Kolowca's just plain glorious photographs of Vit Stwosz's Cracow Altar published by Auriga (Oficyna Wydawnicza, Warsaw) in 1966.

It was comparison with Schneider-Lengyel's *Donatello* that led me to review Mr. Finn's *Donatello, Prophet of Modern Vision,* published by Abrams in 1973, as the worst art book of the year. At that moment I felt it should be possible in the name of Art to get some kind of injunction restraining Mr. Finn (who is chairman of the board of the public relations firm, Ruder and Finn) from practicing his avocational profession of sculpture photographer, offering as evidence his treatment of Donatello's David—a statue that, while far from being one of my favorites, is still one that I respect enough to object to its deformation in tricky angle shots. It is jarring in this new work to encounter a plate like

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number 146, a small head enlarged to nearly life size (that much is all right) partially emerging from a solid black background, devoid of defined contours and taken at such close range that the nose, nearest the lens, has hardly any more form than a ball of cotton wool. Mr. Finn wanted to "create photographs which I hoped the sculptors themselves would have enjoyed seeing," but Ghiberti could never have recognized this one—although he might have been fascinated trying to figure out just what was going on.

The objection may be trifling, but a few photographs of that kind bother me, the kind of shot that thrills an amateur when he gets the contact prints and sees what lucky accident has wrought. But in *The Baptistery Doors* Mr. Finn mixes this romantic malformation with sensitive documentation in proportions of only about one to five, which is fair enough. Let me say too that comparison with the three sets of photographs mentioned above is stacking the cards just a little bit against Mr. Finn, since they were taken under controlled conditions, while he was working with available light and a hand-held camera on shaky perches atop ladders to get at details as high as 16 feet above street level.

Shortly after World War II the doors were cleaned and restored to their original golden brilliance. It is appalling to see in these new photographs how drastically the bronze has deteriorated in so short a time. No longer golden, the delicately modeled figures enacting the biblical dramas are piebald with green oxidization, pimpled with eruptions, spotted with flaking passages. But as far as the photographs are concerned, this decay is an advantage; the variety of color and texture has a paradoxical beauty of its own, and even gives a kind of life to sculptures that, at this rate, must be entering their death throes.

Whether they are restored again or are allowed to go on their course toward dissolution, this book is an enthralling document of their beauty at a crucial moment. We can leave out the "probably" and be certain that *The Florence Baptistery Doors* is destined to become a classic.

John Canaday's latest book is *What Is Art?*

Joseph's brothers, confused and remorseful, after discovering his silver cup and realizing his identity, on Ghiberti's east door.

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Stanley Kauffmann

"The Pirates": Paradoxes Galore

Sweet," said William S., "are the uses of adversity." Even when the adversity strikes William S. Joseph Papp didn't schedule his usual free Shakespeare in Central Park this summer because New York City's budget was too tight to help subsidize it. A special grant was arranged, but Papp declined it because he wanted official budget recognition or nothing. However, he was willing to accept another grant, from a different source, for an outdoor production of **The Pirates of Penzance** in the park.

Hence the sweetness of this adversity. I've seen very many of Papp's Shakespeare productions, before Central Park, also in and out of the park. A few were interesting, some had good individual performances. But, with the exception of A.J. Antoon's *Much Ado About Nothing* (1972), none showed the control or gave the sustained pleasure of this production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Pirates*. (It's moving to Broadway in December.)

Wilford Leach, the director, and William Elliott, the musical director, were the twin kingpins of the enterprise. They set the overall tone with generally intelligent and charming choices. Patently they didn't want either to imitate or to buck the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition of the D'Oyly Carte Company, the keepers of the G&S flame. Imitation, however good, is always quasi-apologetic; and to buck tradition arbitrarily would have been, as in loonier Shakespeare "concepts," to be different for the sake of difference. Leach and Elliott have produced *The Pirates* like contemporary Americans who love and respect this great Victorian work but who will not try to mimic Victorian Englishmen or their descendants.

Leach does just a bit of kidding. Sometimes, like the very opening, it's amusing—a view of a tiny cut-out ship on a cut-out ocean, followed by the ship-in-large coming around the edge of the stage carrying in the pirates for their first chorus. Sometimes it's a touch strained—the pirates' antics on a runway that circles the pit band in front of the stage itself. But most of his direction shows affectionate understanding, affectionate invention. Only the rubbery slapstick of the chorus of policemen, choreographed by Graciela Daniele, begs continually for laughs, without much luck.

G & S: Together, one splendid genius.

Elliott, who has done scores for previous Papp productions and the vocal arrangements for *Ain't Misbehavin'*, had to face the facts of outdoor performance and the small band (11) allowed by the budget. (As I recall, the D'Oyly Carte people, using Sullivan's orchestrations, had an orchestra of around 25.) Some of Elliott's devices bump the ear: not, for instance, the synthesizer as such but the use of it to make "wah-wah's" during the "Most Ingenious Paradox" trio. By and large he deploys his small group well, the flute and rolled cymbal especially; and he conducts with fun and fire. And in "Hail, Poetry!," a wonderfully incongruous chorus, he evokes an equally incongruous, meaty Carnegie Hall sound.

Two numbers have been inserted in the show, from *H.M.S. Pinafore* and *Ruddigore*. I object, less out of purism than economics: They aren't needed.

If the program said the performer of the heroine, Mabel, was Mary Jones, you might think her a pretty and sweet soprano, quite capable of handling Sullivan's limited coloratura requirements but quite incapable of acting. Her name, however, is Linda Ronstadt. Frederic, her lover, is played by another big pop singer, Rex Smith, and he, much more than Ronstadt, sometimes phrases his music in pop style out of Sullivan's rhythms (notably in "Oh, Is There Not One Maiden Breast"). But his voice is light and easy, and personally he's very appealing. If only he and some others in the cast—Tony Azito, especially, the police sergeant—could understand why classical singers study diction.

That brings us to the production's own "ingenious paradox." George Rose, as Major-General Stanley, and Patricia Routledge, as Ruth, the "piratical maid-of-all-work," are clear as tinkling crystals with their British English and are flawless in their native musical-show tradition. But just because of those things, they are out of key with the others. The ideal combination here is in sparkling Kevin Kline, the

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THEATER

© MARTHA SWOPE

Ronstadt as Mabel (inset) joins Smith as Frederic (center, striped shirt) and Kline as the pirate king (center, open shirt).

Pirate King, who has all the fluency and clarity and comedy one could want and who belongs in this production. Rose and Routledge stick out—not like sore thumbs but like guest stars. (Nationalism is not the point in this instance; production unity is.)

But there's a bigger paradox. The true new stars of the occasion are the world-famous authors, making—in a way—their debut. It's been quite a while since the last full professional Gilbert and Sullivan production in New York. Some in the bowled-over audience had apparently never seen such a production before. If it was a shock to them to discover how excellent W.S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan are, it was a shock to me to realize how long this audience has been deprived. Years before I saw the D'Oyly Carte troupe, I was feasting on the annual G & S repertory of the domestic Aborn Opera Company, some members of which have never been surpassed. And in 1960 I saw Tyrone Guthrie's production of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, done with freshness and delight. No more protracted waits for G & S, please.

The joy of Gilbert and Sullivan is in the "and." Together, they make one splendid genius. Apart, Gilbert was probably the better of the two; his comedy *Engaged* is a neglected gem, and there is no finer comic verse in English than the *Bab Ballads*. What work of Sullivan's survives other than his Gilbert collaborations? (Oh, all right . . . "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and "The Lost Chord.") But collaborating, though their personal relations were troubled, they blended and bloomed. It wasn't so much that each grew through collaboration as that each became half of a miraculously larger being. Yes, Gilbert's social satire is more nudging than trenchant; yes, Sullivan's thematic developments and orchestration are sometimes commonplace. In union, there was transmutation, When the two combine—Gilbert's pearly patter and lyric love verses, Sullivan's exquisite Donizetti parody that frequently goes past parody to excel its model—the whole has a release of energy that sweeps us toward an idea of perfection. What more can art do?

This tale of a youth accidentally indentured as a ba.. to pirates; a youth who leaves the pirate band when he's 21 and, minutes later, falls in love with a general's daughter; a youth who is about to lead the police against his former mates when the Pirate King proves that the youth is still indentured because the deed runs to his 21st birthday, not his 21st year, and as the youth was born on a February 29th, he has a lot more birthdays to go—my sentence is almost as serpentine as the recitative in which the Pirate King explains the paradox—this tale is a mockery of all subjects save one. The plot mocks plots, logical cause and effect, evasion and self-esteem; the music flies with it and through it. But neither music nor words mock love. As in much 19th-century opera, no matter how ridiculously one arrives at a love scene, it is always taken to heart. Readily risking mawkishness, *The Pirates*, like other G & S works, says that everything human beings do is a trifle silly, except love. Just as the collaboration of the two men raised their individual talents to a third plane, so their joint genius distills both vanity and romance to a poetic quintessence.

At the end of this production the whole cast, principals and choruses, waltzed with one another. I wanted to waltz with them. Which leads to a last paradox. Joseph Papp's Shakespeare has frequently had a taint of culture-for-the-masses, more populist than good. This *Pirates* is populist *and* good. New York's budget crisis, in this case, turned out to be a proverbial ill wind: it blew away, for a season at least, some shaky Shakespeare and gave us a lesser masterwork, better done. ■

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Owen Edwards

The Elegant Hoyningen-Huene

I'm a bit reluctant to carp (as good as it feels) about the escalating enthusiasm of museum curators for mounting photography exhibitions. Of course I welcome the increased attention and recognition paid to the photographic arts; but as any undergraduate economist knows, there are problems inherent in rapid expansion, and the fast-growing demand for photographs to exhibit often produces shows inappropriate to the original character of the work displayed.

A case in point is a large-scale exhibition of the work of *Vogue* fashion photographer George Hoyningen-Huene, currently at the International Center of Photography in New York City. Huene was one of the premier magazine photographers of the Thirties, one of the last of the great "artificial" imagists who availed themselves exclusively of the theatrical control possible in the studio, rarely going outside. (Only later was the tradition broken when the transplanted photojournalist Martin Munkasci took his models to the beach.) Borrowing freely from such established masters of fashion photography as Steichen and DeMeyer, Huene also added his own considerable sense of elegance, creating a look that in many ways perfectly captured his age—or at least, his age as experienced by a privileged and generally envied few.

Huene's pictures are delightful, and unabashedly arch. They possess an underlying wittiness that seems, somehow, to turn the intentional snobbishness of the fashion magazine into a slyly sardonic self-commentary (as when he substitutes inanimate mannequins for his equally stiff live models). Huene the stylist enlivened *Vogue*'s pages with memorable geometrical composition, and lighting that was more purely theatrical than anything that had been seen in photography up until that time. The effect was crisp, modern, and very much in tune with the painting and architecture of the period.

Yet the word "pages" is significant here, for the strategems of Huene's work were intended for magazines, and later for travel books, and in this setting they are still close to unsurpassed. Looking at pictures in magazines is an intimate experience compared to the more formal one of seeing them on the walls of a museum or art gallery. When taken out of context, framed and treated as you might treat master prints, Huene's work goes flat, like bright and brittle dinner conversation faithfully written down and presented as Prose.

The irony is that Huene richly

Huene could be slyly sardonic about his own work and fashion photography in general. For a 1934 photograph, above, he used a mannequin in place of an equally stiff live model.

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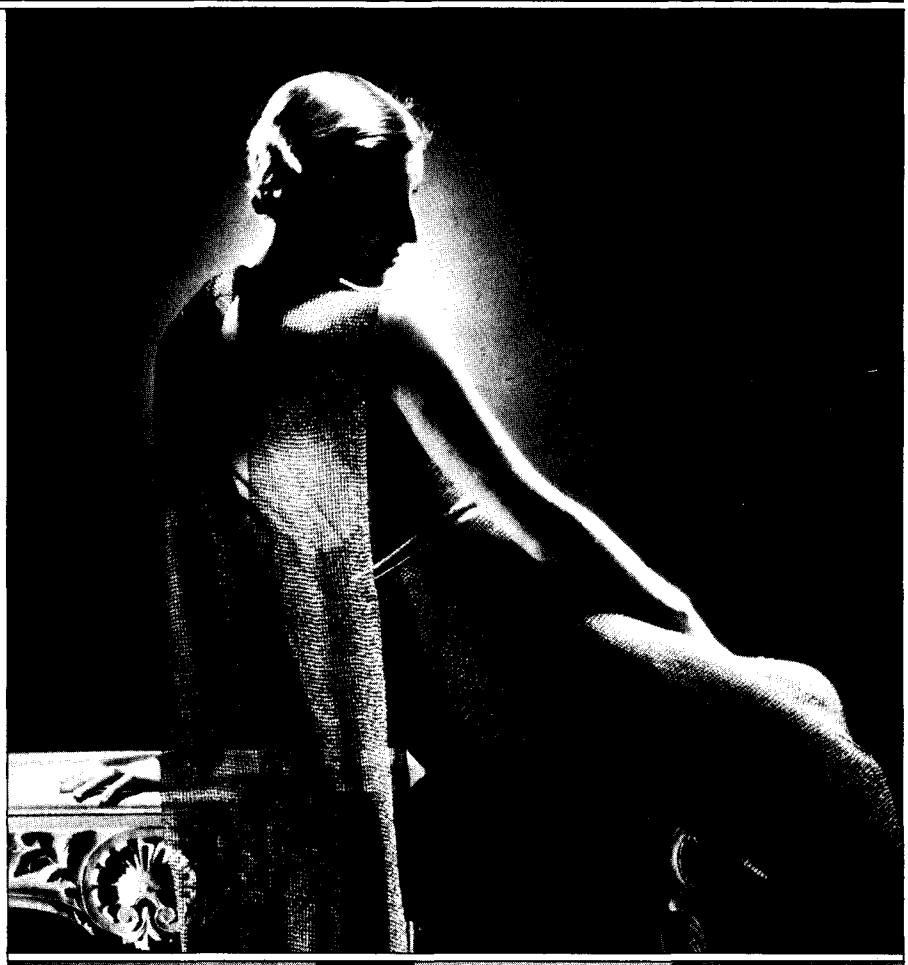
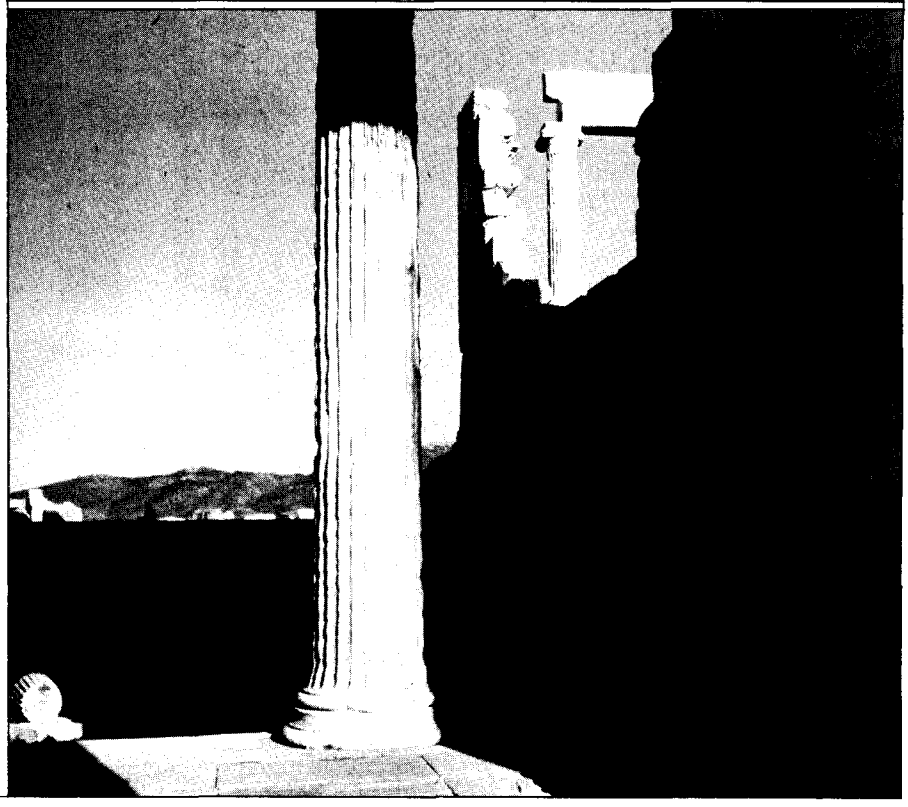
deserves the recognition, even if the form it takes is not quite appropriate. (In fairness, the ICP exhibition will result in a book, to be published this fall by Congreve, so Heune will end up with his proper format after all.) The right man in the right place at the right time with very much the right style, Hoyningen-Huene was a man who set a notable standard not only with his pictures, but also with his persona.

He was a baron, the son of a German who served as equerry to Tsar Nicholas. His mother was the daughter of the American ambassador to the Imperial Court. After the Russian revolution, Huene fled to Paris where life soon became more barren than baronial. The young man took turns at everything with no apparent satisfaction. Then in 1925, through his social connections, Huene was introduced to Edna Chase of *Vogue* who gave him a job as a studio assistant.

Even though Steichen had already brought his formidable professionalism to fashion photography, the essence of the business was as much social as visual. There were few full-time models in those days, and clothes were customarily shown off by those most likely to buy them: ladies of name and status. Presumably, one did not say to such ladies, "Gorgeous, darling, now a little to the right and show a bit more leg." With his title, slender good looks, and impeccable manner, Huene must have seemed just the right sort to Chase and to Dr. Agha, the dictatorial art director of *Vogue*, who perhaps harbored a secret suspicion that making photographs demands little in the way of skill.

So Hoyningen-Huene more or less casually went to work for *Vogue* and, against all reasonable expectations, became one of fashion's great recorders. From his own writings and the stories told about him, it is clear that he never felt that his magazine work was anything more than a trade and not a particularly exalted one at that—an





Huene began by photographing society women modeling high-fashion clothes (1933), later turned to evocative travel photos (the Acropolis, 1942).

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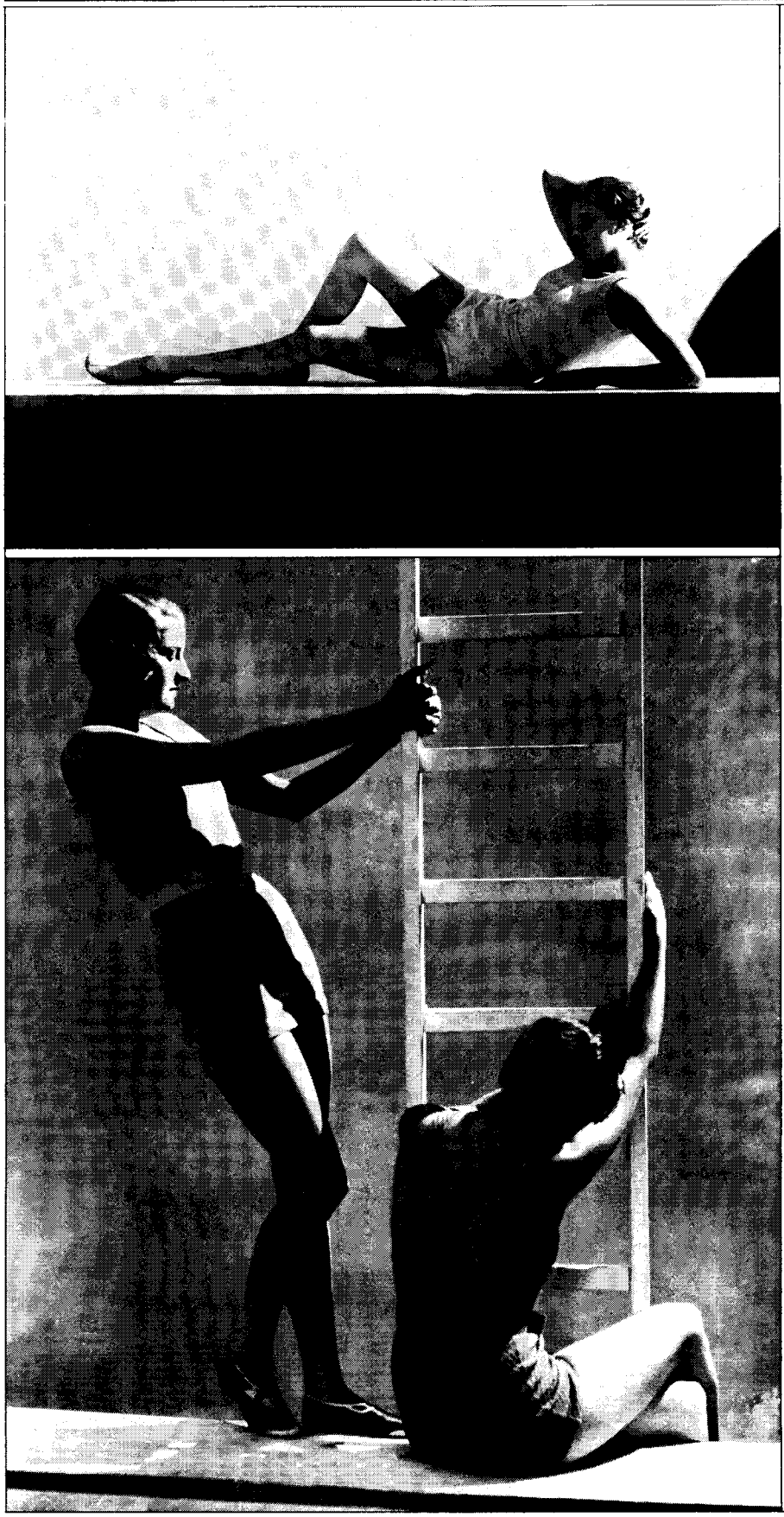

attitude that can only have freed him of the doubts about the artistic value of fashion photography that beset modern-day masters.

Not that he didn't exercise the artist's prerogative of being temperamental. Once, when Dr. Agha invited him to lunch and suggested that he restrain his libertine private life, Huene overturned the table and quit *Vogue* on the spot.

His next move was inevitable: He signed on with *Harper's Bazaar*, *Vogue*'s lean and hungry competitor, and spent the rest of his working career there. Under the direction of Carmel Snow and fellow emigré designer Alexei Brodovitch, *Bazaar* was a more adventurous place than *Vogue*, and no doubt less indulgent toward its photographers. Brodovitch favored action in his pages; the times were beginning to forsake the hot-house lifestyle of the Depression rich.

Although Huene worked steadily, and often memorably, during the Forties and into the Fifties, his genius for extracting the dramatic moment from what he saw around him was turned more and more toward extraordinary travel photography. Wandering sumptuously through Greece, North Africa, and the Middle East, Huene gazed with a profoundly nostalgic eye at the splenders of past ages, making images that wonderfully combine an instinctual understanding of architecture with a sadness evoked by the sight of such glory brought to ruin. His pictures of the Acropolis, to name only one of his triumphs from this period, may be better even than those of the great Steichen.

The ICP show—kicked off by a posh dinner attended by such haute luminaries as Jackie O. and former *Vogue* editor Diana Vreeland—is a just tribute to George Hoyningen-Huene, one of the last, and certainly one of the best of a very elegant band of Mohicans. But to see him as he should be seen, sit down with the book, and a tulip glass of Dom Perignon '71. ■

Huene's geometrical composition and lighting was crisp, modern, and in tune with contemporary painting and architecture (both photos, 1931).

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Peter Caranicas

Collecting Movie Classics

Many a movie buff has known the frustration of waiting months, even years, for *Casablanca* or *Citizen Kane* to make a late-night appearance on the tube, or to flicker for a few hours on the large screen of a local revival house. And what a disappointment even those precious experiences can be. On TV, just as Orson Welles's ghostlike face peers from the shadows, a loud commercial for used cars or mail-order records fractures the mood. In a movie house, an old, overused strip of celluloid carries a murky, jerky image of Humphrey Bogart, accompanied by a scratchy soundtrack of patriots breaking into the *Marseillaise.*

But the new video technology has at last come to the rescue. Film lovers can now do something most of them have only been able to dream of in the past: collect movies and play them back at their leisure.

While the video revolution hasn't caught on as rapidly as was first predicted, sales of videocassette recorders (VCRs) have made slow, steady progress since 1975. Today they can be found in about 1.5 million U.S. households. And even though the primary purpose of these machines, which cost from $1,000 to $1,600 apiece, is to record TV programs for later viewing, they also play back prerecorded videocassettes. Sensing a new source of profits, such companies as MCA-Universal, Disney, Twentieth Century-Fox, Paramount, ABC, CBS, and Fotomat have plunged into the videocassette-distribution business during the last year or so. They haven't been disappointed. Enough customers have proven eager to purchase movies—even at $40 to $70 each—to justify the distributors' efforts.

As might be expected, the lion's share of titles sold consists of blockbuster movie hits (most new films today are made available on cassette a few months to a year after completing their first-run theatrical release). Fox's *Alien,* Warner Bros.' *Superman* and *"10,"* Paramount's *Godfather I* and *II,* and Universal's *The Deer Hunter* have all recently hit the top of the videocassette popularity charts, along with some saucier selections like *Debbie Does Dallas* and *Deep Throat.*

But a strong undercurrent running beneath all this business has been the sale of old and classic movies on cassettes. The Nostalgia Merchant, a Los Angeles-based distributor, specializes in older films. Its most popular movie is the 1933 version of *King Kong,* starring Fay Wray. Other popular selections include *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* (1949), starring John Wayne, and the ever-popular 1941 classic *Citizen Kane,* with Orson Welles.

Film lovers can now do something most of them have only been able to dream of in the past.

Magnetic Video, of Farmington Hills, Michigan, lists in its catalog all 16 Charlie Chaplin features, several Fox oldies (*Miracle on 34th Street, The Grapes of Wrath*) and, with one exception, the entire David O. Selznick library (*Rebecca, Portrait of Jennie*). The exception is *Gone With the Wind.*

Fans of *Casablanca* and that other Bogart great, *The Maltese Falcon,* will discover those movies in the catalog of the New York-based Video Corp. of America, along with *Top Hat* (the 1935 musical with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers), and *Some Like It Hot* (1959, with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon).

CBS Video Enterprises offers many old MGM classics. Among them are *Night at the Opera* (the 1935 Marx Brothers side-splitter), *Adam's Rib* (1949, with Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn), and everyone's favorite, *The Wizard of Oz* (1939).

In addition to these four, dozens of smaller companies distribute classics on cassette. Many sell primarily via mail order. Others sell through electronics and record stores; but these outlets are less likely to stock the older, more obscure titles. Specialty stores are still few and far between.

Good sources of information for the videophile are the magazines *Home Video, Video, Videoplay,* and *Video Review.* Most distributors advertise in them, often offering free catalogs.

Another source is *Guide to Movies on Videotape,* scheduled for publication next month by Simon and Schuster. The $6.95 guide will list more than 1,000 films, with their distributors' address and phone number. In addition, it will compare prices; some titles are held by several companies, and their price can vary by as much as $15.

Since all the movies are available on both videocassette formats (Beta and VHS), the make of VCR has little importance for the collector. What could make a difference, however, is the introduction of videodiscs, a playback-only medium likely to be generally available in two incompatible formats sometime next year. Although owners of videodisc players won't be able to record programs, they'll be able to purchase prerecorded material like old movies at lower prices—perhaps around $20—than they can today. It might be worth waiting for. ■

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Ned Rorem as Teacher

The Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia has in past decades produced such composers as Samuel Barber, Gian Carlo Menotti, Lee Hoiby, Vincent Persichetti, Lukas Foss, George Rochberg, even Nino Rota (best known for his film scores for *La Strada, La Dolce Vita, The Godfather*). But during the past several years, Curtis did not have a department of composition for want of an appropriately eminent instructor.

Now, the Institute has announced, students seeking instruction in composition will have Ned Rorem as their mentor. Rorem himself is a former student of Rosario Scalero, Virgil Thomson, Aaron Copland, and Nadia Boulanger. He spent a year as a student at Curtis, in 1944.

As in all other departments at Curtis, the three students who have been accepted in composition will receive tuition free of any charge. Asked how the fortunate few were selected, Rorem replied, "We circulated a request for manuscripts, without regard for pictures or detailed personal data. We received more than a hundred from composers who qualified for the one requirement—a student must be less than 25 years old. You would be surprised how manuscripts change in a decade or so. In the Sixties and early Seventies it was all graphs and linear data. Now they're writing notes again. In any case, if I didn't think I could work with an applicant, I suggested he or she try John Cage or someone else."

Rorem, whose songs rate among the best to be produced in recent years, says candidly, "Composition cannot be taught. But young composers can learn what to do and how to do it from those who have been through the same processes themselves."

To a visitor who expressed surprise at the name of the academic Scalero in his background, Rorem replied, "Scalero was still there in my time at Curtis. But circumstances were different from when he taught Sam Barber and Menotti in the Twenties. They were very young. Strict counterpoint, good voice leading, were fine for them. But I was older and so, too, was he." (Scalero died in 1954 at the age of 84.)

After he left Curtis, Rorem spent a year in New York as copyist-assistant-pupil to Virgil Thomson. "At one point," Rorem recalled, "we worked on orchestration, learning details of instruments, choir by choir, voice by voice, using a piano sonata of Haydn or a French work of the period, which I orchestrated. But when I asked for Thomson's advice on orchestrating a work of my own, he said: 'That's different. That's your own. You have to do it in your own way.'" In a way, Thomson was passing on what *he* had learned from Nadia Boulanger in the Twenties. When she was asked what she thought was the most important attribute of a teacher, she would reply: "To understand the other."

A passing reference to Boulanger, who died last November at the age of 94, brought from Rorem the comment: "I recently encountered a pianist who told me how much Boulanger contributed to the development of his career, and the same thing has been told to me by several vocalists. Essentially what she taught was music, not a special branch of it."

Reflecting a similar attitude, Rorem went on: "What I would like to bring about in Curtis, which has so many

HARRY BENSON

As a composer, Ned Rorem's own work teaches: Don't settle for easy solutions.

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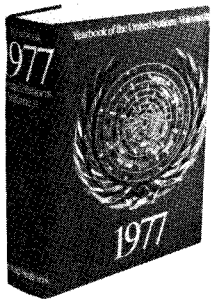

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skilled young performers, is a real liaison between the composition students and the performers. I would like to convey to those young performers how important it is for them to play the music being created in their own time. Even more specifically, I would like the young composers who are working with me not merely to think about a work in the abstract, but to follow through on it, bring it to the point of being performed. And if I say, 'I want you to write an 80-measure piece for piano and oboe by the time we meet again next week,' that the piece will be written and ready for performance. Inspiration? We all have it, or we wouldn't be trying to write music. But if you don't know what to do with that idea, or 'inspiration,' what good is it?"

Rorem's own work embodies his sense of musical practicality—and many other strengths—especially in his new *Santa Fe Songs*, a sequence of 12 settings of poems by the late Witter Bynner (1881-1963), written on commission from an enterprising group that calls itself the Santa Fe Chamber Festival. The *Songs* were recently performed with outstanding success at Alice Tully Hall in New York, following a premiere in Santa Fe, and a second hearing in Seattle, where the group also has a concert series.

Characteristically thorough-going, Rorem immersed himself in Bynner's verses that evoke Santa Fe and other places, because his knowledge of Santa Fe was limited. In themselves, these poems, with their concentrated statements and rhythmic flow, are highly suitable for a composer of Rorem's lyric gifts.

And, as a treatise on the subject that he now teaches, Rorem made himself a part of the ensemble for which he was working, writing it not simply for baritone William Parker (who sang it very well) and piano, but for voice and piano quartet. Was that just a graceful gesture toward the group by whom it was going to be performed? It might have started that way. But the final concept (not unlike Gabriel Fauré's *La Bonne Chanson*, which he wrote in chamber-music form, as well as in the more familiar version for voice and piano) greatly enriched Rorem's resources for dealing with the subject matter. A violin passage here, a cello intrusion there, an underlying viola voice elsewhere make for a full-bodied, varied experience. The constant shift in tonal combinations makes the *Sante Fe Songs* something special, even in Rorem's well-varied output. It also demonstrates the effort that must be made to convert a simple solution of a problem (voice and piano), for which many—let's say most—composers would have settled into a work of art.

The *Santa Fe Songs* would, in my view, serve as an object lesson for Rorem's group somewhere early in the first semester—an object lesson in how to compose, not merely write, music. It would also demonstrate what Rorem meant when he said, "I will not only lead these three horses to water: I'll make them drink, too." ■

"No, I mean she really is *a football widow."*

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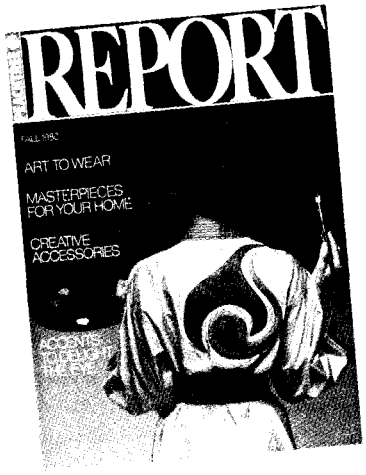

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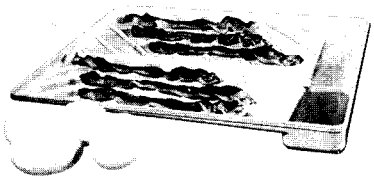

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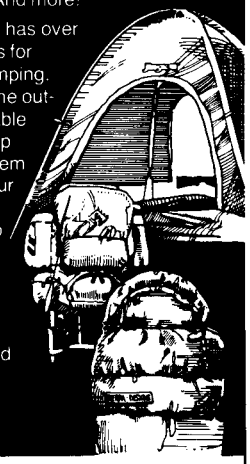

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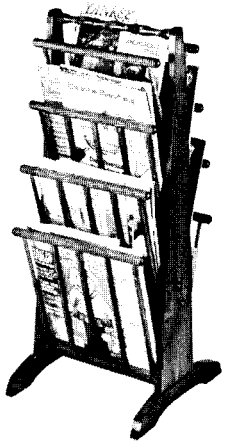

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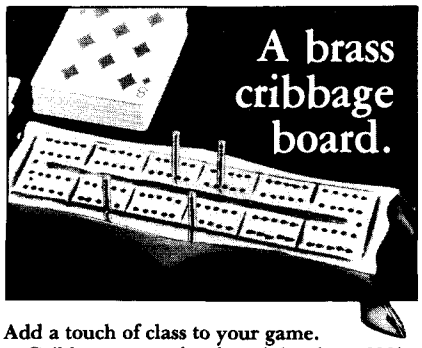

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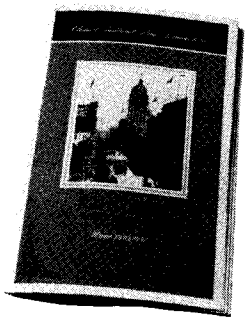

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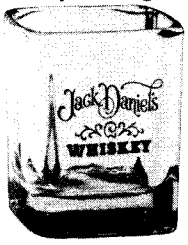

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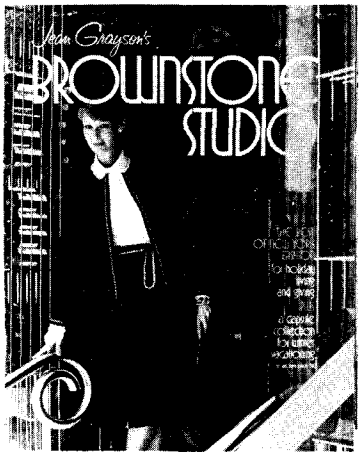

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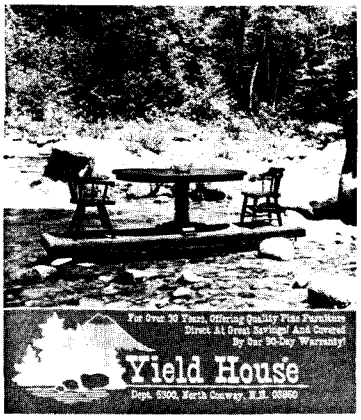

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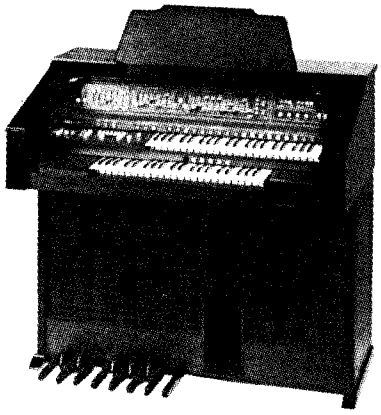

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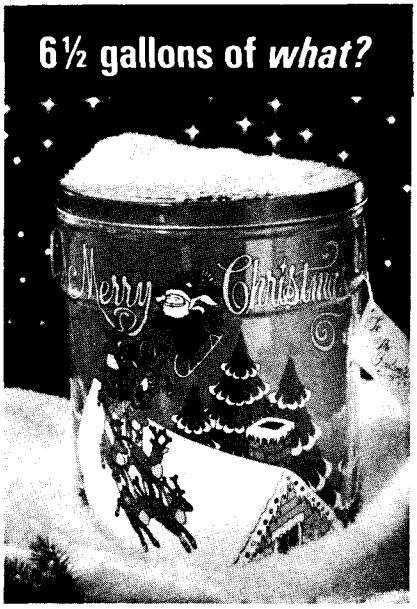

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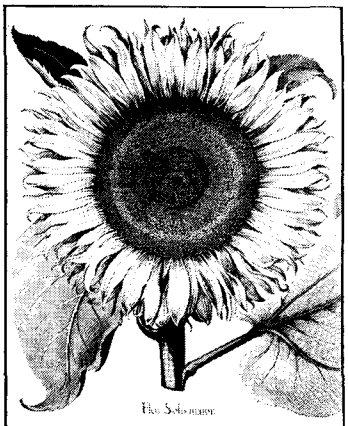

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DIVERSIONS

SR Competition No. 13

Tolstoy is reported to have finally settled down to work on *Anna Karenina* the day he came across a fragment of Pushkin's that began, "The guests arrived at the country house." The line struck him as a revelation of how to begin a novel: Plunge straight into the middle of the action as though the reader were perfectly acquainted with what was going on. (The original opening of his novel was modeled directly upon Pushkin; the celebrated sentence about happy and unhappy families came to him much later.) One of the most famous opening sentences in literature—"La marquise sortit à cinq heures"—never existed in a real book. The poet, Valéry merely proposed that it *might* have been ideal. And another great but unrealized opening is the single sentence with which a character in Camus's novel *La Peste* struggles perpetually. You have probably guessed to what all this is leading: a competition in which you compose your own version of a perfect opening line. Kindly supply an invented title and author, as well. A prize of $25 to the three best entries.

Entries for competition No. 13 must be received by October 31, and the winners will be announced in the January issue. Please send submissions to *SR* Competition No. 13, *Saturday Review*, 150 East 58 Street, New York, New York 10155. All entries become the property of *SR*.

Winners of No. 10

Our on-the-job training as Competitions Editor may have taught us little, but it has taught us this: The sillier the contest, the larger the response; the closer to reality, the smaller. If we ask you to define, say, the difference between a cabbage and a potato, the postman groans under his burden. If we ask, as we did in July, that you invent some outlandish tax deduction, the postman's hip-pocket might accommodate the replies. The IRS, we conclude, is no joking matter.

Except, of course, for those indefatigable contestants to whom nothing is sacred, not even the terrifying revenuers. From this self-selected elite we had little trouble locating three winners.

First prize to Cary Grossman, of Phoenix, Arizona. His brief scenario:

The IRA auditor looked over Mr. Dunlap's tax form before speaking. "As I understand it, Mr. Dunlap, you say you have 26 different personalities and you're claiming 25 as dependents?"

"That's right."

"Well, Mr. Dunlap . . . ."

"Dunlap? Dunlap's a wimp. My name is Jones."

"Wait a moment," said the auditor. . . ."Is your name Dunlap or Jones?"

"Neither, my dear fellow. My name is Arthur Thorndike III. Now, can we get on with this? I'm a busy man. He is not."

Fearlessly ignoring geographical balance, we award second prize to another Arizonan, Jim Cooper:

My house and lot in Tuscon, Arizona, are located near Davis-Monthan Air Force Base. I am therefore deducting $500,000 from my taxable income. I own the mineral rights of my land down to the center of the earth and feel that I am justified in claiming title of the air above my land to the center of the universe. U.S. fighter planes use my air as they fly over my house, and I have clocked 5,000 flights through my air in calendar year 1979. At the rate of $100 per flight, this comes to the aforesaid figure. Sincerely.

Third prize to Jack Pope, of San Francisco, or to his cat, for whom union dues were deducted in the amount of $1,200, as follows:

We always deduct our cat's union dues. Ours is a working cat who belongs to the DCIO (Domestic Cats Industries Organization). His job seven days a week is to test the feather beds in our house and report his findings to the grievance committee of his local. Members of this union meet regularly on the back fence to discuss sleeping conditions, but so far none of them has voted for a boycatt against their owners. What this union seems to fear most is a lockout. The dues are $100 a month, and they go into a rollover IRS plan with a tax-deferred claws.

Complaints about "boycatt," "rollover," and "claws" should be sent directly to Mr. Pope, *not* to this office.

To each of the above our thanks and a check for $25 with a copy to guess who.

Puzzles

Literary Crypt No. 158

JUDGING GRYLISHLDEGD DVJAA QJDDLZID JIP LINOGJDGD SOGJY ZIGD, JD YEG CLIP CLAA UAZC ZHY J NJIPAG, JIP UAZC LI J BLOG.

AJ OZNEGBZHNJHAP

Wit Twister No. 170

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

He feels his _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ makes
him less than whole,
Though rival _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ rank
him with the best,
And the _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ ladies
shamelessly extol
His _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ , which he fears
must fail the test.

A.S.

Answers next issue

September Answers

Solution to Literary Crypt No. 157:

How prophetic L'Enfant was when he laid out Washington as a city that goes around in circles.

John Mason Brown

Wit Twister No. 169

hater, heart, rathe, earth

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 199

PHILIP SLATER:
WEALTH ADDICTION

We're .... preoccupied with money .... although it has no nutritional value, is poor building material, and won't keep us warm. Yet we have become so psychologically dependent on it that most of us have a hard time even imagining survival apart from money.

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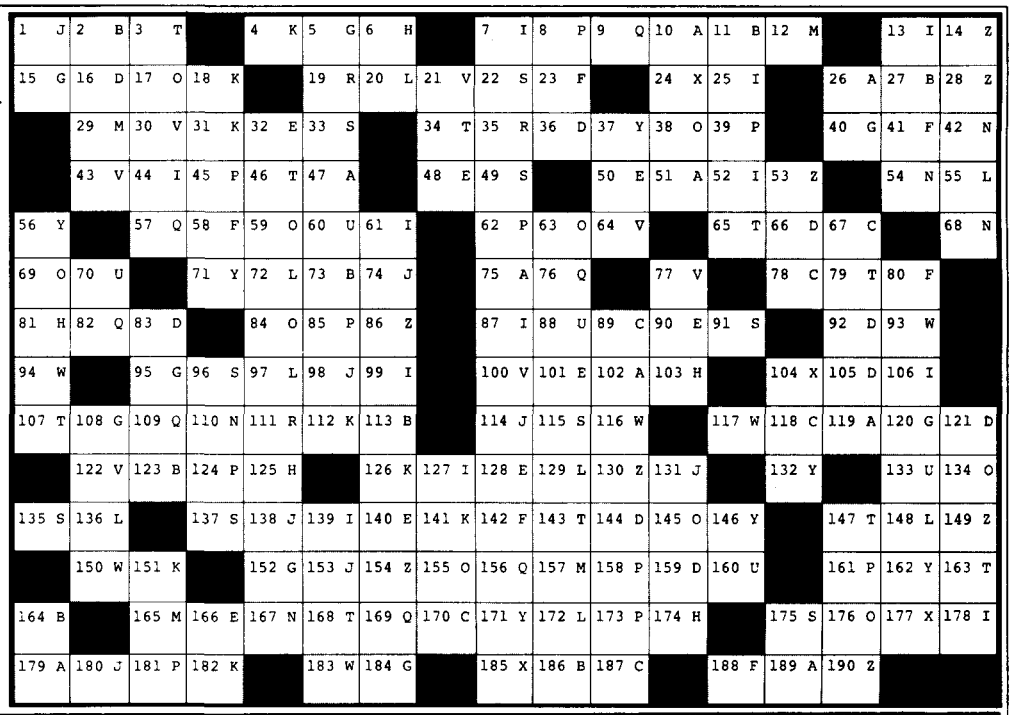
Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Double - Crostic No. 200 by Thomas H. Middleton

CLUES **WORDS**

A. Hermaphroditism
10 26 47 51 75 119 179 189 102

B. 1950 Kurosawa film
113 123 164 186 2 11 27 73

C. Impaired; made essentially ineffective
78 89 118 170 187 67

D. 1959 Kerouac novel (3 wds.)
92 105 121 144 159 16 36 66 83

E. Intrepid
48 166 32 50 90 101 128 140

F. Hold, preserve
142 188 23 41 58 80

G. Chinese breed of medium-sized dog (2 wds.)
152 5 15 40 108 120 184 95

H. Charter, hire
174 6 81 103 125

I. Women's singles winner at Wimbledon and Forest Hills, 1957 and 1958 (full name)
127 178 61 87 106 139 13 44 7 25
52 99

J. Tailed, pursued
180 1 98 131 153 114 138 74

K. Phalaropes (2 wds.)
4 18 112 126 141 151 182 31

L. Little by little
72 129 172 55 97 136 148 20

M. Cap. of Calvados, France
29 165 12 157

CLUES **WORDS**

N. Ermine in brown summer pelage
42 68 110 167 54

O. "The Real ____" (Henry James story; 2 wds.)
59 134 17 63 84 155 69 145 176 38

P. Thorough, comprehensive
39 45 85 173 158 62 161 181 124 8

Q. Sheer fabric of silk, nylon, or rayon in plain weave
9 109 156 57 76 169 82

R. Opposite of *weather*
111 19 35

S. Insect, arachnid, or crustacean
175 33 91 115 137 22 49 96 135

T. Concealed element of a double-hung window
143 79 107 147 3 46 163 34 65 168

U. Rutabaga, in England
60 133 70 160 88

V. Son of Abraham and Hagar who the angel said would be a wild man (Gen. 16:11)
21 100 122 43 77 64 30

W. Understand thoroughly
93 94 183 150 116 117

X. Jot, whit
24 104 185 177

Y. Joseph's second son (Gen. 41:52)
56 146 162 37 132 171 71

Z. Insane, lunatic
149 14 53 86 154 28 130 190

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Some impressions never fade.

You start out wet behind the ears. Swallow some water. Do a few bellyflops. You keep trying. Again and again. And again. But there are so many people behind you. Coaches. Parents. And volunteers. As well as United States Swimming and Diving. Helping you learn discipline. Gain confidence. And make new friends. Each step of the way. Because swimming and diving are more than just time and form alone. That's why Phillips Petroleum is a long-time sponsor of US Swimming and US Diving. It's a contest where everyone wins. Even though only a few earn medals. Because what you learn sticks with you for the rest of your life.

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SR RECOMMENDS

Books

Fiction

Emmeline, by Judith Rossner (Simon & Schuster, 331 pp., $12.95). Judith Rossner has got another juicy story, and she claims it's true. It's about sweet Emmeline, "who before her fourteenth birthday, was sent from her home on a farm in Maine to support her family by working in a cotton mill in Massachusetts. The year was 1839." Right away you know that Emmeline is going to be ruined, and indeed she is. A successful tearjerker, and another best-seller from the author of *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

Fifty Stories, by Kay Boyle (Doubleday, 648 pp., $15.95). The double shock of expatriation and World War II provided Kay Boyle with her theme of the individual's moral responsibility. The details of these 50 stories are so precise that they can be read as fictional reportage on the massive upheavals of the war and the American occupation of Europe. Story by story she forces us to suspend our grudging disbelief in man's honor and to share in her own passionate idealism.

My America!, by Eliot Wagner (Kenan Press, 512 pp., $13.95). The Share family, Jews in New York since the turn of the century, are caught in the immigrant's dilemma. While two generations of Share women transform a cottage lamp industry into a tiny empire, two generations of Share men chase after the dream of tender ladies and high culture. The tension between these inseparable, incompatible sexes forms the comic fabric of this funny, vibrant saga. The story is told via shouts from a crowded sidewalk: cacophonous, but oddly sweet, and altogether true.

Nonfiction

Getting By on $100,000 a Year (And Other Sad Tales), by Andrew Tobias (Simon & Schuster, 228 pp., $10.95). Andrew Tobias tells you why tax shelters hardly ever work, why chain letters never do, and why picking stocks blind is just as likely to work as the best advice you can buy. He's glib but not superficial, and when he turns serious, as in his plea for smaller cars and a dollar-a-gallon gas tax, he's utterly convincing.

Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times, by James R. Mellow (Houghton Mifflin, 672 pp., $19.95). Nathaniel Hawthorne shaped the American imagination, defining our attitude toward our Puritan heritage as Faulkner would much later define the South and Fitzgerald the Twenties. While James Mellow's occasional psychological speculations on the motivations for Hawthorne's somber fictions (*The Scarlet Letter, The House of Seven Gables*, etc.) leave no wish for more, the careful revelation of the experiences on which Hawthorne drew is thorough and illuminating.

Walter Lippmann and the American Century, by Ronald Steel (Atlantic-Little, Brown, 669 pp., $19.95). Walter Lippmann's pen and his counsel—as White House adviser, newspaper editor, syndicated columnist—were respected and cosseted by most of the major political leaders of the age. He grew up in a "gilded Jewish ghetto," but began his career as a spokesman for the disenfranchised and the excluded. Inside a decade he completely reversed himself. Ronald Steel's account of his emergence as a confirmed elitist contributes powerfully to our understanding of the unmaking of the democratic mind of our time.

American Dreams: Lost and Found, by Studs Terkel (Pantheon, 496 pp., $14.95). Studs Terkel is a master of the interview as an art form, and his art consists in letting his subjects talk. Here he asks Americans selected apparently at random how, in their experience or hope, has the American dream turned out. The answers are magnificent in their diversity.

SR's Phoenix Code

- Outstanding
- Excellent
- Good
- Notable

Film

Divine Madness. Michael Ritchie's glittering documentary of Bette Midler in concert is a delight for her fans and a revelation to potential admirers of her charismatic versatility as singer and commedienne. She still displays a propensity for "falling into the vat of vulgarity," she confides, "in a manner I had sworn to eshoo."

Hopscotch. Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson, much in the Tracy-Hepburn style, team up to provide grown-up entertainment in this witty send-up of the CIA et al.; a tale of a disaffected intelligence agent's sweet, saucy, and inspired revenge.

Middle Age Crazy. Bruce Dern is brilliant as an affluent Houston householder going through the *malaise de quarante* and discovering that "no strings" means "no people" in relationships; with Ann-Margret equally good as his partner in frantic aging.

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Those Lips, Those Eyes. This small, sweet movie is a charming recall of an adolescent summer encounter with the theater—and a touching homage thereto. Frank Langella gives a fine performance as a second-rater getting a bit puffy around the edges and dreaming of that big break—an extraordinary accomplishment from a star.

Willie and Phil. Paul Mazursky's latter-day version of *Jules and Jim* provides a warm, funny, compassionate survey of middle-class foibles and fads of the Seventies; with Margot Kidder, Michael Ontkean, and Ray Sharkey providing the triangular romance.

Theater

Home (Cort Theater, New York City). The Negro Ensemble Company comes as close to being a true ensemble as any troupe around. Its actors have made this story—of a young black farmer trying out city life, then returning to the land and to clarity—into their own, overcoming its weaknesses, fulfilling it.

Records

Piano Concerto No. 1 in D Minor, Brahms (Angel). Garrick Ohlsson, piano, with Klaus Tennstedt conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Under Tennstedt, Ohlsson's aristocratic virtuosity reveals unexpected reserves of thunder and abandon, and the orchestra is no less intensely responsive; the collaboration has great tragic sweep.

Sonatas and Variations for Cello and Piano (complete), Beethoven (Hungaroton). Miklos Perenyi and Deszo Ranki. Two outstanding young artists offer grandly scaled, artfully shaped, intensely felt performances unmarred by eccentricity.

Eine Kleine Nachtmusik and **A Musical Joke**, W.A. Mozart (Deutsche Grammophon). The Amadeus Quartet with Rainer Zepperitz, Gerd Seifert, and Manfred Klier, assisting artists. After relishing the musicians' wicked glee in the deliberate gaucheries of the *Joke*, it is delightful (and reassuring) to hear their crystalline brightness enliven the overfamiliar *Kleine Nachtmusik*.

The Last Temptations, Joonas Kokkonen (Deutsche Grammophon); and **The Horseman**, Aulis Sallinen (Finlandia). Ulf Soderblom conducting the Savonlinna Opera Festival. Two phantasmagorical contemporary operas from Finland. Sallinen's murky allegories of warfare are gaudy and eventful, but Kokkonen's restraint and dignity make his chronicle of the last hours of a tormented spirit (hauntingly portrayed by Martti Talvela) the deeper and immeasurably more moving work.

Dance

Murray Louis Dance Company (City Center, New York City). A veteran dancer, Louis is still the foremost virtuoso in the field of modern dance. He demonstrates accomplished cómedic talents in the lighter works of his program. And, as a choreographer, Louis deserves a place in the highest echelon of America's contemporary dance masters. (October 8 to 19).

The New York City Ballet, one of the nation's (and the world's) foremost companies returns from a successful European tour to launch its long 1980-81 season with two weeks at the Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C. (October 7 to 19), before reopening at its home base, the New York State Theater (November 11 to February 18).

Art

The Great Bronze Age of China (Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago). An exhibition from the People's Republic of China. More than 100 early bronze, jade, and terra-cotta creations amaze the viewer with their intricate design and involved symbolism. The life-size terra-cotta figures, part of an army of some 7,000 such figures guarding their emperor's magnificent tomb (still in the process of being exhumed), are astounding. (Through October 29.)

The Vikings (Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City). This show presents the beautiful art and craft of a proud and predatory culture that were softened only a little by the advent of Christianity. Downplaying Viking ferocity, the exhibit emphasizes elaborately decorated tools of daily domestic life. (October 4 through January 4.)

Photography

Marilyn Bridges, Photographs of the Nasca Lines (The Photographer's Gallery, Philadelphia). In a hauntingly lugubrious tapestry of aerial views of ancient figures etched into the plains of southern Peru, Bridges shows us a miracle of man's creativity paradoxically on both a monumental and an intensely personal level. The feeling Bridges's photographs successfully evoked is not so much awe at the mysterious works as sadness for some profoundly hopeful racial childhood, irretrievably lost. (October 17 through November 6.)

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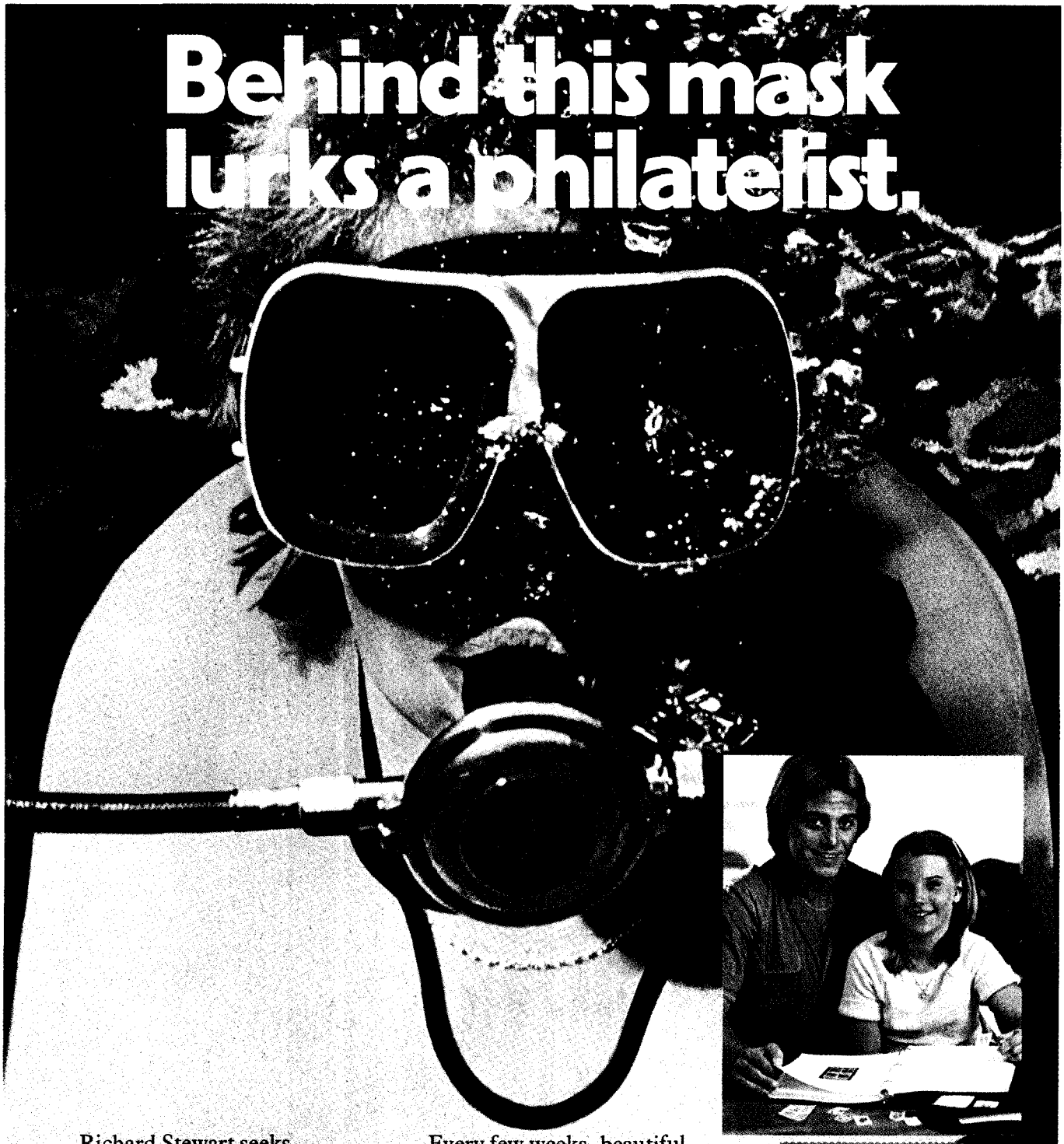

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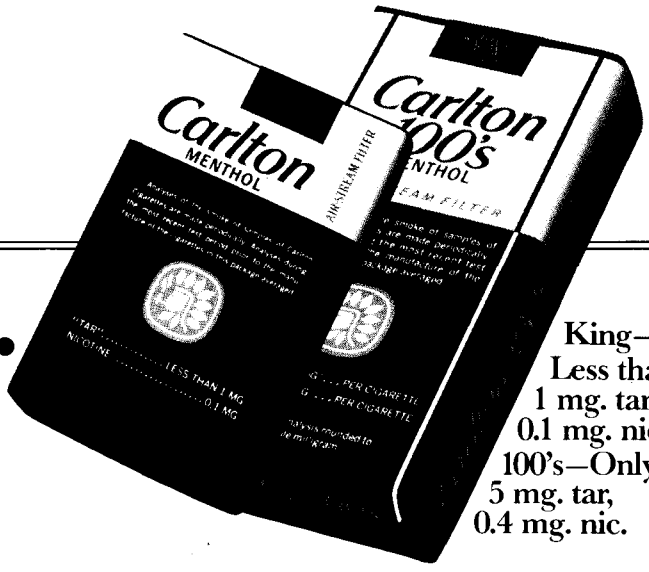
Carlton Box (lowest of all brands)	**less than 0.01**	**0.002**
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton 100's Box	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton 100's Soft Pack	**less than 6**	**0.5**
Kent	11	0.9
Kent 100's	14	1.0
Merit	8	0.6
Merit 100's	10	0.7
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage 100's	12	0.9
Winston Lights	14	1.1
Winston Lights 100's	13	1.0



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